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*"I shall tell you
A pretty tale."*—SHAKESPEARE.

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THE OLIO.

JOE HAYNES.

Hart, who was a person of respectable conduct, had not been too well pleased with Joe's negotiations in France, and with his having squandered so much money in Paris to no purpose, had some natural anger against him, and this was cause enough for Joe to cherish spite in return. In the play of *Cataline's Conspiracy*, acted about this time, a great number of senators of Rome were wanted, and Hart made Joe one, although his salary, being fifty shillings a week, freed him from any obligation to accept the dignity. Joe, however, after some symptoms of rebellion, complied. He got a scaramouch dress, a large full ruff, made himself whiskers from ear to ear, put on his head a merry Andrew's cap, and with a short pipe in his mouth, bearing a three-legged stool in his hand, he followed Hart on the stage, set himself down behind him, and began to smoke

his pipe and to laugh and point at him. This ludicrous figure put the whole theatre in a roar of laughter. Hart, who was a man of such self-possession and equanimity, that, happen what might, he never discomposed himself, continued his part without being aware of Joe's behavior, wondering, however, at the seemingly unaccountable mirth. At last, happening to turn his head, he beheld Joe, and in great wrath instantly made his exit, swearing he never would set his foot on the stage unless Joe were immediately dismissed. Joe was accordingly sent off, but nothing down-hearted, he instantly joined a company of strollers at Greenwich, where he acted and danced for some time; but tiring soon, he lampooned them all, and came to London.

Joe had not forgotten that Hart had been the cause of his dismissal, and resolved to be revenged; accordingly, as he was one day walking in the street, he met a parson of an odd, simple appearance, whom he accosted in a friendly manner, as if they had been formerly acquainted, although he had never seen him before, and they adjourned together to a tavern, where the parson informed Joe that he had been Chaplain to the ship Monke, but was then in lack of employment. Joe expressed great satisfaction at hearing the news, as it was in his power to help him to a place of sixty pounds a year, bed, board, and washing, besides gifts at Christmas and

Easter, only for officiating one hour in the four-and-twenty, from nine to ten o'clock in the forenoon. The marine priest was delighted, and returning his warmest thanks, entreated Joe to inform him of the particulars. Upon which Joe told him that his name was Haynes, that he was one of the patentees of Drury Lane theatre, and that he would make him chaplain to the playhouse.

"Against to-morrow," said Joe, "I would have you provide yourself with a bell, and there is half-a-crown to buy one; and at nine o'clock go to the playhouse and ring your bell and call them all to prayers, saying, in an audible voice, 'Players, come to prayers! players, come to prayers!' This you must do, lest they mistake you for the dustman, both bells being so much alike. But there is one thing that I particularly desire you to take care of; on the third door on the left hand, lives one Mr. Hart. That gentleman, whether he be delirious or frantic, or whether he be possessed of some notions of Atheism, if you mention prayers, will laugh at you, perhaps swear, curse, and abuse you. If it proceed from the first, the poor unhappy gentleman ought to be pitied; but if from the latter, he shall quit the house, for I will never suffer such wickedness in any play-house where I am concerned; and do, my good Sir, let it be your earnest endeavor to find out the cause, and by your ghostly exhortations, to remove the effects,—such weeds

must not be permitted to grow in a vineyard where you are the gardener; abuse you must expect, but your reward will be great gain—go to his house and oblige him to come along with you to prayers.”

Being thus advised, the parson after a parting cup, withdrew and bought the bell.

Next morning, according to orders, his reverence went to the theatre, ringing his bell, and calling aloud, “Players, come to prayers! players come to prayers!” Finding Hart’s door open, he went in bawling, “Players, come to prayers.” Hart, came down in a violent passion, and demanded to know why he was so disturbed?

The parson replied, “Players, come to prayers!”

Hart, seeing no help, bridled his passion, and said, “that he wondered how a gentleman of his gown and seeming sense, could make himself so ridiculous.” The parson looked at him with an eye of doubt, then rang his bell again, and bawled to the pitch of his voice, “Players, come to prayers!” Hart, in desperation, now began to swear; but the other informed him, “I have been told of your cursing and swearing and atheistical blasphemies; but, nevertheless, I will do my duty,” and accordingly laid hands on Hart to drag him away, bawling, “Players come to prayers!”

At this new absurdity, Hart began to suspect that his reverence was mad, or that some

trick ~~he~~ played upon him, and asked him to walk into his room, when, after they had drunk a cup of sack together, the parson told the whole story of his engagement. The poor man was soon undeceived ; the story, however, taking wings, reached the ears of King Charles, who was so mightily pleased with the joke, that he sent for Joe, and had him reinstated in the theatre.

But the adventure did not end here ; for the parson had a son who was accounted a great swordsman, a fighting, fiery, choleric, hectoring fellow, but, as such commonly are at bottom, as rank a coward as ever traduced his neighbor behind his back, and he swaggeringly vowed to revenge his father's wrongs.

He met Joe coming from the rehearsal one day, and desired him to draw ; Joe demanded to know why, and they adjourned to a tavern that he might be informed. After learning the business, Joe agreed to give the satisfaction sought, but requested a short time to say his prayers, and retired to another room, where he prayed aloud that he might be forgiven for killing seventeen different persons in duels, and concluded by asking forgiveness for being obliged to add this unhappy gentleman to the catalogue ! The other hearing him, and thinking his thread of life near its end, ran down stairs, and left Joe to pay the reckoning.

STRONG LINES.

When Macklin first performed his great part of Shylock, Quin was so struck with the ability displayed in it, that he could not help exclaiming, "If God Almighty writes a legible hand, that man must be a villain!" —And when Macklin without due consideration, performed the character of Pandulph in *King John*, Quin, on being asked what he thought of it, said, "He was a Cardinal who had been originally a parish-clerk." But his best joke on Macklin was in reply to some one, who remarked that he might make a good actor, having such strong lines in his face; "Lines, Sir," cried Quin, "I see nothing in the fellow's face but a d—d deal of cordage!" In fact, if we may venture to judge by the freedom with which Quin occasionally treated him, considering that actor's true character, Macklin, with all his eccentricities, must have been a favorite with him.

MACKLIN'S SHYLOCK.

Previous to Macklin's time, it had been customary to represent Shylock as a low, mean personage, an elegant illustration of the ordinary player's conception of the part, but he conferred on it the true tragic energy of the poet, which it has ever since maintained; and Pope, it is said, cried of it, aloud in the pit,

"This is the Jew,
That Shakspeare drew."

Quin, when he read it in the journals, curled his lip and echoed,

"Spew, reader spew."

Quin was considered by the public as a kind of wholesale dealer in rough fun, and as much attention was paid to his wit sometimes as it probably deserved. Dining one day at a party in Bath, he uttered something which caused a general murmur of delight; a nobleman present, who was not illustrious for the brilliancy of his ideas, exclaimed, "What a pity it is, Quin, my boy, that a clever fellow like you should be a player!" Quin flashed his eye and replied, "What would your Lordship have me to be,—a Lord?"

A JOURNEY TO DUBLIN.

The first day of our journey passed over without much event; but we derived sufficient amusement from the peculiarities of the carman, a mop-headed, lark-limbed beauty, whose clothes were so ragged, that as he strode along with his coat, shirt, and breeches fluttering behind him, he put us in mind of a persevering ship making its way against a head-wind. This gentleman never whipped his horses when they were low-spirited and lazy, but reasoned with them as though they had been a pair of the Houynhmns, mentioned by Gulliver, or intelligent Christian beings. "Arrah, Barney," (he'd say to the leader,) "arn't you a pretty spalpeen to suffer your own

brother Teddy to lug the car up the hill by himself? Haven't I set you before him as an example? Have you any heart to forgit a friend bekase you don't see him? Oh! bad-luck to your faalings!—Arrah, Teddy, (to the other,) don't you see, my darling, what Barney is at? he wants to rin away from you, and get to the little shebeen-house half a mile off, and ate up all your corn before you come.—Hurry, hurry, my darling, or divil the mouthful will he lave you?"

Strange as it may seem, these addresses produced the desired effect, and Barney and Teddy, as shaggy as a pair of lions, would pluck up courage, and pull along like a couple of camels. Observing that one of them was lame, we noticed this to their owner, as an infringement of our contract.—"Lame, your honor!" he replied—"No sich thing,—the boy's quite perfect; only, you see, it's a way he has resting one leg till the other three are tired."

At a little shebeen house we stopped to refresh, where Bowles spouted "Romeo" to a fat landlady, and Kane bought her sign as a "property,"—a red stocking. Over the door were these words:—"Mrs. Casey accommodates gonteel men and their ackipages, with a great deal of pleasure."

We had not proceeded a great distance the next day, when we reached a descent in the road, which led into a kind of pass between two hills, dark and rocky enough for a

modern melo-drame : its appearance, however, conjured up no unpleasant phantoms to a party like ours, and we proceeded, amusing ourselves with the usual resource—the recounting our early adventures,—when, in the midst of one of Bowles’s best stories, a universal yell broke from the hills above us, and on both sides we perceived a dozen raw-boned, naked Patagonians running down with bludgeons in their hands. This was an “affecting situation,” to speak theatrically : never, for an instant, had we contemplated such a visitation ; for, having associated as a means of economy, and not protection, our poverty and our profession alike blinded us to the idea of being plundered. The novelty, not less than the peril of our situation, therefore, glared upon us with a Medusa-like influence ; fear palsied every arm, congealed every heart, and muddled every head but Bob’s, who roared out to Kennedy for his pistols. Kennedy was Daly’s treasurer ; and having the last night’s receipts in his trunk, had been running about Cork, be it known, to borrow weapons for its protection. This was a peculiar case ; but he struck his head with his hands, in reply, and exclaimed,—“The pistols, the pistols !—By the powers ! I have locked them up with the money !” There was no restraining a laugh at this, had we been at Death’s door ; but the villains had providentially halted an instant, to observe us ; and Bowles, remarking it, promptly pro-

posed that we should do something to intimidate them; such as drawing our swords, and commencing a general combat round the car, Mrs. Taplin, (a tall, well-formed woman,) to act up to us, or rather down upon us. Approving the hint, we drew and fell to,—Macduff and Macbeth—Richard and Richmond—Hotspur and the Prince,—stamping, cutting, and thrusting at each other with the most inhuman gestures and grimaces; Mrs. Taplin bending down on each side, stretching forth her hands, beating her bosom, letting loose her hair, (she did it famously,) to induce us to desist. The artifice succeeded,—the natives were completely overpowered; gazing upon us in awe-struck silence, as tho' we were of a kindred character—a band of rogues who had quarrelled among ourselves, and were bent upon a general destruction.—Perceiving this, we gave the wink to the carman, and proceeded, continuing the fight with increased vigor, falling and reviving, and chasing each other about the car, with a medley of exclamations, such as “Die, villain!”—“Never!”—“Spare, oh! spare him!” (from Mrs. Taplin.)—“Renounce your claim!”—“Only with my life!”—“Then perish!”—“Ah! I have regained my sword; another chance is mine.”—“Lay on Macduff,” &c.

A gentleman on horseback at length rode up, who stopped at a little distance to observe us, and then politely inquired of Kelly, who

was leaning on his foil and calling out for Richmond, (being actually very "*hoarse* with calling,") what the devil we were all about, and who was that beautiful lady on the boxes?—Kelly shook his head, and pointed to Bowles, who, on being addressed, asked the stranger if he could speak Hebrew, High-Dutch, the Cherokee, or the Russian languages. His interrogator said No ; but he would talk Irish with any man on the sod !

Mrs. Taplin, I should have mentioned, wore a scarlet pelisse trimmed with fur, with a fur cap and gold band ; which, on the head and limbs of a well-proportioned woman, had an imposing appearance. Bowles accordingly pointed to her with an air of great mystery, and said that she was the celebrated Empress of Russia, who had run away to Ireland, to raise a rebellion, and we were a body-guard, who had apprehended her in Cork, and were conveying her to Dublin Castle. At this intelligence, the man set off at full speed, and acquainted the people in the next village. We had now left our intimidated intimidators at some distance, and, proclaiming a truce, ceased fighting, to enjoy the joke. Much farther, however, we did not proceed, before every cottage began to empty its tenants, to have a peep at Royalty ;—and on entering the village, we had a train of about one hundred of the greatest human curiosities in Ireland. We promoted the hoax by our own air and manner, till com-

fortably established in the inn, whose every window, door, and passage, was instantly blocked up with forms and faces eager to catch a glimpse of "the lovely cracher, the Imperial Quane in the red thingumbob, who had come all the way from Russia to emancipate Ireland;" as well as to learn the names and distinctions of "the Russian gentlemen who had cotched her in Cork, and were carrying her to Dublin Castle to be executed!"

ISAAC SPARKS.

Isaac, or Iky Sparks as he was commonly termed, lodged on one occasion in a house with a Scotch doctor, who amused his leisure hours by learning to play the fiddle. These gentlemen, it must be remarked, were not upon the most amicable terms; the Scotchman turning up his nose at Sparks as a "vog-abond Pleeactor," and the latter retorting by calling him a "legal Vampire," since he lived by the death of other people. The Doctor made it an invariable rule to rise at daylight to practise, about which time the convivial Mr. Sparks was getting into his first nap. As their rooms were adjoining, it was a necessary result that Sparks lost his sleep; and it soon became another, that he should lie awake to meditate revenge. He did not like to leave the house (perhaps he could not,) but he resolved, if possible, to exact this fiddling Macbeth "who murdered sleep," and was instrumental to his annoyance.

‘One morning, he heard Mr. M’Intosh, the doctor, desire Judy the servant, who waited on both of them, to go out and buy him a pennyworth of rosin for his “feedle;” and as she passed his door, he called her in, and inquired her errand.—“Sure I’m going to get some ros’n, Mr. Sparks, for Mr. M’Intosh’s fiddle.” “Ros’n, ros’n, you crachur!” said Sparks; “and isn’t ros’n you are going to ax for, Judy, arrant nonsense?” “Arrah, Mr. Sparks!”—“Ros’n’s Latin, my jewel: the shopkeeper won’t understand you!”—“Latin! Och sure, Mr. Sparks, I know naughting of Latin; will your honor tell me what am I to ax for?”—“Say you want a piece of stick-brimstone, darling; that’s English to spake, and good Irish in the bar, gain.” The girl complied with his direction: procured the brimstone, and returning to Mr. M’Intosh, presented it to him. “You dom b——h!” exclaimed the Scotchman, “what ha’ ye broot me?—what do ye ca’ this?”—“Brimstone, Sirr!”—“Breemstun! did I na send ye for roosin?”—“Plase your honor, and so you did; but Mr. Sparks tould me that brimstone was the raal thing to ax for.”

Foaming with rage, away flew the Doctor into Isaac’s room, (who was listening to the result,) and demanded of him how he dared to interfere with another person’s affairs, and alter his commands to the servant.—“Why, Mr. M’Intosh,” said Isaac, very coolly, “what did you send for?”—“Roosin, Sir,—roosin

for my feedle, and be domm'd to ye."—"Well," replied Sparks, "I always thought brimstone was rosin for a *Scotch fiddle*!"

KNIFE AND THE IRISHMAN.

Knife was a very plain man, both in his looks and habiliments; but he had a handsome wife, who was very fond of dress, as most managers' wives are, that attach a proper importance to their husbands' situations. Arriving at an inn one evening during a journey, Mrs. K. was shown into the parlour with great ceremony, where she ordered supper; but Knife remained outside to see his horse attended to, and his buggy burnished. Satisfying himself upon the first point, he walked up to the Teddy who was purifying his vehicle, when the latter mistook him for his wife's servant, and said, "'Pon my sowl, honey you're a mighty fine gentleman, to make me wash your muddy buggy, when I have ever so many delicate plates and dishes to clane in-doors! Take the mop, you divil, and work away at the wheels, whilst I fetch another bucket of water." Knife, being a fellow of infinite good humor, laughed at his mistake, and confirmed him in it by complying with his wish.

When Teddy returned, a conversation ensued as to what sort of a situation Knife enjoyed. "You've pretty good wages, I should'nt doubt, darling?"—"As much mon-

ey as I can get," said Knipe.—"And does that beautiful lady, your mistress, give it all to you?"—"No—but she assists me."—"How long have you lived wid her?"—"Three years."—"How long shall you stop?"—"As long as I live."—"Oh, you lucky divil!—sarve that lovely cracher all your life—you should do it for nothing. And is she very kind to you?"—"Very—very fond of me."—"The divil!"—"She couldn't live without me."—"You daun't say so!"—"And a word in your ear."—"Well."—"I'm to sleep with her to-night!"—"Och, hūbaboo! Oh, you angel of the sivinth heaven!—what star was you born under!"

Knipe, anticipating no consequences from such an *equivoque*, went in to supper when the buggy was cleaned; but Teddy had been so struck with the beauty of Mrs. K. that he could not restrain his envy at her husband's happiness, and divulged what he had heard to a fellow servant, who telling it to a second, it was reported to a third, and so proceeded through every male and female link of the domestic machine, till it reached the landlady, who was naturally *shocked*. Knipe was unknown to her; and his mean appearance sufficiently established her servant's mistake. She accordingly determined to watch his movements at night, and prevent such a disgrace to her house, if attempted. Mrs. K. retired early to bed; but her spouse, as was his usual custom, sat up, to

smoke his pipe, and drink a tumbler of whiskey. At length he took up the light, and followed his wife's steps ; having been informed by her what chamber he was to go to. As he ascended the stairs, he heard whisperings in the passage, and the noise of moving to and fro ; but it was perfectly dark, and he could see nothing. On gaining the landing place, he perceived the various doors ajar, and was about to proceed to No. 10, when they flew open with a simultaneous clang, and out rushed every domestic in the inn, who surrounded and seized him ; the treacherous Teddy and the infuriated hostess at their head. " Go along, Sir," said she ; " go down-stairs, Sir ; you know you was to slape over the stable. Do you think to make a tawdry-house of a respectable inn ?" Knipe, in the utmost consternation, demanded the reason of such treatment ; and his wife, who was in bed, called out to him, " My dear ! what's the matter ?"—" Oh, hould your tongue, Marm," replied the landlady ; " you ought to be ashamed of sich doings in a jon-teel place of entertainment !—Slape wid your sarvant !—Oh, fie ! Bad luck to your taste !"

Knipe now kicked and struggled in the grasp of a dozen Irish wenches and cowboys to liddle purpose ; and the appearance of Mrs. K. at her door, who had jumped up in the greatest alarm, only fortified their hearts, instead of melting them, at such an open evi-

dence of female frailty. To all her addresses, therefore, to let him go,—that he was her husband, &c., they replied by shaking their heads, putting their hands to their faces, and crying, “Fie, fie! Oh you naughty woman! go along:”—and to Knipe: “Get down stairs, you big blackguard!” A terrible squabble ensued below; and Knipe was eventually released, though not without danger of paying a penalty for his joke.

DUBLIN THEATRE.—A FREE NIGHT.

The play was “Douglas;” and on this occasion all the principals of the Theatre were exempted from duty, and the characters were allotted to understrappers. That of Glenalvon fell into the hands of a little black-browed, bandy-legged fellow by the name of Barret, well known throughout Dublin for his private particularities, and possessing at all times a great circle of acquaintance in Mount Olynpus. The Irish people have great sympathy and enthusiasm; and notwithstanding their personal inconvenience, and the caricature daubings of the beauties of Home (the actors appearing to be all abroad when they were at home) then and there exhibited, they saw and heard the whole with profound attention. Barret’s entrance was the signal for an uproar; but it was of a permissible order. He was dressed in an entire suit of black

with a black wig, and a black velvet hat crowned with an immense plume of black feathers, which bending before him, gave him very much the aspect of a mourning coach-horse. Barret had some vanity and some judgment; he was fond of applause, and determined (to use his own phrase) to have a belly-full. He accordingly came on left hand upper entrance, and cutting the boards at a right angle, paced down to the stage-door right-hand, then wheeled sharp upon his heel, and marched over to the opposite side; his arms stuck a-kimbo, his robe flying, and his feathers nodding, in pretty accurate burlesque of the manner of Mossop. His friends composing a major portion of the audience, the clapping of hands, waving of handkerchiefs, and yelling of lips that greeted him, I, having no powers of expression to describe, must leave to my reader's "powers of conception."

When the tumult had a little subsided, Barret began to act; but some of his more intimate acquaintance, taking a dislike to his costume, interrupted him with exclamations of "Paddy Barret, Paddy Barret!" Barret, however, was conscious of the proprieties of his station, and turning a dignified deaf ear to such addresses, proceeded. His friends now resorted to a species of notice to obtain his, which is beautifully peculiar to an Irish audience—"a groan for Mr. Barret." That happened, however, not to be the first time he had heard it; and as we pay little respect

to things we are familiar with, Barret proceeded. The "darlings" were now stimulated to a decisive measure, by aiming an Irish apricot at his nodding plume, and shouting out, "Divil burn ye, Paddy Barret! will ye lave off spaking to that lady, and listen?" The potatoe triumphed, and the actor, walking forward to the lamps, desired to be acquainted with his patrons' wishes.—"Put some powder in your jasey, you black-looking coalhaver."—"Oh! is that all you want, my jewel? why did'nt you say so before?—Put some powder in my wig! surely I'll do that thing; but I have ounly to tell you, my darlings, that I'm a Scotch jontleman tonight, and not Mr. Benjamin Barret; and so —"—"Get out wid your dirtiness, Paddy—you chimney-swaper! you tragedy crow! Do you think to bother us wid your black looks? Go and powder your jasey, you divil's own body-box-maker.*"—"Oh, to be sure, I'll do that thing." Saying which, he made a low bow, and retreated to the Green-room, leaving the audience and Lord and Lady Randolph to amuse themselves *ad interim* as they pleased.

Barret on this occasion wore a stiffly-starched lady's ruff; and the waggish barber powdered him so sufficiently as to lodge a ridge round his throat, and give him the face of the ghost of Hamlet's father. When he returned to the stage, he was received with

* i.e. Undertaker.

a shout of laughter that threatened to rend the roof. Paddy bowed full low for the honour conferred on him, and was about to proceed, when the "Norman Quay" critics were at him again. "Arrah! the boy's been in a snow-storm! By the powers! he has put his head in a flour-sack!—Paddy, Paddy Barret!" Glenalvon disregarded them some time with a very laudable spirit of contempt, till the yells, groans, epithets, and exclamations, swelled the diabolic chorus to a negation of the sense of hearing. He then came forward a second time to inquire their wishes. "Leedies and Jontlemen, what may it plase ye to want now?"—"Put some paint on your nose," was the reply. "What!"—"Put some paint on your nose, you ghost alive!"—"Paint my nose to play tragedy! Oh, bad luck to your taste!—I tell you what Terence M'Mulligun, and you, Larry Casey, with your two ugly mugs up in the boxes yonder, I see how it is: the Divil himself wouldn't plase ye to night; so you may just come down and play the karakter yoursilves, —for the ghost of another line will I never spake to-night."

Saying which, he took off his wig, and shaking its powder at them contemptuously, walkéd off the stage with a truly tragical strut. The prompter was consequently obliged to come on and read the remainder of the part.

MRS. BADDELEY.

"A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dadu,
 Yet very fit to murder sleep in those
 Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendent hue,
 Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose;
 Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true,
 Thinner she might have been and yet scarce lose;
 Yet after all 'twould puzzle to say where
 It would not spoil some separate charm to pare.

She was not violently lively, but
 Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking,
 Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half shut,
 They put beholders in a tender taking;
 She look'd (this simile's quite new,) just cut
 From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,
 The mortal and the marble still at strife,
 And timidly expanding into life."—BYRON.

Such was Mrs. Baddeley, who, if her mind had even in a remote degree possessed any grace comparable to those of her alluring person, would have ranked among the most celebrated of ancient or of modern times. But the passion of her life was enjoyment, and in all its stages, so unchecked by intellectual considerations, that it can only be fitly described by an austere pen.

Sophia Snow, her maiden name, was born in 1745, and was the daughter of the Serjeant-trumpeter to King George II. Her education was genteel, and she was early distinguished for the melody of her voice, the soft delicacy of her beauty, and indescribable sweetness of manner.

Her father saw in her vocal endowments a treasure deserving of the utmost care, and

cultivated her taste for music with ardent assiduity, but his discipline was severe: perhaps, however, he may have been excited by her inattention, for she was of an easy, indolent, voluptuous nature, and delighted more to indulge in the love-tales of novels, than to study the tasks of his lessons.

His zeal in tuition, and her longing for more pleasurable pastime, led soon to the natural result. At eighteen she eloped with Baddeley, who then belonged to the Drury-Lane company, and soon after, in 1764, when she had become his wife, she made her first appearance on the stage as Cordelia, in *Lear*, and was received with the loudest applause.

Her debut was, however, rendered remarkable by an occurrence which affected the feelings of the audience more than her singular beauty. Never having seen the play, and being requested to read the part in the absence of an actress who was suddenly taken ill, when Edgar came upon the stage as mad Tom, his figure and manner gave her such a shock that she screamed in real terror and fainted. This unexpected incident roused the sympathy of all present, and when she recovered, and resumed the performance, she was encouraged to proceed with the most generous plaudits.

Her vocal powers were deemed of the highest order, and she was soon engaged as a singer at Vauxhall, and subsequently at Ranelagh, where her salary was twelve guin-

eas a-week. Her forte at the theatre was genteel comedy ; but once, during the illness of Mrs. Barry, she performed the part of Mrs. Beverley in *The Gamester*, and acquitted herself with more than common ability.

At what time her career of shame began admits of no precise proof ; but for the space of three years which she lived with her husband, there was no public impeachment of her character : she, appears, however, before her separation from Baddeley, to have received the visits of dissolute young noblemen, and there is cause to fear that long before she threw herself publicly away, her conduct had not been without some secret stain.

Soon after their separation, Mr. and Mrs. Baddeley continued to perform at the same theatre together, without speaking to each other, save in their respective parts : she then squandering character in gay profligacy, and he a calm auditor to the reports of her intrigues.

On one occasion when their Majesties King George III. and Queen Charlotte, of punctilious memory, were present, Mrs. Baddeley played Fanny in *The Clandestine Marriage*, and her husband Canton. In the scene where the Swiss exhausts all his adulation to recommend her to Lord Ogleby, their relative situation caused a universal laugh, in which the King and Queen heartily joined. And she was next day honored with a message from George the Third, desiring

her to go to Zoffany, and have her picture taken in the attitude and situation in which she appeared when Fanny joins Canton and Lord Ogleby, and when the application for the man she loves is construed by his Lordship into an amorous solicitation himself.

The incident of her picture having been ordered by his Majesty, tended to make her more the fashion, and the prodigality lavished upon her by her admirers, showed the extent to which beauty will seduce its votaries when celebrity flavors the delicious cup.

Among her numberless suitors was a young nobleman, whose ardor was certainly somewhat of a peculiar taste, for he solicited an interview with her in Henry VII.'s Chapel. His love, however, was rejected, but he presented her with three hundred pounds for her friendship, and they made a moral tour of the Abbey together, and were vastly pleased with the wax-work. Subsequently, he became her prodigal protector.

Although the life of Mrs. Baddeley was not remarkable for kindly feelings, she was not incapable of attachments, and once when deserted in displeasure by one of her admirers, she swallowed poison, from which she was recovered with difficulty. It is true that she was then deeply in debt, the plagues of which, without the anguish of faithless love, have broken as tough a heart.

There is nothing more remarkable in all the biography of Mrs. Baddeley, than the in

fluence she appears to have possessed among the great, even reaching to public patronage. The same moral laxity, in which it originated may exist as powerfully in the present time ; perhaps it would be considered affectation to doubt it ; but unquestionably the age has improved in decorum ; and if we are not more virtuous than our predecessors, more homage is now paid to public opinion. It does not however appear, that she made any sordid traffic of her patronage, but only occasionally employed it to soften the asperities of misfortune to her friends.

One part of her conduct was something akin to fatality ; for although it may be justly said, that she was in the enjoyment of great affluence, yet, such was her contempt for fortune, and the prodigality of her expenditure, that she was ever standing on the brink of want. The slightest indisposition would at any time, in her highest state, have hurled her to beggary. She never appears to have had any thought of to-morrow, for she scattered her money with the most imprudent profusion ; bought dresses and jewels without measure, and bestowed them on her acquaintances so readily as to diminish the value of her reckless gifts.

On one occasion she was advised, for the determination could spring from no motive of her own, to apply to Garrick for an increase of salary : but he refused to comply with her request, and in consequence she resolved

to quit the stage, and in disgust actually did so for a considerable time. At this period she was under the protection of her Abbey lover, who appears to have really felt uncommon attachment to her, mingled with vanity, for he supplied her capriciousness with the most extraordinary liberality.

Mrs. Baddeley was only celebrated for beauty and professional talent. She may have been intelligent in other respects, and possessed of conversational graces; but the fact does not appear; on the contrary, she seems to have been rather under the level of most women in understanding. Cunning, however, was deeply ingrained with apparent simplicity, and by it she deceived those who esteemed themselves greatest in her confidence.

Her conduct, when her mother was supposed to be dying, was as heartless as if it had been a tragedy spectacle of the theatre. She was at the bedside, all tears—a very Magdalen—and received the exhortations of her afflicted parent with many penitential promises; but as Mrs. Snow did not immediately then die, she quitted the sick chamber, resumed her profligacy, and, with no symptom of contrition, proposed to her female friend that they should go to Paris to see the French amusements, and, if possible, to bring over new dresses. This turpitude was of a more offensive hue than either whim or thoughtlessness; for, notwithstanding the

tears and pledges on her knees to her dying mother, the journey was to fulfil a promise she was under at the time to a favorite paramour.

He had, however, returned to England before she arrived at Paris ; but nevertheless, as if infected with the volatile genius of the place, she set herself earnestly to enjoy its pleasures.

Immediately the most fashionable shoemaker was summoned, the sketch of whose appearance is an amusing picture of the Parisian manners of that period. He was dressed in the highest style of the mode, in a suit of black silk, with a cocked hat under his arm, his hair superbly magnified with frizzle and powder, and his thigh sustaining a courtier's sword. This phenomenon, common to Paris in those days, was rendered complete, when, after performing his congees, he called in his servant, who attended with a silk bag of shapes and patterns, to display the glory of his art.

Another of her Parisian adventures had true comedy in it, and might be worked into an agreeable farce. After viewing the porcelain manufacture at Sevre, she stopped at the inn for dinner, at which two daughters of the landlady attended. It was soon observed that one of them eyed the female companion of Mrs. Baddeley in a particular manner, in consequence of taking it into her head, that because she was dressed in a riding-hab

it she was a gentleman in disguise. Mrs. Baddeley humored her fancy, and said, "If not engaged, this friend of mine, who has dressed himself like a woman, is so much in love with you that I don't know what will be the consequence."

The simple girl replied, that she had never before seen a man she could make choice of. The companion assured her that she was indeed a woman, but Mrs. Baddeley contradicted her; and when she retired to her chamber, the silly maiden, in the plainest terms, and with the utmost naïveté, declared how much she was dying with love; saying, that she might be little esteemed for declaring her passion, but she was unable to conceal it, and would follow her to the world's end. Mrs. Baddeley came into the room and insisted that the girl should be made happy; the landlady also came in, and approving the choice, told them that her daughter had a pretty fortune, and would make a good wife for any man; upon which the enamored damsel threw her arms round the neck of her adored, and began to weep, and kiss, and fondle over her.

As Mrs. Baddeley found it would be necessary to stop for the night, to keep up the farce she ordered in her hearing two bedrooms, and when her companion went to take possession of hers, she found the demoiselle secreted there: this brought on the denouement.

After having indulged herself with all the sights worth seeing within fifty miles of Paris, Mrs. Baddeley left that city on her return to London. In the course of the journey to Calais, as she travelled night and day, she and her friend were often a good deal intimidated by the innkeepers, who would have induced them to stay at their houses for the night ; but in despite of all the frightful tales of many robberies, they still hastened on. One, night, however, they were pursued by two horsemen ; they ordered their drivers to mend their pace,—the horsemen bellowed stop, stop !—the drivers hastened forward, their attendants seized their pistols, and the ladies took one each determined on resistance. At last the horsemen reached them, as much alarmed as themselves, for they had been sent by the landlord of the inn where they had last stopped, to ask four shillings omitted in their bill.

Having crossed the Channel and reached Tunbridge in safety, after bribing the custom-house officers both at Calais and Dover, they were showing their Parisian finery to a milliner from London whom they met there ; while in this delightful business, another harpy of the revenue pounced upon them, and not only seized their trunks, but rummaged the house of the milliner, and made much booty.

This adventure was only deplored by our heroine on account of her new dresses, for,

in apprehension of being fined, she durst not apply for her clothes. Indeed, she possessed the true equanimity of her profession and was seldom disturbed even when involved in danger. An accident that illustrates this deserves to be recorded.

She was, among other fancies of self-indulgence, very fond of cats, and had a favorite of this species called Cuddle, which she often took with her when she travelled. On a journey to Portsmouth, when this cat was with her, and her female companion also in the carriage, the post-boys overturned them, and dragged the coach in their carelessness some way before they could stop the horses, by which the door and the panels were broken on one side, and the whole cargo within tumbled out on the road; no bones were however broken, but Mrs. Baddeley, in the midst of the alarm and confusion, got up and cried aloud for Cuddle, declaring if he was hurt she would go distracted.

At this period she indulged in every luxury that her extravagance desired. On one occasion her Westminster Abbey friend made her a present of twenty diamond pins, which cost four hundred guineas. She always wore two watches with valuable trinkets; one of them was very costly, and the other, a little French watch, hung to a chain set with diamonds; she had also four necklaces of brilliants. She wore enamelled bracelets encircled with diamonds, and a diamond bow with

rings out of number ; she had a sideboard of plate, and silver candlesticks. Her house was elegantly furnished ; the walls of the drawing-room were hung with silk curtains drawn up in festoons in imitation of Madame du Barre's at Versailles, and every thing about her establishment was of the most splendid kind ; she kept nine servants, and her liveries were suitable to her establishment.

From this high and palmy state of opulence and prodigality I have now to trace her fall. The first symptom was an ominous feeling which arose upon her, in a conversation with one of her admirers, while he was advising her to remember that beauty would not last for ever, and to provide for a rainy day.

" There is time enough for that," said she, " but for my part I will have my frolics and pleasures, convinced I shall not live to be old. I am not a child, and I need not advice of this kind. I have talents, and a profession to follow, and should age come on, shall be in no want of a provision." At this she burst into tears, and lamented that she had not at her outset in life met with a man who would have treated her as a wife ought to have been ; adding, " I know too well my faults and my imprudence ; but one folly led to another, and vanity, which is my greatest failing, encouraged by the attention I met from men of rank and fortune, induced me

to accept offers which should have been spurned. Thus introduced into a bad plan of life, necessity kept it up, and I have become a sacrifice to my own folly. Though in the highest splendor I often look down, and envy the situation of the lowest of my servants, and fancy her far more happy.— She earns her bread by her industry, and when her daily work is done, can sit down with a quiet conscience, clear from vice. Many a cottage have I looked on with a wishful eye, and thought the people within, though poor, and perhaps without a chair to sit upon, much more happy and contented than I, who passed it in a coach-and-four, attended with a suit of servants.” Here her tears again interrupted her, and she was with difficulty withdrawn from these forboding accusations of herself.

“The shaft was shot, but had not fallen yet.”

This striking confession of her inward misery took place at Brighton, where, soon after, she walked out on the Steyne, and was the admiration of all beholders, many of the ladies exclaiming loud enough to be heard, “There is that divine face! that beautiful creature! What a sweet woman!”

In the course of a short time her debts began to be troublesome, and she was reduced to the necessity of pawning some of her jewels, and her protector became less prodigal of his presents, while, with the increase of

her embarrassments, her conduct grew more irregular, and her circumspection less guarded. Her infidelities, at last, reached to such a pitch of notoriety, that the weak and fond nobleman, who seemed to set no limit at one time to his indulgence, in consequence of her ostrich-like cunning, in a profligate flight that she made in his absence to Ireland, broke off the connection with her altogether. A rapid downward doom was then inevitable. A subscription was attempted, and failed, or rather was so unproductive as to show that the epoch of her alluring was past. But the details of her subsequent history are painful to describe, and consist only of such transactions as ever attend the progress of vice, and the curtain must be dropped on the scenes of her last act. She died at Edinburgh, on the 1st of July 1801, it has been alleged by swallowing laudanum, but the odious narrative of her biographer ascribes her death to consumption, and in circumstances so deplorable, that she was supported by the weekly contributions of the players.

MONSIEUR CHAUBERT, THE FIRE KING.

Who has not heard of the Fire King?—the swallower of poison? The epicure in arsenic and phosphorus? The tippler in boiling Florence oil? The celebrated Monsieur Chaubert, who uses melted lead to wash his hands? and warms himself in an

oven along side a beef steak? Who has astonished all England, has arrived in this city, and is exhibiting his experiments in Clinton Hall. He is certainly the eighth wonder of the world—the real salamander, to whom fire, heat, poison, &c. are perfectly innoxious.

On Thursday evening last, he gave a private exhibition of his wonderful powers to a select audience of scientific and literary gentlemen at the lecture room of Clinton Hall. On entering the Hall, the first thing that strikes the eyes of the spectator, is a large oven built of bricks, and resting on the floor of the building. In the front of the oven is a small platform with a table, lights, &c. where Monsieur Chaubert performs his experiments.—On the opening of the exhibition, Mons. C. made a short address in English—peculiarly marked, however, by a foreign accent. He assured the audience that there was not the slightest trick or deception in any of his experiments, he courted the minutest investigation of every scientific gentleman in the room.

The exhibition commenced with a red hot shovel, which he drew over his face and tongue with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable. Not the slightest injury was inflicted on him. He also drew it over his hair, with the same result. ‘Try gentlemen,’ said he, ‘and satisfy yourselves.’ Several gentlemen reached up their fingers and placed them on his hair and cheek. They drew them back with

all imaginable haste, as if they had been touching the shovel itself. His face and hair were covered with his antidote, and he told them so. This excited much surprise.

His next experiment was with sealing wax. He held the wax to the candle and dropt it on his tongue. 'Does any gentleman want to take a seal and give it the impression?' No one seemed desirous of that office, and Monsieur C. took up a portion of the wax between his finger and thumb and drew it in a string from his tongue. He passed over to other experiments, and prepared to take the poison. He told the company that he would take from 30 to 40 grains of phosphorus, 4 grains of which are sufficient to kill any individual. 'If any gentleman, however, wishes me to use his own phosphorus, I will do so,' said he. Mr. Chilton, the chemist, had brought some phosphorus with him. He desired his young man to take it out and weigh off 40 grains. He did so in the presence of the medical gentlemen. 'Let me try that,' said Mons. C. He took a small portion and rubbed it against a piece of paper. It produced ignition immediately. 'Dat is very good—very good,' said Monsieur. At his request, Dr. Yates undertook to administer the dose. It was put into a spoonful of water. Monsieur knelt down, put his hand behind his back, had his stock taken off—'Now,' said he, 'I am ready.'—Dr. Yates proceeded and poured it into his

mouth. 'Well,' said the Doctor, with a sigh, 'I never administered such a dose before in my life.' When every particle was swallowed, he called on the company to examine his mouth and see that no deception was practised—to satisfy themselves that it was not hid in his mouth. Several medical gentlemen did so. They were perfectly satisfied. They put their fingers into his mouth, and came down from the platform in utter astonishment.

The next experiment was with melted lead. He took a tin pan full of melted lead, and plunged his fingers into it, took a portion in his hand, and made believe he was washing the tips of his finger. 'No mistake, gentlemen,' said he, 'put your fingers here.' Several did so, and were glad to take them from the vessel again. They were perfectly satisfied.

His next experiment was the swallowing a spoonful of boiling Florence oil. A tin pan full of this liquid was heated to the boiling point, before the audience. He then took the vessel and plunged a Fahrenheit thermometer into the boiling liquid, and exhibited the instrument to the gentleman. It stood at 340. 'Satisfy yourselves,' said he, 'satisfy yourselves.' He then took a spoon, dipt it in the oil, filled it, put it in his mouth, and actually swallowed it down. Every person present was satisfied there was no deception practised. 'What a fellow!' said

one—'why,' said another, a 'certain place not to be named to 'ears polite,' carries no alarms to him.' 'Will you just take a peep,' said a third, 'behind Monsieur Chaubert, and see if his feet are not cloven.'

'Now gentlemen,' said Monsieur C. 'I shall prepare to go into the oven, and take a dish of beef steaks with me to be cooked.' He retired a few minutes to change his dress. Dr. Pascalis, who appeared to be puzzled and perplexed at all these experiments, took the opportunity to step up to the oven and look in. He opened the door and thrust his hand in. He soon drew back. 'How is the oven Dr.?' asked a brother physician. 'By George I could go in myself,' replied the Dr. Monsieur Chaubert, however soon appeared, went into the oven, roused up the fire, and made arrangements. He wore over his dress a large thick great coat. 'Why do you wear that,' asked some one. 'It is all the same to me,' said he, 'to go in dressed or undressed: if I go in undressed, I must be very cautious when I come out not to catch cold. I wear a coarse great coat over my dress, because it prevents me from catching cold—besides I have now become economical.' This was received with applause. He then put the thermometer into the oven to ascertain the temperature. 'Bring the beef steaks here.' They were brought. He put them into a tin dish; sprinkled salt and pepper on them. 'I like plenty

of steaks,' said he quite, jovially. 'Now, gentlemen,' cried Monsieur, 'come and see the thermometer; but you must look sharp, because the least approach to the cold air will make it fall rapidly.'

Three gentlemen went up to the oven to examine. He seized the thermometer from the interior of the oven and held it out. 'How much? how much?' It was several seconds before they found the mercury, and then it was 380. 'Oh,' said he, 'it is at least 480, it has fallen since I took it out.' He replaced the thermometer, put a black cap on his head, had the dish of steaks placed along side of him, took a large tin tube which he protruded through an aperture in the iron door to breathe through, and then entered the oven. During his stay in the oven he looked through his tube, talked rapidly and sung a pretty French air. He was continually asking 'how many minutes, gentlemen?' 'How many?'—'One,'—'Two,'—'Three.' 'Oh it must be more, gentlemen; oh it is very hot, gentlemen; full 500 degrees; how many minutes?' 'Four—Five—Six—Seven—Eight minutes.' At eight minutes and fifty one seconds from his entrance, out he bounced, came down on the stage all covered with perspiration. 'Feel his pulse,' cried several of the physicians. 'Oh yes, gentlemen, feel my pulse,' said he, holding out both his arms. It was felt immediately and found to be as high as 160. 'No

deception,' said he. 'The devil a bit of deception is there,' said one of the spectators 'Fetch me out the beef-steaks,' said Monsieur, 'they are well done now.' The dish was brought down and quite a rush was made upon them. Every one that could reach the platform, cut a piece off and fell at eating. 'These steaks are very fine,' said one. 'Rather too much done,' said another. 'That fellow Chaubert,' said a grave looking personage chewing his steak and leaving the room, 'is certainly his Satanic Majesty himself.' Dr. Mott went up to the oven, put his head into the door, drew it rapidly out, and nodded very significantly, as much as to say, 'all right, no deception.' The rest of the spectators stood gazing, talking, and expressing wonder, surprise, and astonishment.

Monsieur Chaubert was a Captain in the service of Napoleon. He was taken prisoner by the Russians and sent to Siberia, where it is supposed he discovered his secret antidote to fire and poison. Two years ago he excited great astonishment in London, and satisfied the college of Physicians and Surgeons, that there was no deception in his experiments. He was offered £5000. for his antidote to prussic acid, but would not take less than £10,000. He has a family of ten children—is a good looking man—with an oval face and fine person. He wears mustachios. He is quite talkative and intelligent, speaks fourteen languages—but English rather incorrectly. He is truly a wonder.

BOB BOWLES.

My reader will suppose that in the very heart of "Ould Ireland," and at a period and place when all was bustle and variety, our old acquaintance Bob Bowles, found abundant game for his laugh-hunting appetite. The Green-room was a daily reservoir into which his observations were emptied. Bob had a great talent in detecting the more especial, if minute, features of the ridiculous in real life, and presenting them under some sort of dramatic form. He was both a humorist and a mimic,—thus he gave the spirit with the manner. He related a conversation one day between two of the "darlings," which, though requiring voice and features to give his effect to, as exhibiting some traits of Hibernian ingenuity, may be worth while to introduce.

His landlady was what was termed a "general dealer," and, among other things, sold bread and whiskey. A customer entering her shop, inquired if she had any thing to ate and drink.—"To be sure," she replied; "I have got a thimbleful of the crature, my darling, that comes ounly to twopence; and this big little loaf you may have for the same money!"—"Both twopence?"—"Both the same—as I'am a Christian woman, and worth double the sum."—"Fill me the whiskey, if you plase."—She did so, and he drank it; then rejoined—"It comes to twopence, my

jewel—I'm not hungry ; take back the loaf," tendering it—"Yes, honey, but what pays for the whiskey?"—"Why, the loaf, to be sure!"—"But you haven't paid for the loaf?"—"Why, you wouldn't have a man pay for a thing he hasn't eat?"—A friend going by was called in by the landlady to decide this difficulty, who gave it against her ; and from some deficiency in her powers of calculation, she permitted the rogue to escape.

Passing with Bowles one day down a back street, we observed a number of children on both sides of the way, sitting before the doors, and combing their heads upon a pair of bellows, the broad surface of which afforded an ample field for the annihilation of their little victims. Bowles was immediately struck with the appearance of these anti-verminists, and stopped to contemplate the labours of one young lady in particular, who differing from her companions, was going through the process with a cool and even mechanical regularity. "Innocent minds!" exclaimed I, "whom youthful sports and childhood's toils can please."—"All alive in this quarter, Jack," responded Bowles. As we passed on, the same scene presented itself at every other door—children of all ages and both sexes armed with the deadly apparatus of bellows and comb, against the lives of the unfortunate tenants of their heads. "This seems to be a general day of purification, Jack," said Bowles. "'Gad, there's a sympathy in it,"

pretending to scratch his head, evidently in want of an opportunity to exercise his wag-gish inclination. At length we came to a shop, behind the counter of which stood a red-nosed, fat-faced, vulgar-looking vender of edibles and drinkables. Bowles, releasing my arm, jumped into the door, and taking off his hat, said,—“Pray, Madam, would you oblige me?”—“Och,” said she, “Sirr, you may have all I have got in the shop, and a great deal more.”—“Then, may I request the favour of a pair of bellows, and a small-tooth-comb?”—“Sirr!”—“I am a stranger in Limerick, Madam, come for the assizes; and as I wish to partake in all the amusements going forward, I perceive that combing the head is all the rage in this quarter!”

There was no doubt a comical expression in Bowles's eye, for the lady made no other answer than the epithet—“Spalpeen!” and quietly reaching her hand behind her to a mopstick in a corner, would no doubt have lent him much more than he desired, had he not anticipated this step by one of his own.

THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

The man with the iron mask was a remarkable personage, who existed as a state prisoner in France during the latter part of the 17th century. As the circumstances of this person form a historical problem, which has occasioned much inquiry, and given rise

to many conjectures, and excited in a particular manner the curiosity of the public, it shall be endeavored to condense in this little work the substance of every thing material that has been published on the subject. We shall first relate such particulars concerning this extraordinary prisoner as appears to be well authenticated: and shall afterwards mention the different opinions and conjectures that have been entertained with regard to his real quality, and the causes of his confinement.

1st. The authenticated particulars concerning the iron mask are as follow:—A few months after the death of Cardinal Mazarine, there arrived at the Isle of St. Marguerite, in the see of Provence, a young prisoner whose appearance was peculiarly attracting; his person was above the middle size, and elegantly formed; his mien and deportment were noble, and his manners graceful;—even the sound of his voice, it is said, had in it something uncommonly interesting. On the road, he constantly wore a mask with iron springs, to enable him to eat without taking it off. It was at first believed that his mask was made entirely of iron, whence he acquired the name of the man with the iron mask: his attendant had received orders to despatch him if he attempted to take off his mask, or discover himself. He had been first confined in Pignerol, under the government of M. de St. Mars, and been sent from thence to St. Marguerite. He was accompanied thither

by the same person who continued to have the charge of him. He was always treated with the most marked respect. He was constantly served in plate, and the governor himself placéd his dishes on the table, retiring immediately after, and locking the door behind him. He *tu-to-yoit* (thee-ed and thou-ed.) The governor, on the other hand, behaved to him in the most respectful manner, and never wore his hat before him, nor sat down in his presence, unless he was desired. The Marquis de Louvois, who went to see him at St. Marguerite, spoke to him standing, and with that kind of attention that denotes high respect.

During his residence here, he attempted twice, in an indirect manner, to make himself known. One day he wrote something with his knife on a plate, and threw it out of a window towards a boat which was drawn on shore at the foot of a tower. A fisherman picked it up, and carried it to the governor, M. de St. Mars, who was alarmed, and asked the man with great anxiety "Whether he could read, and whether any one else had seen the plate;" the man answered, "that he could not read, that he had but just found the plate, and that no one had seen it." He was, however, confined, till the governor was well assured of the truth of his assertions. Another attempt to discover himself proved equally unsuccessful. A young man who lived in the Isle, one day perceived some-

thing floating under the prisoner's window ; and on picking it up he discovered it to be a very fine shirt written all over. He carried it immediately to the governor ; who having looked at some parts of the writing, asked the lad with some appearance of anxiety, " If he had not had the curiosity to read it ? " He protested repeatedly that he had not : but two days afterwards he was found dead in his bed.

The Masque de Fer remained in this isle till the year 1698, when M. St. Mars being promoted to the government of the Bastille, conducted his prisoner to that fortress. In his way thither, he stopped with him at his estate near Paltean. The Masque arrived there in a litter, surrounded by a numerous guard on horseback. M. de St. Mars ate at the same table with him all the time they resided at Paltean ; but the latter was always placed with his back towards the windows ; and the peasants who came to pay their compliments to their master, and whom curiosity kept constantly on the watch, observed that M. de St. Mars always sat opposite to him, with two pistols by the side of his plate. They were waited on by one servant only, who brought in and carried out the dishes, always carefully shutting the door both in going out and returning. The prisoner was always masked whenever he passed through the Court, but the people saw his teeth and lips, and also observed that his hair was grey.

The governor slept in the same room in a second bed that was placed there on that occasion. In the course of their journey, the iron mask was one day heard to ask his keeper whether the king had any design on his life; "No, prince," he replied, "provided that you quietly allow yourself to be conducted, your life is perfectly secure." The stranger was accommodated as well as it was possible in the Bastile. Apartments had been prepared for him by order of the governor before his arrival, fitted up in the most convenient style, and every thing that he expressed or desired was instantly procured him. His table was the best that could be provided; and he was ordered to be supplied with as rich clothes as he desired: but his chief taste, in this last particular, was for lace, and for linen remarkably fine. It appears that he was allowed the use of such books as he desired, and that he spent much of his time in reading. He also amused himself with playing upon the guitar. He had liberty of going to mass; but was then strictly forbidden to speak or uncover his face: orders were even given to the soldiers to fire upon him if he attempted either; and their pieces, always loaded with ball, were always pointed towards him as he passed through the court. When he had occasion to see a surgeon or a physician, he was obliged, under pain of death, constantly to wear his mask. An old physician of the Bastile, who had often at-

tended him when he was indisposed, said "that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue, and different parts of his body ; that there was something uncommonly interesting in the sound of his voice ; and that he never complained of his confinement, nor let fall from him any hint by which it might be guessed who he was." It is said that he often passed the night in walking up and down his room.

This unfortunate Prince died on the 19th of November, 1703, after a short illness ; and was interred next day in the burying place of the parish of St. Paul. The expense of his funeral amounted only to forty livres. The name given him was Marchiali : and even his age, as well as his real name, it seemed of importance to conceal ; for in the register made of his funeral, it was mentioned that he was about forty years old ; though he had told his apothecary, some time before his death, that he thought he must be sixty. It is a well known fact, that immediately after the prisoner's death, his apparel, linen, clothes, mattresses, and in short every thing that had been used by him, were burnt, that the walls of his room were scraped, the floor taken up, evidently from the apprehension that he might have found means of writing any thing that would have discovered who he was. Nay, such was the fear of his having left a letter or any mark which might lead to a discovery, that his plate was melted down ;

the glass was taken out of the window of his room, and pounded to dust; the window frame and doors burnt; and the ceiling of the room, and the plaster of the inside of the chimney taken down. Several persons have affirmed, that the body was buried without a head; and M. de St. Foix informs us, that a gentleman having bribed the sexton, had the body taken up in the night, and found a stone instead of the head.

The result of these extraordinary accounts is, that the Iron Mask was not only a person of high birth, but must have been of great consequence; and that his being concealed was of the utmost importance to the King and ministry. We come now, therefore, to notice—

2d. The opinions and conjecture that have been formed concerning the real name and condition of this remarkable personage. Some have pretended that he was the Duke of Beaufort; others, that he was the Count de Vermandois, natural son to Louis XIV. by the Duchess de la Valliere. Some maintain him to have been the Duke of Montmouth, natural son of Charles II. of England, by Lucy Walters; and others say, that he was Gerolama Magni, minister to the Duke of Modena.

Besides these conjectures, none of which possess sufficient probability to entitle them to consideration, a fifth has been advanced; namely, that the Iron Mask was a son of

Anne of Austria, Queen to Louis the XIII. and consequently that he was a brother of Louis XIV., but whether a bastard brother, a brother-german, or a half brother, is a question that has given rise to three several opinions, which we shall state in the order of time in which the respective transactions to which they allude, happened.

1. The first opinion is, that the Queen proved with child at a time when it was evident it could not have been by her husband, who, for some months before, had never been with her in private. The supposed father of this child is said by some to have been the Duke of Buckingham, who came to France in May, 1625, to conduct the Princess Henrietta, wife of Charles I. into England. The private letters and memoirs of those times speak very suspiciously of the Queen and Buckingham; his behavior at Amiens, whither the Queen and Queen's mother accompanied the Princess in her way to Boulogne, occasioned much whispering: notwithstanding the pains that have been taken by La Porte, in his memoirs, to excuse his mistress, it appears that the King on this occasion, was extremely offended at her and that it required all the influence and address of the Queen's mother to effect a reconciliation. It is said that this child was privately brought up in the country; that when Mazarin became a favorite, he was entrusted with the care of him; and that Louis XIV. having discovered the

secret on the death of the Cardinal, thought it necessary to confine him in the manner that has been related.

But it may be observed, that the secret could scarcely have escaped the vigilance of the Cardinal de Richlieu ; and it is not improbable that a minister so little scrupulous, if inclined to save the honor of a Queen, would have removed a child, who if he lived, might have been made use of to disturb the tranquillity of the kingdom. After the supposed birth, the Queen had frequent quarrels with the King, and what was more dangerous, with the Cardinal ; who even used every means in his power to inquire into her most private transactions. It was on a memorable occasion of this kind, that her servant La Porte was thrown into the Bastile ; and it can scarcely be imagined she would have had the firmness she then displayed, while conscious of so much guilt, and under the risk of having it discovered. The prisoner with the mask appears, by several accounts, to have been a youth of a handsome figure in the year 1661 ; and in 1703, when he died, to have been above sixty ; but had he been a son of Buckingham, he would have been about thirty-six in 1661, when he could not be said to have been a youth ; and in November, 1703, above seventy-eight.

2. The second opinion is, that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV. born some hours after him. This first appeared in a

short anonymous work published without date, and without the name of the place or printer. It is therein said, "Louis XIV. was born at St. Germain en Laye, on the 5th of September, 1638, about noon; and the illustrious prisoner, known by the appellation of the Iron Mask, was born the same day, while Louis XIII. was at supper. The King and the Cardinal, fearing that the pretensions of a twin-brother might one day be employed to renew those civil wars with which France had been so often afflicted, cautiously concealed his birth, and sent him away to be brought up privately. Having but an imperfect knowledge of the circumstances that followed, I shall say nothing more, for fear of committing errors; but I firmly believe the fact I have mentioned; and time will probably prove to my readers, that I have grounds for what I have advanced."

This opinion has been more noticed since the publication of a work called *Memoires de Marechal Duc de Richlieu*, written by the Abbe Soulavie; concerning which it may be proper to premise, that the late Duke of Richlieu, son of the Marechal, disavowed this work; while the Abbe Soulavie, who had been employed by the Marechal, insisted on the authenticity of his papers. He informs us that the Duke of Richlieu was the lover of Mademoiselle de Valois, daughter of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and afterwards Duchess of Modena, who in return was passionate-

ly fond of him : that the regent had something more than paternal affection for his daughter ; and that though she held his sentiments in abhorrence, the Duke of Richlieu made use of her influence with her father, to discover the secret of the prisoner with the mask : that the regent, who had always observed the most profound silence on this subject, was at last persuaded to entrust her with a manuscript, which she immediately sent to her lover, who took a copy of it. This manuscript is supposed to have been written by a gentleman on his death bed, who had been the governor or early tutor of the prisoner. The following is an extract of it, from what the Abbe Soulavie has told us.

“ The unfortunate prince whom I have brought up, and taken care of till the close of my life, was born September the 5th, 1638, at half past eight. His brother, the present sovereign, was born in the morning of the same day, about twelve o’clock. But the births of these princes presented a striking contrast for the eldest’s was as splendid and brilliant as the youngest’s was melancholy and private.

“ The king, soon after the queen was safely delivered of the first prince, was informed by the midwife, that her majesty was still in labor. This intelligence alarmed him greatly, and he ordered the chancellor of France, the first almoner, the queen’s confessor and myself, to remain in her apartment till she was delivered, as he wished us to be witness of

the steps which he meant to take, if she gave birth to another dauphin ; for it had been foretold by some shepherds that the queen was pregnant with two sons ; they also reported, that they had obtained the knowledge by divine inspiration. This report was soon circulated through Paris, and the people alarmed by it, loudly asserted, that if this prediction should be verified, it would cause the total ruin of the state. The archbishop of Paris, was soon informed of these transactions, and after conversing with the shepherds, ordered them to be closely confined in the prison of Lazarus ; for the serious effect their prophecy had produced in the minds of the people, had given the king some uneasiness, because it made him reflect on the disturbances he had to fear in this kingdom. He informed the cardinal of this prediction, who in his answer said, that the birth of two dauphins was not impossible, and that if the peasants' prophecy should be realized, the last born must be concealed with the greatest care, as he might, when he grew up, conceive that he had a right to the crown, and cause another league in the kingdom.

“ During the queen's second labour, which lasted several hours, the king was tormented by his apprehensions, for he felt a strong presentiment, that he should soon be the father of two dauphins. He desired the Bishop of Meaux not to leave the queen till she was delivered, and afterwards turning to us all, said,

sufficiently loud to be heard by the queen, 'that if another dauphin should be born, and any of us should divulge the secret, our heads should answer for it : for,' added he. 'his birth must be a secret of state, to prevent the misfortunes which would evidently follow the disclosures ; as the salique law has been silent concerning the inheritance of a kingdom, on the birth of male twins.'

"The event which had been foretold, soon after arrived, for the queen, while the king was at supper, gave birth to a second son much smaller and handsomer than the first ; and the poor infant, by his incessant cries, seemed to lament his entrance into a world where so much misery was in store for him. The chancellor then drew up the verbal-process of this extraordinary event, but the king not approving of the first, it was burnt in our presence, and it was not till after he had written a great many that his majesty was satisfied. The first almoner endeavored to persuade the king, that he ought not to conceal the birth of a prince ; to which his majesty replied, 'that reasons of state absolutely required the most inviolable secrecy.'

"The king soon after dictated the oath of secrecy, which he desired us all to sign ; when this important business was concluded, he sealed the oath to the verbal-process, and took possession of it. The royal infant was then given into the hands of the midwife ; but to deter her from revealing the secret of its

birth, she was menaced with death if she ever gave the least hint of it; we were all, likewise strictly charged not even to converse with each other on the subject.

"His majesty dreaded nothing so much as a civil war, and he thought that the dissensions which would certainly occur between the two brothers, if they were brought up as such, would certainly occasion one; the cardinal, also, when he was invested with the superintendency of the prince's education, did every thing in his power to keep this apprehension alive.

"The king ordered us to examine carefully the poor child's body, to see if he had any marks by which he might hereafter be known, if his brother should die; for the king always purposed in that case, to put the royal infant in possession of his rights; for this reason, after having made us all sign the verbal-process, he sealed it with the royal seal.

"During the infancy of the young prince, M. Peronnette, the midwife, treated him as if he were her own son, but from her great care and manner of living, every one suspected that he was the illegitimate son of some rich nobleman.

"As soon as the prince's infancy was over Cardinal Mazarin, on whom his education had devolved, consigned him to my care, with orders to educate him in a manner suitable to the dignity of his birth, but in private. M. Peronnette continued to attend him, in

my house in Burgundy, till her death ; and they were warmly attached to each other.

“ I had frequent conversations with the queen during the subsequent disturbances in this kingdom ; and her majesty has often said to me, “ that if the prince’s birth should be discovered during the life of the young king his brother, the malcontents would, she feared, take advantage of it to raise a revolt among the people ; for, she added, that it was the opinion of many able physicians, that the last born of twins was the first conceived, and of course the eldest. This fear did not, however, prevent the queen from preserving with the greatest care the written testimonies of the prince’s birth ; for she intended, if any accident had befallen his brother, to have recognized him, though she had another son.

“ The young prince received as good an education as I could have wished to have received myself in similar circumstances ; and a better one than was bestowed on the acknowledged princes.

“ When he was about nineteen, his desire to know who he was increased to a great degree, and he tormented me with continual solicitations to make him acquainted with the author of his existence ; the more earnest he was, the more resolute were my refusals ; and when he saw that his entreaties did not avail, he endeavored to persuade me that he thought he was my son. Often, when

he called me by the tender name of father, did I tell him that he deceived himself; but, at length, seeing that he persevered in this opinion, I ceased to contradict him, and gave him reason to believe that he was really my son. He appeared to credit this, with a view, no doubt, of forcing me by this means to reveal the truth to him; as I afterwards learned that he was at that very time doing all in his power to discover who he was.

“Two years elapsed in this manner, when an imprudent action, for which I shall ever reproach myself, revealed to him the important secret of his birth. He knew that I had received at that time many expresses from the king; and this circumstance, probably raised some doubts in his mind, which he sought to clear up by opening my *escritoire*, in which I had imprudently left many letters from the queen and the cardinal. He read them: and their contents, aided by his natural penetration, discovered the whole secret to him.

“I observed about this time that his manners were quite changed, for instead of treating me with that affection and respect which I was accustomed to receive from him, he became surly and reserved. This alteration at first surprised me, but I too soon learnt the cause.

“My suspicions were first roused by his asking me with great earnestness, to procure him the portraits of the late and present king.

I told him in answer, that there had been no good resemblance of either drawn yet ; and that I would wait till some eminent painter should execute their pictures.

"This reply, which he appeared extremely dissatisfied with, was followed by a request to go to Dijon : the extreme disappointment he expressed on being refused, alarmed me and from that moment I watched his motions more closely. I afterwards learnt that his motive for wishing to visit Dijon was, to see the King's picture ; he had an intention also of going from thence to the court, that was then kept at St. Jean-de-Luz, on account of the marriage with the Infanta, to see, and compare himself with his brother.

"The young prince was then extremely beautiful ; and he inspired such an affection in the breast of a young chambermaid, that, in defiance of the strict orders which all the domestics had received, not to give the prince any thing he required without my permission, she procured him the King's portrait.

"As soon as the unhappy prince glanced his eye on it, he was forcibly struck by its resemblance to himself ; and well he might, for one portrait would have served for them both. The sight confirmed all his doubts, and made him furious. He instantly flew to me, exclaiming, in the most violent passion, "This is the King ! and I am his brother : here is an undeniable proof of it." He then

showed me a letter from Cardinal Mazarin that he had stolen out of my *escritoire*, in which his birth was mentioned.

"I now feared that he would contrive means to escape to the court during the celebration of his brother's nuptials; and to prevent this meeting, which I greatly dreaded, I soon after sent a messenger to the king to inform him of the prince's having broken open my *escritoire*; by which means he had discovered the secret of his birth; I also informed him the effect this discovery had produced on his mind. On the receipt of this letter, his majesty instantly ordered us both to be imprisoned. The cardinal was charged with this order; and at the same time acquainted the prince, that his improper conduct was the cause of our common misfortune."

This is the historical memoir which the regent delivered to the princess: it does not, indeed, certify, that this prince was the prisoner known by the name of the Iron Mask; but all the foregoing facts agree so well with the extraordinary anecdotes related of this mysterious personage, that it appears beyond contradiction, that this memoir fills up the vacuum relative to the beginning of his life.

This memoir, real or fictitious, concludes with saying, "I have ever since suffered with him in our common prison: I am now summoned to appear before my Judge on high; and for the peace of my soul, I cannot but make this declaration, which may

point out to him the means of freeing himself from his present ignominious situation, in case the King his brother should die without children. Can an extorted oath compel me to observe secrecy on a thing so incredible, but which ought to be left on record to posterity?"

3d. The third opinion is, that he was a son of the Queen by the Cardinal de Mazarin, born about a year after the death of her husband, Louis XIII. that he was brought up secretly; and that soon after the death of the Cardinal, which happened on the 9th March, 1661, he was sent to Pignerol. To this account father Griffet objects, "that it was needless to mask a face that was unknown, and therefore that this opinion does not merit discussion." But in answer it has been observed, that the prisoner might strongly resemble Louis XIV. which would be a sufficient reason to have him masked. This opinion is supposed to have been that entertained by Voltaire, who asserts his thorough knowledge of the secret, though he declined being altogether explicit. The Abbe Soula-vie, author of *Memoirs of the Marechal de Richlieu*, speaking on this subject, says, "That he once observed to the Marechal, that he certainly had the means of being informed who the prisoner was; that it even seemed that he had told Voltaire, who durst not venture to publish the secret; and that he at last asked him whether he was not the

elder brother of Louis XIV. born without the knowledge of Louis XIII. ? That the Marechal seemed embarrassed, but afterwards said, that he was neither the bastard brother of Louis XIV. nor the Duke of Monmouth, nor the Count of Vermandois, nor the Duke of Beaufort, as different authors had advanced ; that their conjectures were nothing but reveries : but added that they, however, had related many circumstances that were true ; that in fact the order was given to put the prisoner to death if he discovered himself ; and that he finished the conversation by saying, " all I can tell you on the subject is, that the prisoner was not of such consequence when he died, at the beginning of the present century, as he had been at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV. and that he was shut up for important reasons of state." The Abbe Soulavie tells us, " That he wrote down what had been said, and gave it to the Marechal to read, who corrected some expressions." The Abbe having proposed some further questions, he answered, " Read what Voltaire published last on the subject of the prisoner with the mask, especially at the end, and reflect on it." The passage of Voltaire alluded to, is as follows :—

"The *man with the mask*," says he, " is an enigma of which every one would guess the meaning. Some have said that it was the Duke of Beaufort ; but the Duke of

Beaufort was killed by the Turks in the defence of Candy, in 1669, and the prisoner with the mask was at Pignerol, in 1671. Besides, how could the Duke of Beaufort have been arrested in the midst of his army, and brought to France, without any one knowing it? and why confine him? and why that mask? Others have dreamed that he was the Count de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV. who died publicly at the army in 1683, of the small pox, and was buried at the little town of Acre, and not Arras, in which Father Griffet was mistaken, but in which, to be sure, there is no great harm. Others have imagined, that it was the Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded publicly in London in the year 1685. But for this he must have risen again from the dead, and he must have changed the order of time, and placed the year 1662, in the room of the year 1685. King James, who never forgave any one, and who on that account deserved all that happened to him, must have pardoned the Duke of Monmouth, and got another to die in his stead, who perfectly resembled him. This associate must first have been found, and then he must have had the goodness to let his head be cut off in public, to save the Duke of Monmouth. It was necessary that all England should be mistaken; and that King James should beg of Louis XIV. to be so obliging as to be his gaoler, that Louis XIV. after having shown this tri-

fling piece of civility to King James, should not have been wanting in the same attention to his friend king William and to Queen Anne (with both of whom he was engaged in war), and to please them, retained the dignity of gaoler, with which James had honoured him.

All these illusions being dissipated, it then remains to know who the prisoner was, and at what age he died. It is clear, that if he was not permitted to cross the court of the Bastile, or to speak to his physician except covered with a mask, it must have been from the apprehension that his features and countenance might have discovered some resemblance. He could show his tongue but not his face. He said himself to the apothecary of the Bastile, a few days before his death, that he believed he was about sixty. Mr. Marsoban, who was son-in-law to this apothecary, and surgeon to the Marechal de Richlieu, and afterwards to the regent Duke of Orleans, told me this frequently. Why give him an Italian name? They always called him Marchiali. He who writes this article, perhaps, knows more than Father Griffet; but he will say nothing farther."

This opinion has been lately resumed, illustrated and enforced, by M. de St. Mihiel in a work entitled *Le Vritable Homme, &c.* "The real Man with the Iron Mask." The author, in support of his idea, attempts to prove, that Anne of Austria and Cardinal

Mazarin were married. "This," says he, "the Duchess of Orleans assures us of in three of her letters." In the first, dated Sept. 13th, 1713, she expresses herself as follows: "Old Beauvais, who was first lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen-dowager, was acquainted with the secret of the ridiculous marriage: this rendered it necessary for the Queen to do every thing that her confidante wished; and this circumstance has given rise in this country, to an extension of the rights of first lords of the bed chamber." In the second of these letters, dated November the 2d, 1717, she says, "the queen-mother, widow of Louis XIII. did worse than love Cardinal Mazarin; she married him, for he was not a priest: he was not even in orders; and who would have hindered her? He was most horribly tired of the good queen-mother, and lived on very bad terms with her; which is the reward that people deserve for entering into such marriages." In her third letter, dated July 2, 1719, speaking of the Queen, the Duchess says, "She was perfectly easy respecting Cardinal Mazarin; he was not a priest, and therefore nothing could prevent their being married. The secret passage through which the Cardinal went every evening to the Queen's apartment, is still to be seen at the Palais Royal." Among other proofs, besides the above, which M. de Mihiel brings to substantiate this marriage, he observes "that

Mazarin held all councils of state in his apartment, whilst he was shaving or dressing; that he never permitted any persons to sit down in his presence; not even the Chancellor, nor Marshal de Villeroy; and that while they were deliberating with him on state affairs, he would be often playing with his monkey or linnet." "What man," continues the author, "would have subjected to such humiliation—a Chancellor who holds the first office in the kingdom, since that of constable has been suppressed; and a marshal who was governor to the King, had he not been in reality a sovereign himself, in virtue of his being husband to the queen regent? He therefore concludes that the man with the iron mask was son to Anne of Austria and Cardinal Mazarin; and endeavors to justify this assertion by a variety of conjectural proofs. Of some of these we shall give a short sketch:

1. No prince or person of any consideration, after the year 1644, at which time the man with the iron mask was born, until the time when his existence was known, disappeared in France. This personage, therefore, was not a prince or great lord of France known at that time.

2. The man with the iron mask was not a foreigner; for foreigners, even of the highest distinction, did not at that period study the French language in such a manner, as to attain so great perfection in it as to pass for

Frenchmen. If this prisoner had spoken with the least foreign accent, the officers, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, confessors, and others employed in the prisons where he was, and especially the prisoners with whom he conversed at St. Marguerite, would not have failed to discover it. From all this, M. de Mihiel infers that he must have been a Frenchman.

3. The existence of the man with the iron mask has been known for upwards of ninety years. Had any person of high rank disappeared at an anterior period, his friends, relations; or acquaintances, would not have failed to claim him, or at least to suppose that he was the man concealed by this mask. But no one disappeared, nor was any one claimed: the man with the iron mask was therefore a person unknown.

4. This man was not torn away from society on account of any criminal action; for when he was arrested, it was foreseen that he would cause much embarrassment, and occasion great expenses. He was, therefore, not a criminal, else means would have been pursued to get rid of him; and consequently all the importance of his being concealed, was attached solely to his person.

5. This stranger must have been a person of very high birth; for the governor of the prison, St. Mars, behaved always to him with the greatest respect.

6. Louis XIII. played on the guitar;

Louis XIV. did the same in a very masterly manner; and the man with the iron mask played also on that instrument: which gives us reason to believe that his education was directed by the same persons who had presided over that of Louis XIV. and who appears to have been the particular choice of Anne of Austria.

7. This stranger died on the 19th of November, 1703; and a few days before his death, he told the apothecary of the Bastile, that he was about sixty years of age. Supposing that he was then fifty-nine and a half, he must have been born towards the end of May, 1644; and if he was sixty, wanting three months, he must have been born in the end of August, or the beginning of September, of the same year; a period when the royal authority was in the hands of Anne of Austria, but in reality exercised more by Mazarin, than by her. "I have already proved," continues the author, "that from the first day of the regency of Anne of Austria, the greatest friendship, and even intimacy, subsisted between this princess and the cardinal; that these sentiments were changed into a mutual love; and that they were afterwards united by the bonds of marriage. They might, therefore, well have a son about the month of September, 1644, as Louis XIII. had been then dead more than fifteen months, having died on the 15th of May, the year preceding. But nothing of

what I have related, or of what has been written and acknowledged as fact, respecting the man with the iron mask, can be applied except to a son of Mazarin and Anne of Austria. The man with the iron mask was indebted, therefore, for his existence, to Cardinal Mazarin, and the regent widow of Louis XIII. To account for the manner in which the queen was able to conceal her pregnancy and delivery, Madam de Moltville is quoted; who relates under the year 1644, "that Anne of Austria quitted the Louvre, because her apartments there displeased her: that she went to reside at the Palais Royal, which Richlieu, when he died bequeathed to the deceased king: that when she first occupied this lodging, *she was dreadfully afflicted with the jaundice*, that the physicians ascribed this disorder to her dejection and application to business, which gave her much embarrassment; but that being cured of her melancholy, as well as of her malady, she resolved to think only of enjoying tranquillity; which she did, by committing to her minister the burthen of public affairs. On this quotation M. de St. Mihiel asks, "Is it not very singular that the queen who during the twenty-nine years of her former wedded state, had always resided in the Louvre, especially from 1626, when Louis XIII. ceased to cohabit with her; until their re-union, which took place in the beginning of December, 1637, should have quitted it

precisely in 1644, because she was displeased with her apartments? How happened it that her apartments displeased her this year, and neither sooner nor later; she might undoubtedly have had any kind of furniture there which she desired, and every alteration made according to her wishes, as she was then absolute mistress: but the cause of her determination is plain; the apartments of the Palais Royal, which front a garden, were much more convenient for her to be delivered in secret.

8. As it is necessary that some name should be given to every man in order to distinguish him from another, that of *Marchiali* was given to the man with the iron mask: a name which evidently shows that it had been invented by an Italian. (Cardinal Mazarin was a native of Piscina in the Ambruzzo.)

9. Anne of Austria was remarkably delicate respecting every thing that touched her person. It was with great difficulty that cambric could be found fine enough to make shifts and shirts for her. Cardinal Mazarin once rallying her on this subject, said, "*That if she should be damned, her punishment in hell would be to sleep in Holland sheets.*" The predominant taste of the man with the iron mask, was to have lace and linen of the most extraordinary fineness. "Who," says the author, does not perceive, in this similarity of tastes, the maternal tenderness of Anne of Austria? who would have thought her son

a great sufferer, had he not been indulged in fine linen?

“Louis XIII. (continues M. de St. Mihiel) was a husband of a gloomy disposition, and an enemy to pleasure; while the Queen, on the contrary, was fond of social life; she introduced at the court of France, especially after she became free, that ease and politeness which distinguished it under Louis XIV. from all the other courts of Europe. Louis XIII. had also a disagreeable countenance, and a breath so offensive, that it was a punishment for Richlieu to remain near him. It is clear, therefore that she could not be much pleased with such a husband. When she became regent of the kingdom by the King's death, which happened on the 14th May, 1643, as she had not enjoyed that happiness which arises from a close union of hearts, it will not appear extraordinary that she should indulge the affection she entertained for Cardinal Mazarin, and that she should marry him. Every circumstance that could tend to favor such a marriage, will be found united in her situation. She was at a distance from her family; absolute mistress of all her actions; and had besides, a heart formed for love. Mazarin, though a Cardinal, had never entered into orders; he gave out that he was descended from a great family; he was handsome and well made; he was of a mild insinuating disposition, and remarkably engaging in conversation; and his office, as prin

minister, afforded him every opportunity of visiting and conversing with the Queen whenever he thought proper. Is it, therefore, so very astonishing, that, with so many advantages, he was able to captivate the Queen so far as to induce her to marry him? Such a marriage was not indeed according to the usual course of things; yet, it was not without many precedents, particularly among sovereigns of the other sex, who had given their hands to persons of inferior rank. Thus, Christian IV. of Denmark, espoused Christina Monck; Frederic IV. espoused Mademoiselle Rewentlaw; James II. heir to the throne of England, married the daughter of a counsellor; Peter the Great raised to the throne of Catherine the 1st. the daughter of a poor villager, yet perhaps the most accomplished at that time between the Vistula and the Pole; and Louis XIV. espoused the widow of a poet, but a woman possessed of the most extraordinary merit. As the women, however, are not forgiven so readily as the men for entering into such marriages. Anne of Austria kept her's a secret from this motive, and because she would have been in danger of losing the regency of the kingdom had it been known."

The reasoning of M. de St. Mihiel is both ingenious and plausible; though the probability of the account is somewhat diminished by considering what must have been the Queen's age at this period, after she had

been Louis's wife for twenty-nine years before his death. The account immediately preceding, without this objection, seems abundantly credible. But whether upon the whole, either of them can be received as decisive, or whether the mystery of the iron mask remains still to be unravelled, we must leave to the reader to determine.

A GENTLEMAN CURED OF WEARING POWDER.

While my repast was preparing, I determined on indulging myself with the luxuries of the toilette, a duty rendered attractive by its novelty, although, in fact, it was but a just compliment to my hostess, who, besides being courteous and attentive, was pretty withal. My razors, powder, and pomatum were put into requisition; and, as I entered the public apartment, I really fancied I did not exhibit an indifferent specimen of the *mo Anglais*. Seating myself at table—the very smell of the stew almost banished from my mind the complacency with which I dwelt on my exterior,—my curiosity roused by seeing the cook suspend her fictions, an act of unpardonable temerity at that moment, considering the state of my title, and the muleteers and other guests gazing at me with an unfeigned expression of astonishment. All eyes being rivetted, it was evident that I was the object of singular attraction; though in what

to account for it was beyond the limits of my comprehension. There was nothing that I could see remarkable in my dress; it was perfectly plain and gentlemanlike; when, as I began to enumerate in my mind the several articles of which it consisted, my speculations were cut short by an astounding burst of laughter from a thick-set, waggish-looking ruffian, who had been eyeing me, as I thought, with peculiar earnestness. In this exhibition of mirth he was joined, or rather followed, by the whole *corps de la cuisine*, not excepting the cook, the landlady, and a little scrubby waiting girl. Totally ignorant of the cause of their obstreperous humor, I sat perfectly unmoved, whilst peal after peal shook the very walls of the room. My gravity only increased with their extravagant merriment, being still unable to divine the cause, until my fat friend advanced towards me rather cautiously, with a leering look, and a comical twinkling of the eye, and prefaced his address with a low bow, inquired what goods I had to dispose of? Not wishing to show my vexation at the savage rudeness of the people, I merely observed I had nothing for sale.—“Oh! then,” continued he, “where do you intend to exhibit, I suppose you have got leave from the *alcalde*?” I still answered mildly, though the impertinence of the fellow was almost too much for my temper, that I had no such intention; I was an English gentleman passing through the country, and expected to

be treated, at least with decency, if not with respect. "Come, come, my good fellow, I suppose this belongs to the nicety of your calling; but we are all friends here; so tell us which are you—quack doctor or mountebank?" This was too much. The impudence of the fellow was past human endurance. In another instant, surrounded as he was by friends, I should have kicked him out of the room, at the risk of a stab the next minute; when my landlady, with the quick wittedness of woman, fancying there might be some mistake, stepped between us and laying her hand on my arm, pointed to my hair, which I had but a few minutes before arranged so much to my satisfaction with powder and pomatum. Taking a small quantity of powder between her thumb and finger, with great *naivette*, she said, "If you are a gentleman, what could have induced you to put that stuff on your head?" I replied, it was the custom of many gentlemen of my own country and those of others, to wear powder, and that I was by no means singular in its adoption. Immediately the laughter of the crowd seemed to subside into a sort of quiet astonishment; and my fat persecutor, to whom I was indebted for the first sally, assuming a more respectful demeanor, said—"Really, sir, we must beg your pardon for our rudeness; but, the fact is, in our country, the only persons we have ever seen thus disfigure themselves are moun-

tebanks and quack doctors, who do it for our amusement; and I am sure we never knew before that it was the custom for *gentlemen*, in any part of the world, to plank themselves out like mountebanks." Whether the fellow intended this sally as an apology or a quiet piece of waggery I know not, I suspected the latter; but be it as it may, it had its effect, for I have never worn powder since.—*Paul Bagnott, in Monthly Magazine.*

RHYME AND REASON.

He whose life has not been one continued monotony; he who has been susceptible of different passions, opposite in their origins and effects, needs not to be told, that the same objects, the same scenes, the same incidents, strike us in a variety of lights, according to the temper and inclination with which we survey them. To borrow an illustration from external senses,—if we are situated in the centre of a shadow valley, our view is confined and our prospect bounded; but if we ascend to the topmost heights of the mountain by which that valley is overshadowed, the eye wanders luxuriantly over a perpetual succession of beautiful objects, until the mental faculties appear to catch new freedom from the extension of the sight; we breathe a purer air, and are inspired with purer emotions.

Thus it is with men who differ from each

other in their tastes, their studies, or the professions. They look on the same external objects with a different internal perception; and the view which they take of surrounding scenes is beautified or distorted, according to their predominant pursuit, or the prevailing inclination.

We were led into this train of ideas by a visit which we lately paid to an old friend, who, from a strong taste of agricultural pursuits, has abandoned the splendour and absurdity of a town life, and devoted to the cultivation of a large farming establishment, in a picturesque part of England, all the advantages of a strong judgment and good education. His brother, on the contrary, who was a resident at the farm during our visit, has less sound understanding than of ardent genius, and is more remarkable for the warmth of heart than the soundness of his head. In short, to describe them in a word, Jonathan sees with the eye of a merchant, and Charles with that of an enthusiast: Jonathan is a man of business, and Charles is a poet. The contrast between their tempers is frequently the theme of conversation at the social meetings of the neighbourhood; and it is asound that the old and the grave shake heads at the almost boyish enthusiasm of Charles; while the young and imprudent indulge in severe sarcasms at the mere and uninspired moderation of his brother. All parties, however, concur in admiring

uninterrupted cordiality which subsists between them, and in laughing good-humoredly at the various whims and foibles of these opposite characters, who are known throughout the country by the titles of "Rhyme" and "Reason."

We arrived at the farm as Jonathan was sitting down to his substantial breakfast: We were delighted to see our old friend, now in the decline of life, answering so exactly the description of Cowper,—

"An honest man close buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."

We felt an inward satisfaction in contemplating his frieze coat, whose *debut* we remember to have witnessed five years ago, and in speculating upon the snows which five additional winters had left upon his head, since our last interview. It was some time before we recovered sufficiently from our reverie to inquire after the well being of our younger companion, who had not yet made his appearance at the board.—"Oh!" said Jonathan, "Charles is in his heyday years; you must indulge him for the present; we can't expect such regularity from five-and-twenty, as from six-and-fifty." He had hardly done speaking when a loud halloo sounded as the *avant-courier* of Charles approached, and in less than a minute he presented himself before us.—"Ten thousand pardons," he cried. "One is enough," said his brother: "I've seen the finest sunrise,"

said Charles. "You're wet through," said Jonathan. "I'm all over rapture," said Rhyme. "You are all over dirt," said Reason.

With some difficulty Charles was persuaded to retire for the re-adjustment of his dress, while the old man continued his meal with a composure which proved he was not unused to the morning excursions of his volatile yoke-fellow. By the time he had got through his beef-steak, and three columns of the *Courier*, Charles re-entered, and despatched the business of eating with a rapidity in which many a modern half-starved rhymist would be glad to emulate him. A walk was immediately proposed; but the one had scarcely reached an umbrella, and the other prepared his manuscript book, when a slight shower of rain prevented our design. "Provoking," said Rhyme. "Good for the crop," said Reason.

The shower, however, soon ceased, and a fine clear sun encouraged us to resume our intentions, without fear of a second disappointment. As we walked over the estate, we were struck with the improvements made by our friend, both as regarded the comfort and value of the property; while now and then we could not suppress a smile on observing the rustic arbour which Charles had designed, or the verses he had inscribed on our favourite old oak.

It was determined that we should ascend

a neighboring hill, which was dear to us, from its having been the principal scene of our boyhood's amusements. "We must make haste," said Charles, "or we shall miss the view." "We must make haste," said Jonathan, "or we shall catch cold on our return." Their actions seemed always to amalgamate, though their motives were always different. We observed a tenant of our friend ploughing a small field, and stopped a short time to regard the contented appearance of the man, and the cheerful whistle with which he called to his cattle. "*Beatus ille qui procul negotiis*," said the poet. "A poor team, though," said his brother.

Our attention was next excited by a level meadow, whose green hue, set off by the mixture of the white fleeces of a beautiful flock of sheep, was, to the observer of nature, a more enviable sight than the most studied landscape of Gainsborough's pencil. "Lovely colours!" ejaculated Charles;—"Fine mutton," observed Jonathan. "Delightful scene for a rustic hop!" cried the enthusiast. "I am thinking of planting hops," said the farmer.

"We reached the summit of the hill, and remained for some moments in silent admiration of one of the most variegated prospects that ever the country presented to the contemplation of its most ardent admirer. The mellow verdure of the meadows, intermingled here and there with the sombre appearance

of the ploughed land, the cattle reclining in the shade, the cottage of the rustic peeping from behind the screen of a luxuriant hedge, formed a *tout-ensemble* which every eye must admire, but which few pens can describe.—“A delightful landscape!” said Charles.—“A rich soil,” said Jonathan. “What scope for description!” cried the first; “What scope for improvement!” returned the second.

As we returned, we passed the cottage of the peasant, whom we had seen at his plough in the morning. The family were busily engaged in their several domestic occupations. One little chubby-faced rogue was conducting Dobbin to his stable, another was helping his sister to coop up the poultry, and a third was incarcerating the swine, who made a vigorous resistance against their youthful antagonist. “Tender!” cried Rhyme; he was listening to the nightingale. “Very tender!” replied Reason! he was looking at the pigs.

As we drew near home, we met an old gentleman walking with his daughter, between whom and Charles a reciprocal attachment was said to exist. The lateness of the evening prevented much conversation, but the few words which were spoken, again brought into contrast the opposite tempers of my friends. “A fine evening, Madam,” said the man of sense, and bowed;—“I shall see you to-morrow, Mary!” said the lover, and pressed her hand. We looked back upon her as she left us. After a pause,—“She is an

angel!" sighed Charles;—"She is an heir-ess," observed Jonathan. "She has ten thousand perfections!" cried Rhyme;—"She has ten thousand pounds," said Reason.

We left them next morning, and spent some days in speculations on the causes which enabled such union of affections to exist with such diversities of taste. For ourselves, we must confess, that while Reason has secured our esteem, Rhyme has run away with our hearts; we have sometimes *thought* with Jonathan, but we have always *felt* with Charles.—*Etonian*.

THE CAT-EATER.

A New Version of the "Three Black Crows," of Smollet.

Though facts will swell as stories fly,
Till truth o'erstretched becomes a lie;
The tell tale here, no legend frames,
Which more than moderate credence claims;
Nor bouncer like, a fiction broaches
For those who swallowed lies like Loaches:
Nor sceptic dreads, whose scowling eye
At aught uncommon darts the lie;
John Trott, a homespun country putt
Jack sly one morning met full but,
Who starting, star'd, and stamm'ing said,
Lord! Juh,—Juh,—John! what an't you dead?
Dead! why? says John,—dear heart quoth Sly,
Don't rave, I'll tell the reason why;
Dick Bam declares, (who saw the sight)
You eat up three live cats last night.
Eat three live cats, quoth John, odd rot it,
Prime news! I wonder where he got it!
But I'll soon know,—so speeds to Bam,
Who flatly swore 'twas all a flam.

I could not say, quoth Dick, that you
 Had eat three cats, 'twas only *two*;
 Two, in the devil's name, and who
 Has told, says Trot, this tale to you?
 Bob Banter! Oh! he did, quoth John,
 I'll make him change his note anon,
 So he's to Banter all agog,
 Whom thus he greets. You sland'ring dog,
 Who rake up lies to gull the flats,
 Did I, last night eat two live cats?
 Two, replies Banter, that's rare fun!
 Eat me if I said more than one:
 Than one, and damn it why said that?
 Why say that I eat *one* live cat!
 Your brother told me so, says Bob,
 If so, says John I'll jolt his nob;
 So off went Cain in quest of Abel,
 With mind whose index lack'd no label,
 As frowning brow, and flashing eye,
 To John's intents ne'er gave the lie;
 And had he then met Tom his brother,
 Death might have levell'd one or t'other.
 But fortunately John thus fooled,
 No brother found till passion cool'd,
 When lighting then on tat'ling Tom
 He cried, where go'st thou that tale from?
 Plague on thy tongue thou foul mouth'd brat
 That I last night eat up a cat?
 A cat says Tom, your sputt'ring spare.
 A *Puss* I said, a fine fat Hare,
 Mother herself here told me that.
 You lie you Dog, nor hare nor cat,
 Quoth old Dame Trott, so dinna blab it,
 I only said John eat a Rabbit,
 And that's a truth I pledge my life,
 For here's my author John's own wife.
 When John's meek spouse demurely rose,
 And said good friends this contest close,
 For sure as families increase by marriage,
 Stories will always breed in carriage:
 And though three cats of English breed,
 'Tis said poor John dispatch'd with speed,
 John supp'd, as oft he's supped before,
 On one Welsh Rabbit,—nothing more.

DESCRIPTION OF THE XERES VINTAGE.

The vintage at Xeres is said to commence with the feast of the Virgin, though I believe it very rarely begins so early. In the middle of September it is partial, according to the soil and situation of the different vineyards; at the end of the month, and beginning of October, it may be said to be at its height; and it is usually finished by the beginning of November. Sometimes, indeed, it has been known to last so late as the middle of that month; but this is a rare instance. The vintages of St. Lucar, Puerto Reale, and St. Mary's begin earlier than that of Xeres, and are sometimes finished before the latter commences, the object of the wine-growers of the former being quantity more than quality; the grapes are therefore gathered and pressed before they are quite ripe, and a greater proportion of juice is in consequence afforded. The nature of the soil being, however, generally poorer than at Xeres, the wines produced are of a paler color, have less body than the fuller and more generous vino de Xeres, and constitute the low-priced and inferior kinds of sherry wine known by the name of Manzanilla and St. Lucar, of which the consumption, both in England and the country itself, is very great.

The soil of the vineyards around Xeres, is of a richer nature; and the grapes being left to hang until quite ripe, the produce of the juice, though deficient in quantity, is very su-

perior with respect to its strength, flavor, and general quality. This is the real sherry wine, and is the produce of the vineyards immediately around Xeres, of which those in the direction of St. Lucar are, as I was informed, the best.

The vine cultivator chooses fine dry weather for getting in his grapes. Should the rainy season, however, commence early, and should there be no prospect of its clearing up, he proceeds with the gathering. In this case, particularly when the vines are less than from ten to fifteen years old, he assists the quality of the juice, or Mosto, as it is called, with wine boiled down and mixed with it previous to the fermentation taking place; and in this way the deficiency of saccharine arising from the wet weather, and want of sun, is made up; about two jars of this boiled wine being added to each butt of the Mosto.

There being always, in every vineyard, an inequality in the ripening of the grapes, arising from a variety of causes, the gathering takes place at different times; the ripe bunches being first selected, and the rest left to hang longer. Should the quantity of ripe grapes collected be insufficient to yield a butt or two of the Mosto, the fruit is left exposed on mats to the sun by day, and to the air at night, until the remaining produce of the vineyard is collected. Less wine is produced from the grapes thus exposed, but the quality is better. The grapes should not be

put to the press warm from the sun, but after they have been cooled by exposure to the air for a night.

The wine proprietors of Xeres make usually two pressings of grapes, or rather two qualities of wine are obtained from two or three pressings. The pressing tub, which resembles a cooler used in brewing, contains a sufficiency of grapes to yield a butt of juice. The first pressing, or the *Mosto* proceeding from it, is thus performed:—The grapes being spread equally at the bottom of the press, three or four men provided with large shoes full of nails, made purposely, continue treading until all the juice possible is obtained. The grapes are then raked together, piled up round the screw of the press; and being fastened round from top to bottom with strips of matting into a conical heap, the screw is turned round by the force of two men until no more juice can be expressed. The juice, as it issues from the press, is received into a tub, and emptied into a cask. The *mosto*, or juice, the produce of these two different pressings, is called *Yemas*, or first fruits.

The second pressing is called *Agua Pies*. The husks or skins, little more now remaining, are spread about the press, and a few jars of water thrown on them. They are again trodden, but for not so long as previously, and then piled up and pressed as before by the screw.

When brandy is not intended to be made, there is sometimes a third pressing, called *Esperigo*, or *Speriague*.

In very dry seasons, the *Yemas*, or first pressing, is inferior in quantity and quality, and the *Ague Pies* the contrary ; and in such seasons it has been found in some vineyards that the *Agua Pies*, or the produce of the second pressing, is sometimes little inferior to the *Yemas*. This is doubtless occasioned by the thickness of skin which the grapes acquire by heat and drought, which, being composed of saccharine, is opened and softened by the water poured in during the second pressing.

When the season has been wet, *Yesso* or quick lime, is used for the purpose of absorbing the superabundant moisture which remains in the grapes after the rain.

The saccharine, on which the quality of the wine mainly depends, is influenced not only by the season, but by an attentive and luxuriant cultivation both of the plant and soil.

The best wine is produced when the heat of summer has been progressive, and when a short rain happens a few days before the commencement of the vintage, and is followed by temperate heat and dry cloudy weather : in such a season the sweet wines improve both in quality and quantity, and the dry wines show generally more strength in the *mosto* or juice. Immediately after the

pressing is finished, the mosto is put into butts well cleaned, leaving a vacuum of about a fifteenth part, in order that fermentation may proceed. The mosto is kept on the lees till March, the bung always open; and when the first sensible fermentation is over, and the wine appears pretty clear, it is racked off into other casks well cleaned and smoked with sulphur.

About April or May, when the second, or, as it is called, insensible fermentation has taken place, it is again racked off into other casks, but which are not sulphur-smoked; and in September or October, when the heat of summer is somewhat diminished, and the wine becomes more settled and cool, the same operation is repeated for the third time.

The following spring the wine is again removed into fresh casks, when, if it be found weak or sickly, a jar of brandy is added, the wine being now eighteen months old.

The produce of the vineyards at Xeres may be divided into two kinds of wine: the dry, which is the sherry so well known in England, and the sweet, the muscatel and Pedro Ximenes; the latter of which is more usually known by the name of Paxareti, and is a most delicious wine of a fine deep ruby color, luscious, and of a considerable body.

The real Paxareti is the produce of a place of that name eight or ten leagues from Xeres, and comes from a vineyard belonging

to the friars of the convent of St. Hieronimo, the grape that yields it being dark and sweet. The Paxareti of Xeres, however, from the superior care and cultivation, not only equals, but often surpasses it in quality. Much variety is given to the Pedro Ximenes by mixing it with dry wines, and reducing it to a moderate sweetness. A very successful imitation is also made both in flavor and color of the fine old Malaga or mountain, so rare when of considerable age, and which sells at Malaga itself at enormous prices.

Amontillado is a singular, and, as it is believed accidental variety of sherry, and is produced in small quantities from all dry grapes, although some soils and vines yield it in greater abundance than others. It is a wine which has long puzzled the growers at Xeres, since no one can tell how it is produced.

It is called amontillado, from its resembling montilla, a pale, very delicate, and extremely dry kind of wine, which is grown in the neighborhood of Cordova, scarcely known in England, but very rare, and in high estimation in Spain. Amontillado is something like a phenomenon in wine-making, for no cultivator can be certain that the grape will produce it, although he may conjecture that such will be the case from past experience, knowledge of the soil, and state of the vintage. It is seldom obtained from young vines, neither is it the produce of any partic-

ular vineyard or grape ; although it is conjectured by some, that the Palomine grape is more instrumental in yielding it than any other. The difference which this wine assumes from the general character of dry white wines is supposed to be the consequence of a more perfect or peculiar fermentation. It is never known what casks will turn out amontillado before the first process of fermentation is over, and frequently not even then.

When all the wines are racked off the lees in March, those casks which may prove to be amontillado are generally recognised from the wine being very pale and bright, as if it had no further deposit of matter or lees to make ; the taste at the same time being nutty and rather brisk, without much strength.

About September a white thin oily coating appears on the surface of the wine, which, in the following year, becomes of a yellow, and, sometime afterwards, of a dark color ; which covering seems given to it by nature to protect it from acidity, devoid as it is of the spirituous quality. During this time the wine is not moved or racked off into other casks ; and care is taken that the cask be not disturbed by tasting it too often, and admitting the air. Out of 100 butts of wine, not more than five or six may turn out amontillado. Every thing, however, relating to the production of this wine, is involved in so much uncertainty, that what has been suppo-

sed to be amontillado will, after some years, turn out the reverse, and vice versa. On these accounts and its consequent rarity, it is greatly prized and carefully husbanded by the merchants ; not for the purposes of sale, but of mixing with their other wines, and improving their flavor.

ROBERT BURNS.

Burns, in his letters of the year 1789, makes many apologies for doing but little in his poetical vocation ; his farm, without doubt, occupied much of his attention, but the want of social intercourse, of which he complained on his first arrival in Nithsdale, had by this time totally disappeared. On the contrary, his company was courted eagerly, not only by his brother farmers, but by the neighboring gentry of all classes ; and now, too, for the first time, he began to be visited continually in his own house by curious travellers of all sorts, who did not consider, any more than the generous poet himself, that an extensive practice of hospitality must cost more time than he ought to have had, and far more money than he ever had, at his disposal. Meantime, he was not wholly regardless of the muses ; for in addition to some pieces which we have already had occasion to notice, he contributed to this year's *Museum*, *The Thames flows proudly to the Sea* ; *The lazy mist hangs, &c.* ; *The day returns*,

my bosom burns ; Tam Glen, (one of the best of his humorous songs) ; the splendid lyric, *Go fetch to me a pint of wine*, and *My heart's in the Hiellands*, (in both of which, however, he adopted some lines of ancient songs to the same tunes ;) *John Anderson*, in part also a *rifiacciamento* ; the best of all his Bacchanalian pieces, *Willie brewed a peck o' maut*, written in celebration of a festive meeting at the country residence, in Dumfriesshire, of his friend Mr. Nicoll of the high school ; and lastly, that noblest of all his ballads, *To Mary in Heaven*.

This celebrated poem was, it is on all hands admitted, composed by Burns in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell ; but Mr. Cromek has thought fit to dress up the story with circumstances which did not occur. Mrs. Burns, the only person who could appeal to personal recollection on this occasion, and whose recollections of all circumstances connected with the history of her husband's poems, are represented as being remarkably distinct and vivid, gives what may at first appear a more prosaic edition of the history.* According to her, Burns spent that day, though laboring under cold, in the usual work of his harvest, and apparently in excellent spirits. But as the twilight deepened, he appeared to grow

*I owe these particulars to Mr. M'Diarmid, the able editor of the Dumfries Courier, and brother of the lamented author of "Lives of British Statesmen."

"very sad about something," and at length wandered out in the barn-yard, to which his wife, in her anxiety for his health, followed him, entreating him in vain to observe that frost had set in, and to return to the fireside. On being again and again requested to do so, he always promised compliance—but still remained where he was, striding up and down slowly, and contemplating the sky, which was singularly clear and starry. At last Mrs. Burns found him stretched on a mass of straw, with his eyes fixed on a beautiful planet "that shone like another moon;" and prevailed on him to come in. He immediately on entering the house, called for his desk, and wrote exactly as they now stand, with all the ease of one copying from memory, the sublime and pathetic verses—

"Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest;
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid,
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?" &c

The Mother's Lament for her Son, and Inscription in a Hermitage in Nithsdale, were also written this year.

From the time when Burns settled himself in Dumfries-shire, he appears to have conducted with much care the extensive correspondence in which his celebrity had engaged him; it is, however, very necessary in judg-

ing of these letters, and drawing inferences from their language as to the real sentiments and opinions of the writer, to take into consideration the rank and character of the persons to whom they are severally addressed, and the measure of intimacy which really subsisted between them and the poet. In his letters, as in his conversation, Burns, in spite of all his pride, did something to accommodate himself to his company; and he who did write the series of letters addressed to Mrs. Dunlop, Dr. Moore, Mr. Dugald Stewart, Miss Chalmers, and others, eminently distinguished as these are by purity and nobleness of feeling and perfect propriety of language, presents himself, in other effusions of the same class, in colors which it would be rash to call his own. In a word, whatever of grossness of thought, or rant, extravagance, and fustian in expression, may be found in his correspondence, ought, I cannot doubt, to be mainly ascribed to his desire of accommodating himself for the moment to the habits and taste of certain buckish tradesmen of Edinburgh, and other suchlike persons, whom, from circumstances already sufficiently noticed, he numbered among his associates and friends. That he should have condescended to any such compliances must be regretted; but in most cases, it would probably be quite unjust to push our censure further than this.

The letters that passed between him and his brother Gilbert, are among the most precious

of the collection ; for there, there could be no disguise. That the brothers had entire knowledge of and confidence in each other, no one can doubt ; and the plain, manly affectionate language in which they both write, is truly honorable to them, and to the parents that reared them.

"Dear Brother," writes Gilbert, January 1, 1789, "I have just finished my new-year's day breakfast in the usual form, which naturally makes me call to mind the days of former years, and the society in which we used to begin them ; and when I look at our family vicissitudes, 'through the dark postern of time long elapsed,' I cannot help remarking to you, my dear brother, how good the God of seasons is to us ; and that, however some clouds may seem to lour over the portion of time before us, we have great reason to hope that all will turn out well."

It was on the same new-year's day, that Burns himself addressed to Mrs. Dunlop a letter, part of which is here transcribed—it certainly cannot be read too often.

"*Elliesland, New-Year's Day Morning, 1789.*

"This, dear Madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description !—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings ; every thing that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment, should be removed, and every pleasure that frail human-

ity can taste, should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituated routine of life and thought, which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little superior to mere machinery.

"This day,—The first Sunday of May,—a breezy blue-skyed noon sometimes about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn ; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

"I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the Spectator, 'The Vision of Mirza;' a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: 'On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always *keep holy*, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.'

"We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which, on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the moun-

tain-daisy, the hare-bell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding-birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew, in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover, in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what this can be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things—man's immaterial and immortal nature—and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave."

Few, it is to be hoped, can read such things as these without delight; none, surely, that taste the elevated pleasure they are calculated to inspire, can turn from them to the well known issue of Burns's history, without being afflicted. It is difficult to imagine any thing more beautiful, more noble, than what such a person as Mrs. Dunlop might at this period be supposed to contemplate as the probable tenor of his future life. What fame can bring of happiness he had already tasted; he had overleaped, by the force of his genius, all the painful barriers of society; and there was probably not a man in Scotland who

would not have thought himself honored by seeing Burns under his roof. He had it in his own power to place his poetical reputation on a level with the very highest names, by proceeding in the same course of study and exertion which had originally raised him into public notice and admiration. Surrounded by an affectionate family, occupied but not engrossed by the agricultural labors in which his youth and early manhood had delighted, communing with nature in one of the loveliest districts of his native land, and, from time to time, producing to the world some immortal addition to his verse,—thus advancing in years and in fame, with what respect would not Burns have been thought of; how venerable in the eyes of his contemporaries—how hallowed in those of after generations, would have been the roof of Elliesland, the field on which he “bound every day after his reapers,” the solemn river by which he delighted to wander! The plain of Bannockburn would hardly have been holier ground.

**PRINCIPAL MATCHES AND SWEEPSTAKES
OVER THE UNION [L. I.] COURSE.**

May 24th, 1830. Second spring meeting. This being the day fixed for the coming off of the great stakes for colts and fillies, entered into in 1827, the course was well attended. The sport commenced at 11 o'clock, with a match for \$500; one mile out.

Mr. W. Livingston's ch. c. Goliah, by Eclipse ; three years old ; 90 lbs.

Mr. J. Jackson's b. c. by Henry ; 3 years old ; 90 lbs.

The start was a good one, and they went off at a good pace ; each struggling for the lead. When they got to the first quarter pole, Goliah had it, and in the straight run down the back part of the course he drew out ; at the half mile post was clear a length, which he maintained. Won easy.

Time, 1 m. 53 s.

1 o'clock P. M. great stakes for colts and fillies of three years ; \$500 each, half forfeit ; one mile heats ; fifteen subscribers ;—eight paid forfeit ;—colts 90 lbs. fillies 87 lbs. A curious question arose, whether an hermaphrodite should carry 90 lbs. colt weight, or that of a filly, 87 lbs. It was however decreed that full colt weight should be carried.

The our approached, the call from the bugle resounded, and at the post appeared :

Mr. W. R. Johnson's gr. f. (since named Bonnets of Blue) by Sir Charles, out of Reality, by Sir Archy.

Mr. J. J. Harrison's b. c. pilot, by Sir Archy ; dam by Gallatin.

Mr. E. Price's (Kelsey's) b. hermaphrodite, by Duroc ; dam by Figure.

Mr. W. Livingston's gr. c. by Arab ;—dam (Shakspeare's dam) by Shenandoah.

Mr. Jos. H. Van Mater's b. c. by John Richards ; dam Honesty, by Expedition.

Mr. R. L. Steven's ch. f. by Henry ; dam Cinderella, by Duroc.

Mr. J. C. Steven's gr. c. by Henry ; dam Maid of the Mill, (full sister to Eclipse) by Duroc.

The grey filly and Pilot the favorites ; five to four on them against the other five, and even, on either against the other. The grey filly rather the favorite of the two, Pilot, a few days previous, having exhibited symptoms of a cold, with a slight discharge from the nostrils.

The charge to riders being delivered, at length was heard, "Saddle your horses ;"—they uncovered in an instant, and, in glossy pride exultingly paraded the *élite* of the south—the hope of the north. "Mount"—they are up—"are you ready ?"—"come up." Bang ! they are off ! What a dash !—they are all at it—Hermophrodite leads round the turn—they are at the quarter pole, Hermophrodite still leading—what severe running along the back side ! The grey filly is close upon him—she makes play—what a severe struggle !—they are already going up the rise, beyond the half mile post they are locked. The grey gives the go by Pilot is at work—Pilot passes. Poor Hermophrodite, your chance is out—the rest are done. A burst like that could not last. Look to yourself, my filly—Pilot is at you—pull to him my boy, round the sweep. He is upon you—be cool—don't lay out of your

ground—be careful how you make the last turn—lay well in for it—take off a little—pull to him again—don't be alarmed. Now run for the turn—take care you don't swerve.—Well done, my boy—you are round, nothing to fear—hold her steady, and let her come her best pace home. Pilot is up—he challenges. Bravo, Pilot!—well met, my filly—that's the pace. The filly has it by half a length.

Time, 1 m. 51 s.

They were placed as follows :

Grey filly,	1
Pilot,	2
Hermophrodite,	3
Arab colt,	4
John Richards colt,	5
Mr. R. L. Steven's ch. filly,	dis.
Mr. J. C. Steven's gr. c.	dis.

Second Heat.—At the summons, the grey filly, Pilot and Hermophrodite only appeared. The filly took them off from the score, and made severe running round the turn. Pilot came up and locked her, soon after passing the quarter-pole, and an obstinate contest ensued. In going down the back stretch, Hermophrodite gave it up; the filly and the colt kept on at a killing pace, and went up the ascent, beyond the half mile mark, head and head. They now entered upon the north bend, the filly having the inside; Pilot still at work. It was go. along every inch, as though he would say—"Can you live, mad-

am, through this rally home?" At this deadly rate they came round the sweep and entered upon the straight run close locked. In this way they came up the stretch. The cry to the last was—"Pilot has it—the filly leads—Pilot has it. Adjudged to the latter by half a neck.

Time, 1 m. 48 s.

Third heat.—The half hour having expired, Hermophrodite being distanced, Pilot and the grey filly only appeared at the summons. The colt now had the pole, and the filly took her station well off, full fifty feet to the right, avowedly with the intention of making a straight run for the first turn. Both being ready, the signal was given, when Pilot, in getting off, made a slip, or false step, with his leading fore foot, which retarded his progress a length or more. The filly made a rush for the lead, crossed in front of the horse, *before she was clear*, and took the track before they had advanced twenty yards. The head of the horse was literally jammed between the filly's quarter and the picket, and there being no possibility of keeping on his course inside of the filly, the rider actually lifted his head over her buttock, and thus was compelled to take the outside. The filly, sensible of the advantage she had obtained, went away at a telling pace, and the colt, undaunted, made severe running round the sweep. As they turned the quarter-pole, and entered the straight part on

the back side, he was up, head and shoulder, and a desperate struggle ensued down the back stretch, to obtain the lead, before coming to the next turn, just beyond the half mile pole. Well done, Pilot—well attempted, my boy Sandy. But it won't do—the filly has it—you can't help it. Keep her going—it is life or death with you—game and stoutness is your only salvation. Keep an eye upon her, Sandy—she will be for laying off a little, preparatory to making the last turn. Do not let her crowd you out. See that, I warned you of it—jam her into her place. Now, my boy, pull him steadily, but take care you do not alter his stride, or cause him to change legs—be collected, have him in command, and be ready, should she fly, or swerve at the turn, to profit by it—a length here is worth three in straight work. Now make a dash for the turn, and as you come round, let your body incline well over towards the inside; it will operate as a bias and greatly assist your horse. Nobly executed! both round, close locked. Now for a dead run home. Ease away a little, my boy—give him a stab or two. He answers to it—there's something left in him yet. The filly sticks her nose out like a pig—her ears are laid back close to her poll—the persuaders can draw nothing more from her—she is doing all she knows. Look well to her—give her no respite. Well done, Pilot! Now boy, take a light pull at him—do not let him

get abroad—*give and take in your pull—keep his mouth alive*, and be sure to catch his stride with the motion of your hands and body. *Lift him a little, and give another stab.* Bravo, my boy!—well done, Pilot!—well done, filly!—any body's race yet. In this way they came home, Pilot running her up to the eye-brows.

Time, 1 m. 53 s.

I cannot pass by this important race without saying a word or two on the omission, by the judges, to take notice of the *cross* made by the grey filly at the start, for this last heat. That there *was a cross* and a *foul one*, too, will not be denied, I trust, by any one in observance, who knows *what constitutes a cross*; and after the grey filly was declared winner, and the stake awarded, I understood one of the judges to say that *he saw it*, but as the question was not raised by the party affected, it was not before them, consequently not a matter by them to be adjudged. The party aggrieved viewed the thing in a different light. Nevertheless, the high chivalric feeling of the two gentlemen, immediately interested in the colt, forbade their *begging the question*, or calling the attention of the judges to a subject which they had not deigned to note. The loss of the prize, though a serious one, was a secondary consideration to even the distant possibility of being *animadverted* upon as *cavilous*. That the gentlemen who presided, though pure in *princi-*

ple, acted upon a false hypothesis, there cannot remain a doubt in the mind of any man conversant with the laws of the turf. The case *was before them, and submitted to them* from the moment the start took place, and for the purpose of giving their decision upon a *submitted case* they were put upon the stand. They were the sole judges, and to them it belonged to pronounce upon the facts (as before them in evidence) as well as the law, which, in section 16th, of the Rules of the Union Course, will be found in the following words :—"Every horse that shall fail running on the outside of every pole, or whose rider shall *cross*, jostle or strike, or use any other foul play, or bring less than his stipulated weight to the scale, or alight without permission from one of the judges, or *who shall take the track before he is clear of the other horse, shall be deemed distanced, and the next best horse declared winner*; and such jockey shall never again be permitted to ride for any purse given by the association."

No blame can be imputed to the owner of the filly; the fault rests with either the rider or the groom who led her up to the start—I am inclined to think with the latter, who, when he let go his hold of the bridle, gave her a direction which brought her obliquely *across* the track. Although the purity of intention on the part of those who in this case acted as judges cannot be in the slightest degree ques-

nioned, yet it is to be regretted that gentlemen not thoroughly versed in turf matters, should, by an over zeal, ever be induced to enter upon a duty for which they are not qualified. From this cause I have more than once seen mischief produced on the Union course. The ordering or judging of a race ought to be delegated *solely to men of actual practice and long experience in racing*;—not such as keep and train horses in imagination, and start them round the festive board.—*American Turf Register.*

CONFESSIONS OF A LOVER.

“The course of true love never did run smooth.”—SHAKESPEARE.

Oh tell me not of Hymen's joys,
Sing not to me the siren song,
Earth has no sweet that never cloy,
And life's worst woes from love have sprung.
I dreamed in manhood's early morn,
That Cupid's arrows had no sting;
But Helen's hate, and Sarah's scorn,
Have nipp'd my hopes in life's young spring.
I was an honest sober youth,
Till Julia spurned my proffered love;
And then when Ann, and Jane, and Ruth—
O Venus! 'twas enough to move
A heart of granite—“From a boy,
I have been drunk with beauty”—but,
To see your dearest one destroy
Your only hope of life, and shut
The door of mercy—'tis enough
To freeze one's blood at the Equator;
And so my heart is growing rough,
And now I am a *woman hater*!

Oh! ye who e'er have sung of love,
From Horace down to our own Nat.,
Why did ye paint a harmless dove,
When Satan for the picture sat?

Dream'd ye the rose conceal'd no thorn ?
 Had Cupid then no poison'd dart ?
 Oh ! had ye charmers ne'er beeu born,
 I had not writhed beneath the smart !
 Had Moore ne'er sung of Nourmahal,
 Had college coffee poison'd Willis,
 Had Ovid been a savage Gaul,
 And Virgil never sung of Phillis—
 I might have been an honest man,
 A pattern of sobriety,
 And lived upon the frozen plan
 Of the Temperance Society—
 But now I am a worthless fellow,
 A melancholy, drunken dandy ;
My countenance is growing yellow,
 And people lay it all to brandy :
 But mine are darker, deeper woes,
 Than aught but love could e'er create—
 The stumbling foot—the purple nose,
 Oh ! what are these to Helen's hate !

'Tis true enough that I have been
 A martyr, at the shrine of love ;
 Sarah, and Jane, and Catharine,
 Their spells about my heart have wove.
 My first love was a fresh brunette,
 With " lip of love, and eye of light ;"
 Long years have rolled away, and yet
 E'en now her image haunts my sight.
 " I said" she was my first love—not
 That I had never seen before,
 Eyes from which Cupid's arrows shot,
 Which even angels might adore.
 I only meant she was the first
 Who spoil'd my sleep, and appetite—
 I strove, but strove in vain to burst
 The silken chain, until one night,
 One fatal night which I may ne'er,
 While life, and thought, remain forget ;
 O Venus ! that your votaries e'er,
 By such foul snares should be beset.

It was a glorious night—that is,
 'Twas glorious for thieves, and lovers,
 For the chaste moon tells all she sees,
 While cloudy Nox no crime discovers.

There either was no moon that night,
 Or else a cloud obscured her rays,
 And so rigg'd out in gayest plight,
 I started off for farmer Grey's.
 Heaven knows I loved Miss Julia Grey,
 My heart beats now whene'er I name her,
 "She was so bonny, blithe and gay,"
 Do what she would you could not blame her;
 And now as I had come in sight,
 I saw her standing in the door,
 And hurried on with all my might,
 Just to surprise her there before
 She saw me; so I softly stept,
 Though 'twas too dark to see her charms,
 As still as e'er a tiger crept,
 And caught her in my arms.
 "Cuffee," cried she, "you're very bold,
 You really cut a pretty figure;"
 I look'd again, when lo! behold!
 'Twas Polly Scott, Grey's nigger!

QUISBY.

SKETCH OF A SCHOOLFELLOW.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

He sat by me at school. His face is now
 Vividly in my mind, as if he went
 From me but yesterday—its pleasant smile,
 And the rich, joyous laughter of his eye,
 And the free play of his unhaughty lip,
 So redolent of his heart! He was not fair,
 Nor singular, nor over fond of books,
 And never melancholy when alone.
 He was the heartiest in the ring, the last
 Home from the summer wanderings, and the first
 Over the threshold when the school was done.
 All of us loved him. We shall speak his name
 In the far years to come, and think of him
 When we have lost life's simplest passages,
 And pray for him—forgetting he is dead—
 Life was in him so passing beautiful!

His childhood had been wasted in the close
 And airless city. He had never thought
 That the blue sky was ample, or the stars

Many in heaven, or the chainless wind
 Of a medicinal freshness. He had learn'd
 Perilous tricks of manhood, and his hand
 Was ready, and his confidence in himself
 Bold as a quarreler's. Then he came away
 To the unshelter'd hills, and brought an eye
 New as a babe's to nature, and an ear
 As ignorant of its music. He was sad.
 The broad hill-sides seem'd desolate, and the woods
 Gloomy and dim, and the perpetual sound
 Of wind and waters and unquiet leaves
 Like the monotony of a dirge. He pined
 For the familiar things until his heart
 Sick'n'd for home!—and so he stole away
 To the most silent places, and lay down
 To weep upon the mosses of the slopes,
 And follow'd listlessly the silver streams
 Till he found out the unsunn'd shadowings,
 And the green openings to the sky, and grew
 Fond of them all insensibly. He found
 Sweet company in the brooks, and loved to sit
 And bathe his fingers wantonly, and feel
 The wind upon his forehead: and the leaves
 Took a beguiling whisper to his ear,
 And the bird-voices music, and the blast
 Swept like an instrument the sounding trees.
 His heart went back to its simplicity
 As the stirr'd waters in the night grow pure—
 Sadness and silence and the dim-lit woods
 Won on his love so well—and he forgot
 His pride, and his assumingness, and lost
 The mimicry of the man, and so unlearn'd
 His very character, till he became
 As diffident as a girl.

'Tis very strange
 How nature sometimes wins upon a child,
 Th' experience of the world is not on him,
 And poetry has not upon his brain
 Left a mock thirst for solitude, nor love
 Writ on his forehead the effeminate shame
 Which hideth from men's eyes. He has a full,
 Shadowless heart, and it is always toned
 More merrily than the chastened voice of winds
 And waters—yet he often, in his mirth,
 Stops by the running brooks, and suddenly

Loiters, he knows not why, and at the sight
 Of the spread meadows and the lifted hills
 Feels an unquiet pleasure, and forgets
 To listen for his fellows. He will grow
 Fond of the early star, and lie awake
 Gazing with many thoughts upon the moon,
 And lose himself in the deep chamber'd sky
 With his untaught philosophies. It breeds
 Sadness in older hearts, but not in his;
 And he goes merrier to his play, and shouts
 Louder the joyous call—but it will sink
 Into his memory like his mother's prayer,
 For after years to brood on.

Cheerful thoughts
 Rose to the home-sick boy as he became
 Wakeful to beauty in the summer's change,
 And he came oftener to our noisy play,
 Cheering us on with his delightful shout
 Over the hills, and giving interest
 With his keen spirit to the boyish game.
 We loved him for his carelessness of himself,
 And his perpetual mirth; and though he stole
 Sometimes away into the woods alone,
 And wandered unaccompanied when the night
 Was beautiful, he was our idol still;
 And we have not forgotten him, though time
 Has blotted many a pleasant memory
 Of boyhood out, and we are wearing old
 With th' unplayfulness of this grown-up world.

REMINISCENCE OF ADAM KLEIBE.

THE LAST OF THE JOCKEY-MEN.

* * * * I knew him well: he was
 turned of fifty—his dark, keen eye appeared
 to have lost little of its natural fire—his com-
 plexion was dark, and his features variable
 as the Aurora Borealis, but always at his con-
 trol. He was under the middle size, natu-
 rally straight, though he walked a little stoop-

ing and lame from habit. He possessed a peculiar faculty of relaxing his features, and changing the lively, piercing expression of his eyes into that kind of vacant stare which usually denotes a lack of understanding.

Standing one day near a window in a bar-room—his face hanging apparently very loose upon him, and the tobacco-juice leaking, drop after drop, from a corner of his mouth—he was constantly, at short intervals, pulling a watch from his fob, and regarding it with a degree of satisfaction; occasionally turning his face towards a couple of travellers who were sitting by the fire in the same room—as if he wished them to know he possessed a watch, and still striving to conceal that wish,

One of the travellers (Judge N——, from the South) said to his companion, “What a pitiful object that is!—Let us see what value he sets upon his watch;” whereupon, taking a gold repeater from his own pocket, he called Kleibe to him, and asked how he would swap watches.

“Mine Cot! think I vould kif mine seelfer vatch for your prass un?”

“Your watch looks like a very good one,” said Judge N——, “how came you by it?”

“Then I shall show you how I got ’em,” returned Kleibe, presenting an old pack of cards; “pull out von leetle paper, and see vat’s on ’em.” This Judge N—— did,

merely to gratify him, and put it into the pack again. After shuffling them in a most awkward manner, Kleibe again presented the pack to be cut, which was also done by the Judge.

"Now I'll pet mine seelfer vatch up your prass un, dis top cart is de *Jack o' trumps*."

"What do you mean by the Jack of trumps?" asked Judge N——.

"I mean so exactly as I say—I vill pet mine seelfer vatch up your prass un, dis top cart ish de *Jack o' sphades*."

"Then you would lose your watch—you are mistaken in the card," said the Judge; for in his apparent anxiety and carelessness, the other kept slipping the card in question so as to give him a pretty fair view of its face, which discovered it to be diamonds instead of spades.

Kleibe insisted that he was right. "I say it ish as I say—I shwear by the wale wat made Jonas eat, dis ish no mistake."

Placing his gold watch on a chair where the jockey had already deposited his, beside which he had also laid the cards, "I will convince you," said Judge N——, "how certainly you would lose your watch."

"Well, then, you turn 'em up," said Kleibe, carefully taking hold of the chains of both watches. Judge N—— turned the card, and sure enough, it was the *Jack of spades*! "By heavens, the fellow has won it!" he exclaimed, while our hero danced

away to the other end of the room, to examine his prize.

"Come back here, and tell me what you will take for that *brass* watch," said Judge N——, recovering from a momentary surprise.

"I exactly can't tell till I examine 'em first," returned the jockey, pressing the stem to make it repeat; then opening it, he moved a spring that caused it to repeat in a different manner.

The Judge sat on nettles; "Must I suffer that fellow to finger my watch, which I never allowed a friend to open?" "You forget yourself—it is not yours," said his companion, hardly able to restrain his mirth.

His Honor bit his lip in vexation. "Come here, I say, and tell me what you will take for that *brass* watch."

Kleibe walked towards him with a mien that would well become a man in better business, remarking, "Sir, this is an excellent watch; the chain too is very valuable—I perceive each link is a letter, composing probably your name; you can have it for twenty-five dollars." The money was paid and the watch restored; after which the jockey called for wine, and said, turning to the Judge—"I always treat my friends when I have a full purse; you will please take a glass of wine and this bit of caution: *Never bet with a man who holds the game in his own hands.*"

**JULIA BRACE—DEAF, DUMB, BLIND GIRL
AT THE HARTFORD ASYLUM.**

By far the most interesting subject at present in the institution, is the poor deaf, dumb, and blind girl, whose situation has been described in so beautiful and affecting a manner by Mrs. Sigourney. A charity box, the proceeds of which are designed exclusively for her support, is placed at the main entrance, which it is certain no stranger can pass, after viewing the utter desolation in which she has been left by nature, without dropping his mite. Her name is Julia Brace, and she is a native of the immediate neighborhood of the asylum. She is the only instance of so great a misfortune, of which any record is extant, except one European boy, by the name of James Mitchell. He was so irritable, that few experiments could be tried for his benefit; but Julia Brace, it is said, has been mild and docile from her childhood—although when I saw her, from some temporary vexation or indisposition, she was evidently somewhat out of temper. She was seated at a table, her needle-work in her lap. "There is nothing disagreeable in her countenance, but her eyes, forever closed, create a deficiency of expression. Her complexion is fair, her smile gentle and sweet, though of rare occurrence; and her person somewhat bent, when sitting, from her habits of fixed attention to her work. Many stran-

gers have waited a long time to see her thread her needle, which is quite a mysterious process, and never accomplished without the aid of the tongue."

She was the daughter of exceedingly poor parents, who had several younger children to whom she was in the habit of showing such offices of kindness as her own afflicted state admitted. Notwithstanding her blindness, she early evinced a close observation with regard to articles of dress, preferring among those which were presented her as gifts, such as were of the finest texture. When the weather became cold, she would occasionally kneel on the floor of their humble dwelling, to feel whether the other children of the family were furnished with shoes and stockings, while she was without, and would express uneasiness at the contrast.

Seated on her little block, weaving strips of thin bark with pieces of leather and thread, which her father in his process of making of shoes rejected, she amused herself with constructing for her cat bonnets and vandykes, not wholly discordant with the principles of taste. Notwithstanding her peculiar helplessness, she was occasionally left with the care of the young children, while her mother went out to the occupation of washing. It was on such occasions, that little Julia evinced not only a maternal solicitude, but a skill in domestic legislation, which could not have been rationally expected. On one oc-

casion she discovered that her sister had broken a piece of crockery, and imitating what she supposed would be the discipline of her mother, she gave the offender a blow. But placing her hand upon the eyes of the little girl, and ascertaining that she wept, she immediately took her in her arms, and with the most persevering tenderness, soothed her into good humor and confidence. Her parents were at length relieved from the burden of her maintenance, by some charitable individuals, who paid the expenses of her board with an elderly matron, who kept a school for small children. Here her sagacity was continually on the stretch to comprehend the nature of their employment, and as far as possible to imitate them. Observing that a great part of their time was occupied with books, she often held one before her sightless eyes with long patience. She would also spread a newspaper for her favorite kitten, and putting her finger on its mouth, and perceiving that it did not move like those of the scholars when reading, would shake the animal, to express displeasure at its indolence and obstinacy. These circumstances, though trifling in themselves, revealed a mind active amid all the obstacles which nature had interposed. But her principal solace was in the employment of needle-work and knitting, which she had learned at an early age to practice. She would thus sit absorbed for hours, until it became necessary to urge her

to that exercise which is requisite to health. Counterpanes beautifully made by her, of small pieces of calico, were repeatedly disposed of, to aid in the purchase of her wardrobe. And small portions of her work were sent by her benefactors as presents into various parts of the Union, to show of what neatness of execution a blind girl was capable.

It was occasionally the practice of gentlemen who from pity or curiosity visited her, to make trial of her sagacity, by giving her their watches and employing her to restore them to the right owner.

They would change their position with regard to her, and each strive to take the watch which did not belong to him—but though she might at the same time hold two or three, neither stratagem nor persuasion would induce her to yield either of them, except to the person from whom she received it. There seemed to be a *principle* in the tenacity with she adhered to this system to give every one his own, which may probably be resolved into that moral honesty which has ever formed a conspicuous part of her character. Though nurtured in extreme poverty, and after her removal from the paternal roof, in the constant habit of being in contact with articles of dress or food, which strongly tempted her desires, she has never been known to appropriate to herself, without permission, the most trifling object. In a

well educated child this would be no remarkable virtue ; but in one who has had the benefit of no moral training to teach her to respect the right of property, and whose perfect blindness must often render it difficult to define them, the incorruptible firmness of this innate principle is truly laudable. There is also connected with it a delicacy of feeling or scrupulousness of conscience, which renders it necessary in presenting her any gift, to assure her repeatedly by a sign which she understands, that it is for her, ere she will consent to accept it.

Continuing to become an object of increased attention, and her remote situation not being convenient for the access of strangers, application was made for her admission into the asylum, and permission was granted by the directors in the summer of 1825. After her reception into that peaceful refuge, some attempts were made by a benevolent instructor to teach her the alphabet, by means of letters both raised above and indented beneath a smooth surface. But it was in vain that she punctually repaired to the school room, and daily devoted hour after hour in copying their forms with pins upon a cushion. However accurate her delineations were, they conveyed no idea to the mind sitting in darkness. It was therefore deemed wiser to confine her attention to those few attainments, which were within her sphere, than to open a warfare with nature in those avenues which she had so decidedly sealed.

It has been observed of persons who are deprived of a particular sense, that additional quickness or vigor is bestowed on those which remain. Thus blind persons are often distinguished by a particular exquisiteness of touch, and the deaf and dumb, who gain all their knowledge through the eye, concentrate, as it were, their whole soul in that channel of observation. With her, whose eye, ear and tongue are alike dead, the capabilities of both *touch and smell* are exceedingly heightened. Especially the latter seems almost to have acquired the properties of a new sense, and to transcend even the sagacity of a spaniel. Yet keeping in view all the aid which these limited faculties have, the power of imparting some of the discoveries and exercises of her intellect are still, in a measure, unaccountable.

As the abodes which from her earliest recollection she had inhabited, were circumscribed and humble, it was supposed that at her first reception into the asylum she would testify surprise at the comparative spaciousness of the mansion. But she immediately busied herself in quietly exploring the size of the apartments, and the height of the staircases; she even knelt, and smelled to the thresholds; and now, as if by the union of a mysterious geometry with a powerful memory, never makes a false step upon a flight of stairs, or enters a wrong door, or mistakes her seat at the table.

Among her various excellencies, neatness and love of order are conspicuous. Her simple wardrobe is systematically arranged, and it is impossible to displace a single article in her drawers, without her perceiving and restoring it. When the large baskets of clean linen are weekly brought from the laundress, she selects her own garments without hesitation, however widely they may be dispersed through the mass. If any part of her dress requires mending, she is prompt and skilful in repairing it, and her perseverance in this branch of economy greatly diminishes the expense of her clothing.

Since her residence at the asylum, the donations of charitable visitants have been considerable in amount. These are deposited in a box with an inscription, and she has been made to understand that the contents are devoted to her benefit. This box she frequently poises in her hand, and expresses pleasure when it testifies an increase of weight; for she has long since ascertained that money is the medium for the supply of her wants, and attaches to it a proportionable value.

Though her habits are peculiarly regular and consistent, yet occasionally some action occurs which it is difficult to explain. One morning, during the past summer, while employed with her needle, she found herself incommoded by the warmth of the sun. She

arose, opened the window, closed the blind, and again resumed her work.

At the tea table with the whole family, on her sending her cup to be replenished, one was accidentally returned to her which had been used by another person. This she perceived at the moment of taking it into her hand, and pushed it from her with some slight appearance of disgust, as if her sense of propriety had not been regarded. There was not the slightest difference in the cups, and in this instance she seems endowed with a degree of penetration not possessed by those in the enjoyment of sight.

Persons most intimately acquainted with her habits, assert that she constantly regards the recurrence of the Sabbath, and composes herself to unusual quietness, as if in meditation. Her needlework, from which she will not be debarred on other days, she never attempts to resort to ; and this wholly without influence from those around her.

Julia Brace leads a life of perfect contentment—and is in this respect, both an example and reproof to those who for trifling inconveniences indulge in repining, though surrounded by all the gifts of nature and of fortune.

The genial influences of spring wake her lone heart to gladness,—and she gathers the first flowers, and even the young blades of grass, and inhales their freshness with a delight bordering on transport. Sometimes,

when apparently in deep thought, she is observed to burst into laughter, as if her associations of ideas were favorable not only to cheerfulness but to mirth. The society of her female companions at the Asylum is soothing to her feelings; and their habitual kind offices, the guiding of their arm in her walks, or the affectionate pressure of their hand, awaken in her demonstrations of gratitude and friendship. Not long since, one of the pupils was sick—but it was not supposed that amid the multitude who surrounded her, the blind girl was conscious of the absence of a single individual. A physician was called, and the superintendent of the female department, who has acquired great penetration into the idioms of Julia's character, and her modes of communication, made her understand his profession by pressing a finger on her pulse. She immediately arose, and taking his hand, led him with urgent solicitude of friendship to the side of the invalid, and placing his hand upon her pulse, displayed an affecting confidence in his powers of healing. As she has herself never been sick since early childhood, it is the more surprising that she should so readily comprehend the efficacy and benevolence of the medical profession. It would be easy to relate other remarkable circumstances respecting her, but it is not desirable that this article should be so far extended as to fatigue the reader.

THE DYING CHILD.

Ah, look thy last, fond mother,
 On the beauty of that brow—
 For death's cold hand is passing o'er
 Its marble stillness now :
 Those silken eyelids weighing down
 Upon the glazed eye,
 Are telling to thy breaking heart
 The lovely one must die.

Yes, mother of the dying one,
 The beautiful must go ;
 The palid cheek and fading eye,
 And trembling lip of snow,
 Are signets from the hand of death,
 When unseen angels come
 To bear the young and beautiful
 To their own happy home.

The soft white hand, within thine own
 May never more entwine
 Its arms around the mother's neck,
 Like tendrils of the vine ;
 Those still, cold fingers never more
 Along thy forehead fair,
 Shall dally with the raven curls
 That cluster thickly there.

The flashes of its speaking eye,
 The music of its mirth,
 Shall never more make glad the hearts
 Around those parents' hearth :
 Then look thy last, fond mother,
 For the earth shall be above,
 And curtain up the sleeping one,
 The first born of thy love.

But let thy burning thoughts go forth,
 And pray that thou may'st meet
 That sinless one, where worlds shall bow
 Before the judgment seat ;
 And pray, that when the wing of death
 Is shadowed on thy brow,
 Thy soul may be beside the one
 That sleepeth near thee now.

KUK WIGGINS.

THE MAN WHO RAN AWAY FROM HIS NAME.

"——— Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame."

It was some time about the year eighteen hundred and—froze to death, I should think, at any rate, it was a mortally cold year—that my ears were first saluted by the odd name of Kuk Wiggins. It was borne by a smart, dapper, whimsical little fellow in the small town of Wigginsville, exactly in the centre of old Massachusetts, whose body was pinched and pigmy, and whose soul, I have heard, was too large for its tabernacle. The skin of his face was tightly drawn, and looked like a roll of parchment on which the bill of his misfortunes was engrossed. His nose was worthy of Mawkenbergius himself, and his eyes were projected out like a lobster's, owing to his having strained himself, when very young, in trying to swallow a hot potato, which having stuck half way in his throat, he could no more start for a while than he could a sledge hammer. The *tout ensemble* of his phiz looked very much like that of a comical rogue who, just on the point of sneezing, raises his arms and twitches his head to ease the operation. He wore a cue that infringed a little upon the premises of a pair of breeches, to the tune of "hereby hangs a tale," and if you looked closely, you might or might not

observe a lean pair of whiskers flanking his cheeks, that were so peaked and hatchet-formed as to seem merely a continuation of his nose. As to his dress, it was difficult to describe it, so various was it in colour, tho', as Kuk was a rank enemy to fashion of every kind, it underwent few changes. His father had been a revolutionary veteran, and when he was about giving up the ghost, he enjoined upon his son as a dying request, that he would wear his military clothes, let the fashion change as it would. Now this worthy man first lost a leg at Bunker's Hill, an arm at Saratoga, and finally his remaining one at the Brandywine, to say nothing of his having had his long-tail'd coat shot into a short jacket at Yorktown. It may be supposed, then, that Kuk, who inherited his clothes along with his estate, being sound of limb, was obliged to patch up a little. He therefore cut the sleeves from an old blue coat and engrafted them upon the stump of his father's red one, and the deficient leg case which was left on Bunker's Hill, was supplied from a pair of buff breeches which he found in the garret. The coat, which had undergone such a metaphorsosis, he continued to wear, without entailing upon it any thing new or old, though, to be sure, it bore a tremendous scar, which made it doubtful which way he turned his back at Yorktown. He sometimes wore a military cap, but generally a three-cornered hat, about cocked enough to have been

knocked into the middle of next week, as Deacon Spite said. Such was the exterior of Kuk Wiggins when I saw him about half an hour at a poor apology of a tavern in Wigginsville, whose sign on one side had held up General Washington to face the north easters for the best part of forty years, and on the other a large hog, the portrait of an animal that at one period fairly grunted all the inhabitants out of Wigginsville, and to the eating of which at another was attributed a vast increase of population. I shall only further observe that Kuk had a strange way of getting over ground, and something like a rabbit. He would stand still with both hands in his pocket, whistle, then set off on a smart trot; stand still again—whistle—then trot off again about fifty paces. He was sometimes so slow in going from one place to another, owing to his long stops, that people said there was no starting him unless he was fired out of a twenty-four pounder, and if any one gave him a slight push, as he was considering how to get down a hill, he was obliged to run, because his laziness prevented his stopping himself.

The name of Wiggins seems to have been familiar in Wigginsville time out of mind. It has christened the town and been its evil genius. Farming was the chief employment of the people who bore the name, yet they were always obstinately averse to exerting themselves for the improvement of the place

The son took the house and lot of the father; and if he obtained a decent living, he thanked God, and was content with planting his corn and potatoes in the same holes in which his father before him had planted them. If a stone fell from the wall, no care was taken to replace it. The corn was cut down and sent to the mill when wanted; and it has been confidently said and as confidently believed that the old pepper and salt breeches which Kuk's great grandfather took off in a storm of passion and the elements, and thrust into the window to supply the place of a pane of glass, have braved the winds for nearly a century, and still greet the eye of the curious traveller, now one leg dangling out, and now another, bearing awful testimony to the rotundity of the person of Kuk's ancestor and the laziness of all the Wigginses for three successive generations.

The Yankees are fond of titles and always have been, especially since the wars, and there was always a Capt. Smith in Hobbleton, the next town to Wigginsville, and Capt. Smith always had a plenty of daughters, among whom the Wigginses made a dive for a wife. Just as certain as there was a Habbakuk Wiggins in Wigginsville to marry, there was a Nabby Smith in Hobbleton to be married. Why a choice was always made in Capt. Smith's family is more than I exactly know: it might be owing to the many family virtues hereditary in the name, or

what was more likely, to the antipathy always manifested by a Wiggins to putting himself to the trouble of deviating from the beaten path. However this may be, the same mode of courtship was adopted by the Habbakuk Wigginses for many generations, and it had got to be so natural to go to Hobbleton for a wife, that three days warning was all that was deemed necessary. The old poney, that could hardly hold together (whom the poet of Rome seems to have had in his eye when he said *vix ossibus hæret*) was tackled into the square topp'd chaise, and Habbakuk Wiggins, the candidate of matrimony for the time being, jumped in. The poney was just as sure to turn his head to Hobbleton as his tail to Wigginsville; and as it was rare that he travelled this road which he made himself, except upon this particular errand, he gave a smart snort or neigh, to the danger of his life and limbs, upon his arrival at the old familiar post at Capt. Smith's gate. This was always the signal for Miss Nabby to run up stairs, put on her bombazine gown, tie up her hair with a small pink ribbon, and fasten another red one round her neck, like a matrimonial halter; with an old breast pin, a piece of family antiquity, about two inches square, containing miniature likenesses of an old Wiggins and an old Nabby Smith. The parson was then sent for, who was always expecting his time, and the two were cantered out of single blessedness at Hobbleton into

matrimonial felicity at Wigginsville, and this has been done so often, that going from Hobbleton to Wigginsville is proverbial to this day among the good folks in that quarter, and is only another name for matrimony. All the dowry that Nabby Smith carried with her was a cradle, which had held so many Wigginses, that it had almost rocked itself to death. This was the sum total of the marriage ceremony, every new Wiggins treading in the steps of his father before him, out of mere despair of doing the business in any better fashion. Capt. Smith's Nabbies proved good wives and capital mothers, always observing the good old rule of matrimonial arithmetic of carrying one for every ten, and as to their other family qualities, they absolutely defy all numerical calculation. The wife, however, of Kuk, the present incumbent, was apt to be rather peevish, and often took the liberty of hinting to him in no blind terms that she *might* have found a better half to lay her jaw to. She has been called absolutely ugly; but the less I say on that score the better; for if she was not ugly, she was so extremely unhandsome, that she could'nt always relish her victuals. But a metamorphosis was about to take place in the character of a Wiggins; and though it was not likely the earth would stop in its revolution, or kiss or embrace a comet in consequence, yet Kuk was determined no longer to be a Wiggins. He had heard the Wigginses of one genera-

tion were but a poor repetition of the Wigginses of another, and his great nose and little face blushed at the thought of it. They were slow, inactive mortals, not inclining the head to the right, if the father had inclined his to the left, but Kuk was determined to split the difference, and, by compromising matters, to hold his head as straight, if not as high as another, for he swore he was "as big o' his size as Goliath." "I'm brief—true," he'd say, shrugging up his shoulders—"but aint I as big o' my size as any Wiggins ever was, or as any man in Wigginsville?" But Kuk was sensible there was something in the very name of Wiggins that was a drawback to its possessor, and that every Wiggins had always been considered rather as an obstinate fixture in Wigginsville, than a valuable moveable. Besides the misfortune of being called a Wiggins, no slight mortification came over Kuk at thought that he *was* Kuk, that is, that his name was Kuk. This worried him so much at times, that he would say he could reconcile himself to the family name of Wiggins, unhopeful and humiliating as it was, were it not for his christian or anti-christian name of Kuk—"Wiggins! Wiggins!" he would say in a desponding tone—"a man *might* possibly do with that! but odds, pumpkins and thistles! what great man ever was called Kuk?—Kuk! Kuk! why if you spell it backwards, you get Kuk again; and if a man's name comes to the same point both

ways, he's quite sure not to get along much in the world ; besides, don't the very fowls in the barn yard know it and clack it by heart ?”

He had nobody to blame for this misfortune but the parson, and poor man, he ought not to be blamed for what he could not help ; for when Kuk's father, after standing in the broad aisle of the meeting house through a prayer of an hour and a half, took the child from its mother's arms, and, carrying it to the baptismal fount, whispered the name of Habbakuk to the parson as the standard one of the family and the chosen one for the child, its fate was sealed and its chance of success in the world cut off in a moment. The Rev. Reteniah Snizzle had the misfortune of splitting his words and taking only half of them, or as we say of stuttering, so that he could absolutely get nothing out but Kuk, and Kuk it was, and Kuk it continued to be, the family getting reconciled to it from its novelty, and the neighbours from its brevity. It was thought rather odd at first, but its strangeness soon wore off, and even Kuk never thought it the very worst name in the world, till the schoolmaster made him write it at the side of Wiggins in his writing book, where it stared him so full in the face that he fairly wrote himself sick of it.

Now what could Kuk Wiggins do ? Here he is in Wigginsville, having just come into possession of a farm, but having a name that he solemnly believed ought to belong to no

christian man, and which he as solemnly believed would keep him on his back, do what he would. His land was obstinately barren; his seed withered away in the earth. The cattle broke down the fences in some way he could not account for. The crows would pick up the grain in spite of an old pair of breeches and a coat which he had hoisted on the end of a pole in the field for a scarecrow. The rain would wash off the white wash from his house as fast as he put it on. The neighbors swore his new Sunday clothes were some cast off ones of his grandfather Wiggins, and an old gossip of the village was ready to take oath she had seen the new gown, which Kuk's wife wore, a thousand times before, and that this was only the fifteenth time it had been turned. Whatever he put his hand to fell back and seemed deprived of all chance of success; do what he would, he was a Wiggins, and a Kuk Wiggins to boot, which was as bad as two Wigginses any time; and he was firmly persuaded that all his misfortunes were not to be attributed to laziness or any thing but his name, which held a sign out in the sunshine of his prosperity, and cast a long, dark and withering shadow over his fortunes.

"Oh Reteniah Snizzle! Reteniah Snizzle!" he would lament—"Would thou had never been born, or if thou must be born, would thou had been endued with the power of speech, that thou mightest not have brought

such sore mortification upon a Wiggins who was to be the flower of the family. Who in all the world is unfortunate? Good Lord! Kuk Wiggins! Kuk Wiggins!" "It's no kind o' use, it's no kind o' use," said Miss Junk Bottleton, with a tongue like a cork-screw in her mouth—"there never was one of these Wigginses came to any thing, and mind me, there never will."

"Oh, no! neighbour Bottleton," said Miss Kian Pepperbox with a salt eye and a krout mouth—"I guess you are about half right; this Kuk is a chip of the old block; I always said he'd never do nothing; he's a good sort of a feller enuff, but after all, he's a Wiggins."

"Mercy on us," said Gretty Stone—"why Kuk forgets he's a Wiggins; only look at his father and grandfather and all the Wigginses! It beats all nater Kuk should think of doing any thing here."

And so said Mrs. Murmuring Glut, the tailor's wife, with a voice that sounded like a saw while under the process of filing—and so said Mrs. Touchandgo Bung, with a stream of jaw in her mouth—and so said Mrs. Ticherny Skweet—and so said Mrs. Pitterwink Pooth—and so said Miss Bean Pole Pin—and so said Mrs. Sarah Scratcherly Fink, the bottle-washer-woman—and so said Miss Smotherface Leggins—and so said Miss Dimity Queek—and so said Miss Clikkerty Klak—and so said Miss Lubberly Snooze, the belle of Wigginsville—and so said Miss Thundergo Whack—and lastly, so said th_e

whole family of Whistletons—Gobbletons Fuddletons—Spindletons—Shifflesstons and Snikertons, to say nothing of as many more. Good Lord ! and must these names shuffle out of Wigginsville that of Kuk Wiggins?—Departed Wiggins of Wigginsville ! forbid it !

“ We think it our duty to tell you, Mr. Wuk Wiggins, or rather Mr. Wik Kuggins, said the squire in his second childhood, speaking in behalf of the parson and himself, and trying to fasten a new name on Kuk, while he was administering the last drop of consolation to a man dying of his own name —“ We think it our duty to tell you, I say, Mr. Kick Floggins, that unless you run away with your name, your name will run away with you, and mark our word, Mr. Kog Woggins !”

This was all the consolation poor Kuk derived from his notoriety, and the thought of it almost made him resolve that he would curl up and die. However, he shrugged his shoulders, straitened both arms stiff at his sides with his fists doubled, and whistled twice. This was a symptom of something important, accordingly, the people gathered around him, and he delivered himself thus—“ Skunks of Wigginsville ! I’m as big o’ my size as any of you—I turn my queue on your hole, and shall not turn my nose towards it, till I can buy you all out.”—He then whistled and skipped home, and the news soon spread that Kuk Wiggins was going to run

away from his name.—“The best thing he ever did,” said one—“Hope he’ll take his name with him,” said a second—“He must go a good way off,” said a third—“Who’ll buy his farm?” asked a fourth—“But he an’t gone yet,” said a fifth.

It was in vain that Nabby remonstrated against his going—her ebenezer was of no avail—“I’ll go, so,” said Kuk.—“You shan’t touch to, so,” responded Nabby, in one of her peevish fits—“your name’s good enough if you’d stick to your business, and not dilly dally about town. Aint you known every where—why don’t you jump out of your skin—aint I good enough for Kuk Wiggins to live with?”—“You aint no better than you should be,” said Kuk.—“Aint better than I should be” says his wife again—“I guess I’ll make you prove your word—I guess I am better than I should be—you shan’t go, and I won’t touch to stir a step.—“Then stay at home,” responded Kuk, “nurse the child when it’s born, and feed the chickens.”—The same day Kuk Wiggins was a missing man.

Kuk’s first move was a very unfortunate one, inasmuch as he went to a town only twenty miles above Wigginsville, where his name was about as well known as at home, and where he could no more shuffle it off and assume a new one than he could crawl out of his skin. The good people of the village, however, were somewhat surpri-

sed at seeing one morning a new sign in town bearing the name of Eben Mead. As no stranger had been seen about there in the day time, it was evident this Eben Mead must have done everything in the night, and, as it was desirable to know who this Eben Mead was, Deacon Wart went in to gain some information upon the subject. How he was struck to see curled up in one corner of an empty room our fugitive Kuk Wiggins, whom he knew very well, and whose name in the place was only another one for laziness and shiftlessness. "Ah! Mr. Kuk! you here?" said the Deacon—"My name is not Kuk, I'd have you know, Deacon Wart," said our identical Wiggins, rising up, with a look between a scowl and a grin—"my name is Eben Mead, and I never saw you before." "Why, don't every body know you here, and call yourself what you will, you are still, and always will be Kuk Wiggins!" The neighbors began to flock in, and *would* shake hands with Kuk, though he maintained he never saw them before. They then saluted him as Ebenezer Mead—"Ebenezer Mead! Ebenezer Mead! what you got to sell! what you got to sell!" "Folks!" said the irritated Kuk—"my name is plain Eben Mead and not Ebenezer Mead!" Still they cried out, "Ebenezer Mead! Ebenezer Mead! that's it! that's it!"—"Odds pumpkins and thistles!" cried poor Kuk again—"my name is not Kuk Wiggins—my

name is not Ebenezer Mead"—then turning to the barber, who had been the first to call him Ebenezer Mead, he asked him what his name was—"Why, Peter Read, to be sure, he answered with a grin—"Well," said Kuk, "henceforth you are called Petersneezer Read!" This made a great laugh, and I have heard that Peter Read has been called Petersneezer Read ever since.

"Ah"—said Kuk, the next day, in a sort of soliloquy, "I see I can't do any thing here—that's plain. I'm too well known, and my name won't leave me, but follows me as regularly as my queue. Oh, Kuk Wiggins! Kuk Wiggins! when will it be said thou left the old way of the Wigginses, and proved thyself, what thou wast born to be, the pride of the family!"

Though he had got his name up, or rather his sign, he was obliged to pull it down and decamp, and what would not poor Kuk have given to have removed the one as easily from the memory of men, as he could the other from their sight! He went off in the night, and nothing was heard of him again for several years, when one day a tin pedlar coming into Wigginsville, gave so curious an account of a little barber near the Green Mountains, called Crikee Spunk, that no one doubted it was old Kuk Wiggins with a new name. He stated that the people thought him a decent fellow enough, and had even once raised him to the dignity of hogreefe,

that he did not know much about his business, but went backwards in spite of all he could do, that he maintained he was as big o' his size as any of them. He also stated that Crikee was about pulling up stakes, or rather taking down his pole, and trying his fortune in Canada. But nothing was heard of him after this, and, I dare say, if we ever meet poor Kuk again, he will be the same shiftless but clever soul he was in Wigginsville, trying to get along in the world, but mortified almost to death because he was kept down—all owing, he firmly believed, to his being called Kuk Wiggins.

But, reader, let me take you back to Wigginsville, and as about twenty years have now passed since the tin pedlar gave the information we have recorded, and nothing has been heard of old Kuk, but, on the other hand, every body believes him dead, let me introduce you to a young fellow, who is called Kuk Wiggins, and who, if he had not grown up under the very noses of the people of Wigginsville, I should maintain was no other than the identical Kuk Wiggins we last heard of in Canada, having by some lucky hit, as an atonement for all his misfortunes, got hold of the *elixir vitæ*, and kept himself in perpetual youth. But, no! the truth must be told. Nabby Wiggins, not long after Kuk's departure, gave birth to a son, whom out of spite to her husband, she christened Kuk.—She hoped great things of him, though why,

since he was called Kuk Wiggins, I know not. She was disappointed, as might have been expected, and when this poor, tormented woman saw that her son Kuk was old. Kuk in all but his youth, she took to her bed, pined away, died, and was carried to the last home of all the Wigginses. This young Kuk had got a queue, and strange as it may seem, had contrived, Heaven only knows how, to dress himself precisely like his father, for almost every body remembered him, and described him so exactly, that when young Kuk was before them, whistling and skipping about by jumps as it were, they almost swore old Kuk had come back to Wigginsville to buy them all out. "Upon my soul," the old women would say, the Touchandgos—and the Thundersgos—and the Whistletons and the Guggletons—"upon my soul! here is the same Kuk that ran away from his name so many years ago—ah! well! he'll never do any thing here. I told you he'd always be a shiftless crittur—he's too well known in Wigginsville—and if a prophet has no honour in his own country, a Wiggins can't have in his own town!"

Young Kuk had lived about the farm doing nothing, but possessing a big spirit, that whispered to him that *he* also was born to set the Wigginses right, and being now of age, he longed to take the farm; but this he could not do without seeing his father, because the person in whose hands the farm had been

placed, had papers showing that he was to retain it, till old Kuk made his appearance again, or gave up all title in favor of another. The very moment it left old Kuk Wiggins's hands, it began to improve, and had now become the most flourishing one in Wigginsville—a circumstance that wrought a continual longing in young Kuk to get possession of it. But this he could not do, and he came to the mad resolution of setting off immediately in pursuit of old Kuk Wiggins, who was supposed to have been dead twenty years.

I shall not detail all the adventures that befel young Kuk as he went on, nor the thousand mortifications that followed the jeers, the taunts and the broad grins which his inquiry after old Kuk was sure to conjure up. At one time he would gaze at himself in a clear brook, and start back at his own image, as if his father were jeering at him from the water. He would say he was as big o' his size as any man—then vow he would go home, live and die a true Wiggins on his own soil of Wigginsville. At another time he would fancy every bird, that was filling the groves with its music, was only calling out "Kuk Wiggins!" "Kuk Wiggins!" then he would be merry and laugh immediately at the idea of young Kuk Wiggins, the son, running in pursuit of old Kuk Wiggins, the father, who, for any thing he knew, was looking down from heaven, where there is no respect of names, and warning him to run away from the name

of Kuk Wiggins. When he came to the village where old Kuk had assumed the name of Eben Mead, his grotesque appearance was the subject of much mirth, and he was taken for the true Kuk Wiggins, the father. But young Kuk was determined not to undeceive them and to pass for old Kuk, and his ears were greeted by such questions as these. "If here aint Kuk Wiggins got back, as young as ever! how many shillings have you got, Kuk, to rub against each other?"—"Why, Kuk! have you left that infernal name of yours behind!" "Does Kuk Wiggins cling to you like your old breeches?" As he heard nothing of his father, he thought it best to be off in a twinkling; but as it soon got round that the devil had lugged old Kuk Wiggins back again, he was obliged to hear his own name rung in his ears from old and young, and I do verily believe, if the name of Kuk Wiggins had been any thing substantial or tangible, its gravity, as it flew about here and there, would have imprinted it on every inch of ground in town. As he was trotting onward to skulk off without being seen and reaping the golden harvest of his father's notoriety, a tall, lean man presented himself before Kuk, announced himself as a sheriff, presented a note, and demanded immediate payment; he stated that it was now twenty years since the note had been due, payable to Deacon Splutter, and unless he made instant payment, or renewed the note, he would be thrown into jail in no

time. Kuk was now obliged to own that he was not old Kuk Wiggins, but young Kuk Wiggins, old Kuk Wiggins's son, in pursuit of old Kuk Wiggins, how much soever he might look like him. The Deacon himself, after giving one or two mortal squints at Kuk, was satisfied that he was too young to be the man, but it required a squint of more than ordinary fixedness on the deacon's part, to convince him that he had not seen the same breeches young Kuk wore twenty years ago on old Kuk Wiggins, who had the impudence to pass himself off for Ebenezer Mead.

Glad to get out of the hands of the sheriff, he trudged on he hardly knew where, mile after mile, and more than once turned his face homeward, as he supposed, though as he was ignorant of the road, he never approximated to Wigginsville. He made every inquiry about a man named Kuk Wiggins; but as his father always took a new name in every new place, he could learn very little about him. He heard of "Major Crikee Spunk," "Capt. Bill Diddle," "Deacon Tom Snipe," and he was himself addressed by these names, which circumstance was the only proof he had that they all stood for Kuk Wiggins, and he came very near, several times, being thrown into jail, in consequence of some debt or freak of his father. He went over into Canada, and in Montreal, heard of one "Peter Wilks," whom, from description and other circumstances, he knew must be his father,

and as young Kuk thought Montreal was the end of the world, he inquired whether this Peter Wilks had jumped off, or was still alive. The people, of whom he inquired, looked at him, scratched their heads as if to remember something about the matter, and then assured him that this Wilks looked as much like himself as one pea like another, and almost believed he himself was the man, but if he was not, they should not hesitate to tell him that "Peter Wilks was a poor devil, that he was never worth a cent, and never would be if he had stayed there till doomsday—that the chief objection seemed to be they hardly knew what—that he was a good sort of a fellow enough, very likely; but somehow or other he never could get along, and had gone off somewhere, they hardly knew where. So that all young Kuk could learn of "Peter Wilks" was, that he was last seen on a day when there had been a mighty gale of wind, and it was supposed, as he was a monstrous little mortal, and as the gale set in from the north, that he had been blown somewhere south—taken up in Canada and let down in York State---that he might possibly have gone to the Lakes, or the new country in the West, but most probably he had been blown to the devil.

To what point of the compass, with such consolatory information, was young Kuk to direct his steps? A strong wind, that rose at that time and set in against his back, oblig-

sed him to go south, and in a few days he found, by inquiry, that he was in York State. He travelled on from morn till night, and night till morn, now sleeping here, now there, and oftener not sleeping at all, for fear the ghost of old Kuk Wiggins might brush by, and escape him when he was asleep. He put the question in broad terms to every body he met—"if they had seen a man that way who looked so much like himself that they couldn't tell t'other from which!" "Not so!—no one had ever seen such an animal before. He then asked 'if they had heard of a person named Kuk Wiggins?' No! they had never heard such a queer name before, but thought it likely if he were any where on earth, he might be found in Auburn prison, for no man of respectability ever bore that name. Kuk was obliged to swallow this insult, because he concealed from them that he himself was named Kuk Wiggins, though it might have been known, for the circumstance of his inquiring for a man called Kuk Wiggins, saying he was the image of himself, proved to a demonstration that his own name was also Kuk Wiggins.

He travelled on without meeting a single person who could give him a clue to his father. Whenever he saw a person shorter than usual, his first question was; whether he ever bore the name of Wiggins. Several, whom he interrogated in this manner, took the question as an insult, and the poor fellow came

very near getting into hot water. He moreover looked into people's faces so closely, and examined them so narrowly, that every body kept out of his way, fearing he was a limb of the law or a limb of Satan, (which, in case he should get imprisoned for his father's debts, Kuk swore were the same things) and that he would soon prove his relationship by a kick with his cloven foot.

Oh! ye blessed and favoured of Heaven! that are called by good and honest names, ye can easily conceive the despair into which fell young Kuk Wiggins, searching every where in vain for old Kuk Wiggins, who ran away from his name. Ask not exultingly hereafter, "what's in a name?" for if the soul's jewel is a good reputation, surely the jewel of the body is a respectable appellative, as evidently as a good nose, like the noses of Kuk, father and son, is the immediate jewel of the face.

It was a beautiful morning in the summer of 18—, that young Kuk, weary and disconsolate, having travelled over most of the state of New York, arrived in the city. He had no reason in the world to suppose his father was there, and to hunt for him in so populous a place was little better than looking for a needle in a hay mow. The poor fellow took lodgings in a miserable hovel in Pearl street, and every day wandered over the city, in hopes to obtain some knowledge of his father. He went up to almost every door and

read the names upon them, but alas! he read nothing that sounded like Kuk Wiggins. He studied over the Directory, but that gave him as little information. One day, as he was walking up Broadway, looking at every door and eyeing every body, he met a person that seemed to look at him rather closely, and upon his approach he stepped up and asked Kuk if he had lost any thing; stating that he had observed him every day walking through the different streets as if in search of something. It proved to be the city crier. Kuk told his whole story and promised to pay him if he would find his father. He promised to cry him at any rate, but here was a difficulty, whether he should cry him under the name of Wiggins or not, for it was likely, if he were within the city, he would not be known by that name. Kuk told him it was but to sound out the name of Kuk Wiggins, poor as it was. So the next day he began thus, at the top of his voice—"Lost some years ago, and supposed to be in the city of New York, one Wiggins—Kuk Wiggins—about forty years old—four feet high—blue eyes—brown hair—sharp face and large nose—supposed to have on a pair of Bunker Hill breeches, and a Yorktown short jacket—and a Buntingtown hat. Whoever has heard of said Kuk Wiggins, will make known the same to his son Kuk Wiggins in Pearl street. Kuk Wiggins! Kuk Wiggins! who's heard or seen Kuk Wiggins!"

The crier bawled out this every day for more than a week, till the name of Kuk Wiggins was ringing in every body's ears, and was as familiar as the name of Hays among scapegallowses, or as the Magdalen Report is now. Every body began to dream of strange things, which would call themselves Kuk Wiggins's in spite of every thing they could do—then came visions of large noses that would have driven the abbess of Ormedlingburg out of Strasburg—and visions of Bunker Hill breeches, Buntingtown hats, and Yorktown jackets.—The papers of the city took up the matter and cracked their jokes upon poor Kuk, and a certain wise editor hinted that a rich merchant in the city knew more about this Kuk Wiggins than he was willing to disclose.

One day as the crier was going his round with his eternal noise about Buntingtown hats and Yorktown jackets, a mob gathered about him, and threatened unless he held his tongue, to cram a plum pudding down his throat. "Father crier," said one, "where on earth d'ye find that queer name of Kuk Wiggins?" "A droll name that—very—by G—," said another. "Never known here," said a third—"a man could'nt move a foot with it"—"Blue eyes! large nose—four feet!" said a fourth—"four feet! what, does he go on all fours!"—"One would suppose it were Van Dort, the merchant—and there he goes now," said another, as a short gentleman passed by on the opposite side of the way. "Oh! no!"

said one, he aint got a Bungtown!"—"No! nor a Yorktown!" replied another. "There's the Mayor," they cried—"but he's too large for Kuk Wiggins—besides, he'd never been Mayor, if he'd been called Kuk Wiggins!" "And there's Alderman Simpson—but he's too big and pot-bellied—so it can't be him, besides he's got a wooden leg!" "There's Mash, the tailor, but he squints too much"—"There's Bill Morgan! who knows but his true name is Kuk Wiggins!" Many were named in this manner, but no one answered the description exactly. The crier finally ceased his noise altogether, despairing to obtain any clue to Kuk Wiggins.

As young Kuk was one day sitting in the hovel above alluded to, at his residence, and about packing up to hunt elsewhere, a black with lightning eyes and teeth, whom Kuk had often seen in Broadway, watching him as he thought, bolted into his presence, and bowing about fifty times in as many seconds, began by saying—"Misser Koot Wigns, massa want speak you—him waiting to see you—him lib in Broadway!" "Well!" said Kuk, "what's his name—he'll put me in jail, will he, for making such a noise about here?"—"Him name," answered Sable—"you in dis city, and not know the Van Dort's black nigger servant!"—Kuk had no idea who this Dutchman was, nor what he wanted of such a poor forsaken devil as himself, unless it were to punish him for being the occasion of so much

noise ; however he brushed up his Bungtown and Yorktown, stroked his Bunker Hill, and trudged on after his blackguard leader. They went on through Maiden Lane, crossed over the Park, and finally came into Broadway, though they were a good hour about it, as Kuk would eye every body, and read the name on every door ; this delay made Sambo tell Kuk several times, "that if dey did'nt go fasser, they should'nt get nowhere bimeby." As they went on, like a ghost chasing a black thunder cloud, they excited a good deal of merriment, but Kuk cared as little about that as Sambo.—"What's Van Dort's Sambo got there—it can't be his shadow—why it's the very Kuk Wiggins the crier was after," said three or four voices—"A rare sight that for the Yorkers—h's what we've been dreaming of so long—there's the Bungtown—the Cocktown—the Yorktown and the Bunker Hill—why sure the fellow's a son of Peter Rugg's daughter—Halloo ! Peter !"—and here they screamed with all their might and main to Peter Rugg, who had just shot by unobserved on his way to Boston. As soon as the people heard the name of Wiggins, they had the curiosity to examine the creature—this they did to their satisfaction—and nothing material occurred during the operation, excepting that a flirt who was fanning the air of Broadway with her wings, was so eager to see Kuk that in squeezing through the crowd, she broke her stay lac-

ings and was carried into a milliner's in hysterics.

The black, after going a mile further, came with Kuk to a splendid mansion. "Dis massa's house—him lib here!" He opened the front door and showed Kuk into a room elegantly furnished with a carpet, piano, sofa and tables that shone like polished mirrors. The room was empty, though a person of more shrewdness and insight than Kuk, would have concluded some one had that moment left it, for a handsomely cushioned arm chair was rocking as if a person had just arisen from it, and hurried away. However he had no time for considerations of this nature, for his eyes were almost strained out of his head at sight of the rich furniture. But what particularly struck him was a portrait that hung over the mantelpiece. He was bold enough to go up to it; he started back, and looked into a large mirror over the table. He then looked at the picture—then at the mirror.—"Wh-e-w," drawled out Kuk, "if that picture aint me—that mirror lies—and my name aint Kuk Wiggins!" Truth renders it necessary to say that there was a great resemblance in every thing but the dress, but when he made out to spell the name of "Martin Van Dort," under the portrait, he thought it did not look much like him after all, but that it was a striking likeness of somebody at any rate.

Presently the door opened, and a smart

looking, short, big nosed man, well dressed, entered the room, between a skip and a walk, and taking a small snuff box from his jacket, seated himself in an arm chair, and went to taking snuff at a prodigious rate, sneezing and eyeing Kuk all the while, who was looking at the portrait, then at the mirror, then at the snuff-taker. Van Dort burst out into a horse laugh, which started Kuk more than any thing; and he thought he saw the portrait laugh too. At this moment a child came running into the room, but upon seeing Kuk, stopped short, and after hesitating a moment, ran up to him, calling him father, but soon changing its tone, went to Van Dort. At last, Kuk, bending over his head, inclining his whole body towards Van Dort, and straining his eyes, broke out thus, as if he were spying a ghost. "By all the Wigginses of Wigginsville, I entreat you to say if you know any thing of one Kuk Wiggins. Old Kuk Wiggins is father to me—young Kuk Wiggins, his son." Van Dort here burst out into another laugh, and eyeing Kuk, who was still bending over towards him, as if about to make a dive, with his Bungtown hat almost over his ears, thus answered, "Well, I shouldn't wonder if your name *was* Kuk!" "And I shouldn't wonder," rejoined Kuk, "if *your* name *was* Kuk too!"—and here the poor fellow drew his breath in and let it out slowly, but with great emphasis—"but," he continued, "I dare swear—that is

almost—that you are no longer a true Wiggins! “True, Kuk!” said Van Dort, “I was old Kuk Wiggins—but disherited the name, and am Martin Van Dort now.” At this they both approached nearer each other, and met about half way across the floor, and so suddenly withal, that their heads struck together, and they both lay sprawling on the floor, in which state a beautiful woman, with a babe in her arms, saw them, being called into the room by the noise. They were curled up in each other’s arms, and she set up a terrible scream, for she thought, as she saw two men on the floor so near together, and so much alike, that Van Dort was split in two parts. “Yes, yes,” said Van Dort, after they had arisen, “you are a true Wiggins to the backbone, and so much like me that I doubt my identity.”

Here then was old Kuk Wiggins face to face with young Kuk Wiggins. He had not altered much except in his dress and queue, for he had the same way of getting overground that he had when in Wigginsville. He had a few furrows on his forehead, and possessed the air of a business man, but in other respects he was as much Kuk Wiggins as he ever was. In a short time young Kuk was at home in his father’s house, and he by degrees told him all the news that had transpired the last twenty years, and he dwelt pathetically, throwing out his hands sideways, like Corporal Trim, upon the troubles he met

with in seeking out his father. The old man seemed very anxious, lest Kuk should be seen in the streets with him, and addressed by the name of Kuk Wiggins. But Kuk cared little about that, if he could see his father enough in doors, for he had already been examined quite close enough in Broadway. After staying about a fortnight, he signified his wish to go back to Wigginsville, and the day before the one destined for his departure, old Kuk, after dinner, took young Kuk into a private room and addressed him thus—

“Son Kuk ! you see me here, fairly rid of my name ; but I need not detail to you all the troubles and vexations I had to encounter after I left Wigginsville, in order to make my way in the world. I was firmly persuaded from the beginning that I never could lift up my head in Wigginsville—for do what I would, I was Kuk Wiggins—and all the old women of Wigginsville would lift up their hands, and declare I never should do any thing decent. Well ! how could I ! They then would say—“there, we knew that Wiggins would never prosper, and mind me, he never will, go where he will !” “We’ll see, old cronies !” said I—so off I went—but—oh ! son Kuk ! they were true prophets, and I could’nt do any thing, sure enough. I went to about twenty different towns, taking different names, and professing myself able to do any thing, but no !—the old women said right—their voices haunted me, and I thought

myself as good as a dead man. I got into debt and gave notes, hoping some time or other to pay them. After about ten years spent in trying to do every thing, but in doing nothing, I set my face towards New York city, bringing with me a cart load of pumpkins; but what should I do with pumpkins here—I didn't know, and so rather than lose them, I sold them all out to a man for a few dollars. I then tried to do something, and as I went trudging up and down Broadway in my old cart, my poney just ready to fall to pieces, I would have given the world, if I could, to have forgotten the predictions of the old women of Wigginsville. I went by no name, for I would rather any one, who wished to speak to me, which was not often, would knock me down to make me hear, than call me Kuk Wiggins, and I had worn all other names out. But I lived on hope, the food of every true Wiggins. One day, I heard that the man to whom I sold my load of pumpkins, had sent them off to sea and made a great speculation. I found him out again and he promised to make me rich if I could supply him with pumpkins, but wished me to keep the matter secret. I sent to all the New England States, and got pumpkins enough for a large cargo. The vessel sailed to the West Indies, and in three months' time, at her return, I received as my share, six thousand dollars. What use was made of the pumpkins I don't exactly know, but believe

they scooped them out, dried the shells, and sold them to the natives at a high price. I kept drawing upon the Yankees for pumpkins, till I was afraid they would have no pies for thanksgiving, and sending out to the West Indies and elsewhere, till I laid up thirty thousand dollars. I then bought shares in whaling ships and doubled my money, till finally I went into partnership with a gentleman, invested all my capital with him in mercantile speculations, and grew rich rapidly. I called myself Van Dort, and as no one had ever known me by any name before, my name stood in no chance of being disputed. I solemnly believe, son Kuk, that if a man has a bad name, which will keep him down in the world, his only way of getting along is to go into a strange place, leave off his old name, and not call himself by any, but trust to chance to help him to a good one. Well, as I was saying, after having been here five years, I married, though at some risk, as I feared Nabby might be alive and take it into her head to hunt me up, but your information has now quieted me. My wife brought me a great deal of money, and has now brought me a pair of rosy cheeked boys, who, if God wills, shall never hear the name of Kuk Wiggins. The breeches which several generations in Wigginsville have seen, I wore a number of years after leaving the place, but soon got another pair, and have preserved the old revolutionary dress for my child in

Wigginsville, for I thought it very likely 'one would be born not long after my departure, but I never dreamed it would be another Kuk Wiggins. I also made a will surrendering all my property there into the hands of whatever issue I might have, and in case there was none, I should have given it to the man, in whose hands I left it, rather than ever again touch any thing in Wigginsville. I now laugh at the predictions of the old Wigginsville grannies, but I most solemnly believe that my misfortunes originated in my name, and the old habits of the family, though the people always called me a lazy loon, and said I was too indolent to prosper. I confess I am more spry now at forty, than I was at twenty, but still, if I had been called any thing but Kuk Wiggins, and lived in any other place but Wigginsville, I should have done as well as any other man. I don't wish to go back to Wigginsville, but may in a few years, and buy the whole town. But, son Kuk, if you don't get along any better, after you have recovered the farm, just send to me, and I will send or bring you the money to purchase the place." He here ceased, and pouring out a glass of wine, drank to the health of all that bore the name of Wiggins.

All I have to say further is, that Kuk was on his way to Wigginsville the next day, but I shall follow him no farther than to the borders of New York state. He stopped at a small town, and after counting the money his

father had given him to redeem his notes, he pulled out the will, which old Kuk made before his good fortune, and about the period he threw off his old breeches and short coat—the identical breeches and short coat that he had tied up in a bundle and was now sitting upon. The will was short and ran thus—

“In the name of God—amen! I, Kuk Wiggins, being of sound mind and body, make this my last will and testament. If there is a son of mine in Wigginsville, I bequeath to him my whole estate, being determined never to touch any thing of mine again in that town.

I bequeath him my short coat and breeches, which I have worn and which my father wore before me, and my queue, which I have cut off from my own head to ornament his. In short, I bequeath him every thing but my name, and I conjure him to be a Wiggins no longer than he can possibly help.

If a daughter is born to me instead of a son, I bequeath her my whole estate, hoping that she will get married and change the name of Wiggins as soon as possible. I dispense with her wearing the queue, but commend to her affectionate care the old breeches, that she wear them if possible, whether married or not, and gratify the wishes of a father she has never seen.

This is my last will and testament, written by Squire Dunwell in Montreal. Signed—once Kuk Wiggins—now Peter Wilks.

Young Kuk put the paper into his pocket, got up and dressed himself in his father's coat and breeches, which he had in his bundle, and went on his way rejoicing, a perfect fac-simile of old Kuk Wiggins, who a number of years ago was travelling the opposite direction in order to run away from his name.

SPLASH ZODKINS, ESQUIRE.

DREAMS OF HEAVEN.

Dreams't *thou* of Heaven?—What dreams are *thine*?

Fair child, fair gladsome child!
With eyes that like the dewdrop shine
And bounding footstep wild.

Tell me what hues th' immortal shore
Can wear, my Bird! to thee,
Ere yet one shadow hath passed o'er
Thy glance and spirit free?

"Oh! beautiful is heaven, and bright
With long, long summer days!
I see its lilies gleam in light
Where many a fountain plays.

"And there unchecked, methinks, I rove,
Seeking where young flowers lie,
In vale and golden-fruited grove—
Flowers that are not to die!"

Thou Poet of the lonely thought,
Sad heir of gifts divine!
Say, with what solemn glory fraught
Is Heaven in dream of thine?

Oh! where the living waters flow
Along that radiant shore,
My soul, a wanderer, *here* shall know
The exile thirst no more!

"The burden of the stranger's heart
Which here unknown I bear,
Like the night shadow shall depart,
With my first wakening there.

"And borne on eagle-wings afar;
 Free thought shall claim its dower
 From every sphere, from every star,
 Of glory and of power."

O woman ! with the soft sad eye
 Of spiritual gleam !
 Tell me of those bright realms on high,
 How doth thy deep heart dream ?

By thy sweet mournful voice I know,
 On thy pale brow I see,
 That thou hast lov'd in silent wo,
 Say, what is Heaven to thee ?

"Oh ! Heaven is where no secret dread
 May haunt Love's meeting hour ;
 Where from the past, no gloom is shed
 O'er the heart's chosen bower :

"Where every sever'd wreath is bound ;
 And none have heard the knell
 That smites the soul in that wild sound—
Farewell, Belov'd, Farewell !"

JAMES MITCHELL,

THE DEAF, DUMB, AND BLIND BOY.

James Mitchell was born in Scotland on the 11th of November, 1795, deaf, and blind. Whether either his deafness or blindness were perfect, is a matter of some uncertainty. The evidences of the sensation of sound were in a high degree vague and unsatisfactory ; though he gave more convincing proofs of partial vision. He could always distinguish day from night. In his youth, he used to amuse himself in regarding the sun through the crevices of the door, and in kindling the fire. At the age of twelve

years, the tympanum of his ears was perforated ; the one by Sir Astley Cooper, the other by Mr. Sanders, but without any benefit. In his 14th year, Mr. Wardrope performed the operation of cataract on the right eye, after which he recognised more easily the presence of exterior objects, but he never made use of his sight to acquaint himself with the quality of bodies. Before and after this epoch, red, white and yellow particularly attracted his attraction. The senses of relation with him were always those of smell and feeling. Latterly he recurred less frequently to smell than formerly. His desire to become acquainted with exterior objects was always very great. He examined every thing that he encountered. All his actions indicated reflection. One day the shoe maker brought him a pair of shoes which were too small for him ; his mother put them into a neighboring closet, and locked the door ; a few minutes afterwards Mitchell demanded the key of his mother by pointing towards the closet, and indicating with his hand the action of unlocking the door. His mother gratified him ; he opened it, took down the shoes, brought and placed them at the feet of a young boy who used to accompany him in his excursions, and whom they just suited. In his infancy he smelt of every one he approached. Their odor determined his affection or aversion, in the same manner as persons endowed with sight are attracted or repulsed by beauty or ugliness.

liness ; he always recognised his own clothes by their odor, and constantly refused to wear those belonging to another. Bodily exercises, such as rolling down a small hill, turning topsyturvey, floating wood, or other objects on the river that passed his father's house, gathering round and smooth stones, laying them in a circle, and placing himself in the middle, or building houses with pieces of turf, in which he left apertures, probably to imitate windows, were always to him a source of amusement. After the operation upon his right eye he could better distinguish objects ; he became more hardy in his excursions, and went alone to the distance of twelve Scottish miles, from Navin to Fort George. He passed the greater part of his time in the field and upon the road, but returned regularly for his meals ; his countenance was very expressive, and generally his natural language was not that of an idiot, but of an intelligent being. When he was hungry, he carried his hand to his mouth, and then pointed to the cupboard where the provisions were kept ; when he wished to lie down, he reclined his head on one side upon his hand, as if he wished to lay it upon the pillow. To indicate particular mechanical employments, he would imitate the gestures peculiar to each—thus a shoemaker was distinguished by extending his arms, as in the act of drawing the thread, the tailor by sewing. He was fond of riding ; he designated

that exercise by jointing his hands together and placing them under his feet, without doubt to imitate a stirrup. He made, as every body else does, the natural signs of yes and no, with the head ; he had an aversion to being kissed on the face, and if his sister sometimes did it in play, he rubbed and wiped his face with a discontented air. It is remarkable that almost all the signs that he invented were calculated for the sight of others. He appeared sensible of his inferiority in relation to this sense ; he easily recollected the signification of signs which had previously been taught. To make him comprehend the number of the days, they bent his head as a sign that he ought to go to bed so many times before the event would happen. Contentment was communicated to him by patting on the shoulder or arm ; and discontent by a quick, smart blow. He was sensible to the caresses and to the satisfaction of his parents. He appeared fond of children, and often folded them in his arms. He was naturally of a good disposition, and offended no one ; nevertheless his humor was not always equal. Sometimes he liked to frolic ; and on such occasions laughed most boisterously. One of his favorite amusements was to shut some one in a chamber or the stable ; but if he was teased much, or too long a time, he grew angry, and uttered most disagreeable cries. In general, he appeared contented with his situation. He

possessed natural courage, but always acted with prudence.

When he was quite young, he wished every day to extend his walks farther than he had done the day previous. Once he found in his route a narrow wooden bridge which crossed the river near his father's house ; he immediately placed himself on his hands and knees for the purpose of creeping over it. His father, to intimidate him, sent a man to push him into the water at a place where there was no danger, and immediately to withdraw him. This lesson produced the desired effect, and he never passed there again. Some years afterwards he still recollected this punishment, and being displeased with his little companions whilst playing in a boat attached to the shore, he caught him, plunged him into the water, and then withdrew him. He was afraid of fire, water, and cutting instruments. Dead animals never appeared to make a disagreeable impression upon him ; he even found in them an object of amusement ; but when he touched, for the first time, a dead man, (it was his father) he drew back with precipitation and alarm. He afterwards touched other dead persons without manifesting a like emotion. He knew that the dead were interred, and his sign to indicate it was slowly to lower his hand towards the earth. He had fear of death, and knowing that persons usually died in bed, he could not be prevailed to lie down

when he was sick ; and having remarked that the dead were covered with white cloths, he was alarmed when sick if a white cloth was heated. The death of his father afforded him an opportunity for observing his attachment to his parents. When the coffin, which enclosed the body of his father was exposed before the door, previous to interment, James left the house with precipitation, snuffing the air around him, probably to direct his steps. He approached the coffin, threw himself upon it, clasped it in his arms, at the same time expressing by his countenance the greatest unhappiness and chagrin. When they were about to remove the coffin, he threw himself upon it again, retained it, and they were finally obliged to tear him from it by force. A short time afterwards, his mother being indisposed, he shed tears. Whenever a member of the family was absent he manifested uneasiness. During a short time he had a sore foot, which he supported upon a stool ; a year afterwards, observing the boy that ordinarily accompanied him did not leave his chair, he felt his legs, and finding one of them bandaged, he went to the granary, and sought the stool, to place the foot of his friend upon it. In 1814 he was attacked by acute rheumatism. He was particularly fond of his elder sister, and preferred her to any other person. An aunt to whom he was also much attached, came to see them. During this time his sister was

sick, and obliged to keep her bed. Mitchell was evidently uneasy, and wished to know what had become of his sister, and signed to be conducted to her chamber, because his own sufferings would not allow him to walk unsupported. Having found his sister in bed he expressed his pleasure by squeezing her hand. Having descended to his own room, he no longer desired his aunt to remain near him, but continually made signs that she should go up stairs, wishing without doubt, thus to express his desire that she should take care of his sister. It was difficult to determine if he experienced any religious sentiments. He accompanied his parents to church, and was accustomed to kneel during family prayers. He behaved decently on such occasions, but it was difficult to determine whether it was from habit or devotion. He knew that during the time they kneeled, his father had a book, (the Bible) before him. Three months after the death of his father, an ecclesiastic who, during the life of his father had joined in the family exercises, happened to be at the house. Mitchell brought him his father's Bible, and made a sign for all the family to kneel. It is certain that he understood right from wrong. He was grieved every time he offended his sister or mother, and caressed them to regain their affections. His sentiment of self-love, or personal dignity is evident, because he would not take his regular meals among the ser-

vants in the kitchen, but would always have them in the chamber, in presence of the family ; nevertheless, if he entered before the hour for dinner, he would often demand something to eat from the cook. His desire of approbation was very marked ; he loved to be caressed ; he gave a preference to well-dressed persons ; and if he had new clothes he never was willing again to wear the old. He often destroyed or threw into the river his old clothes and shoes, to prevent his parents from compelling him to wear them. Sometimes, in a great rage, he even tore his garments to pieces. It was wished to instruct him in basket making, but a sedentary life displeased him, and, becoming tired of the employment, he threw the materials into the fire. A neighbor learnt him to smoke, and he acquired a very strong disposition for the pipe. Each time that he emptied his pipe he broke it ; to prevent a recurrence of such a catastrophe, a stronger pipe was procured him, but he refused to use it a second time. Afterwards he was put on an allowance of four pipes full of tobacco, and two new pipes daily ; so that each pipe served him twice—after which it was broken. This enjoyment sometimes excited his cunning. One day his sister signed to him to go and buy two pipes : on his return he presented her with only one ; she signified to him that he ought to have brought two. At first he appeared not to understand her ; but when

his sister pushed him from her, as a sign for him to go after the other, he drew it from his pocket, laughing immoderately. Many persons of the village of Navin, knowing his decided taste for tobacco, frequently gave him some; on his return to the house he never showed it before having received his daily allowance. I shall finish what I have to relate concerning this singular being by mentioning his idea of property. He once met upon the road a man mounted upon a horse which had been bought from his mother some weeks previous. Mitchell, according to his custom, touched the horse, appeared instantly to recognize it, and signed to the rider to dismount. He, for the purpose of discovering Mitchell's intention, obeyed, and was surprised to find that he conducted the horse to his mother's stable, took off the saddle and bridle, fed him with oats and retired, locking the door and putting the key into his pocket. It seems almost impossible to have a clearer proof of innate disposition. This young man, deprived of the two principal senses of relation, without any education, not understanding the artificial signs either for hearing or sight, nevertheless manifested the affective and intellectual faculties in a high degree, whilst many who enjoy all the exterior senses in perfection, are very limited in their mental manifestations, or are even idiots.

THE EVE OF ST. JERRY.

Dick Gossip the barber arose with the cock,
 And pull'd his breeches on ;
 Down the stair-case of wood, as fast as he could,
 The valiant shaver ran.

He went not to the country forth
 To shave or frizzle hair ;
 Nor to join in the battle to be fought
 At Canterbury fair.

Yet his hat was fiercely cocked, and his his razors in
 his pocket,

And his torturing irons he bore ;
 A staff of crab-tree in his hand had he,
 Full five feet long and more.

The barber return'd in three days space,
 And blistered were his feet ;
 And sad and peevish were his looks,
 As he turn'd the corner street.

He came not from where Canterbury
 Ran ankle-deep in blood ;
 Where butcher Jem, and his comrades grim,
 The shaving tribe withstood.

Yet were his eyes bruise'd black and blue ;
 His cravat twisted and tore ;
 His razors were with gore imbued—
 But it was not professional gore.

He halted at the painted pole,
 Full loudly did he rap,
 And whistled on his shaving boy,
 Whose name was Johnny Strap.

Come hither, come hither, young tickle-beard,
 And mind that you tell me true,
 For these three long days that I've been away,
 What did Mrs. Gossip do ?

When the clock struck eight, Mrs. Gossip went
 straight,

In spite of the pattering rain,
 Without stay or stop to the butcher's shop,
 That lives in Cleaver-lane.

I watch'd her steps, and secret came
 Where she sat upon a chair,
 No person was in the butcher's shop—
 The devil a soul was there.

The second night I spy'd a light
 As I went up the strand,
 'Twas she who ran, with pattens on,
 And a lanthorn in her hand :

She laid it down upon a bench,
 And shook her wet attire ;
 And drew in the elbow chair, to warm
 Her toes before the fire.

In the twinkling of a walking stick,*
 A greasy butcher came,
 And with a pair of bellows, he
 Blew up the dying flame.

And many a word the butcher spoke
 To Mrs. Gossip there,
 But the rain fell fast, and it blew such a blast,
 That I could not tell what they were.

The third night there the sky was fair,
 There neither was wind nor rain ;
 And again I watched the secret pair
 At the shop in Cleaver-lane.

And I heard her say, " Dick Gossip's away,
 So we'll be blithe and merry,
 And the bolts I'll undo, sweet butcher to you,
 On the eve of good St. Jerry.

" I cannot come, I must not come"—
 For shame, faint hearted snarler,
 Must I then moan and sit alone,
 In Dicky Gossip's parlor,

" The dog shall not tear you, and Strap shall not bear
 you,
 And blankets I'll spread on the stair ;

* From this line, it is to be inferred, that the oaken saplings of our ancestors rivalled in elasticity the bamboo canes of our modern dandies.

† After his master's misfortune, this gentleman settled in the north, and was the grandfather of that Strap, so honorably noticed by Smollet.

By the blood-red sherry, and holy-St. Jerry,
I conjure thee sweet butcher be there."

"Tho' the dog should not tear me, and Strap should
not hear me,

And blankets be spread on the stair,
Yet there's Mr. Parrot, who sleeps in the garret,
To my footsteps he could swear."—

"Fear not, Mr. Parrot, who sleeps in the garret,
For to Hampstead the way he has ta'en;
An inquest to hold, as I have been told,
On the corpse of a butcher that's slain.

"He turned him around, and grimly he frown'd,
And he laugh'd right scornfully,
"The inquest that's held, on the man that's been kill'd,
May as well be held on me."

"At the lone midnight hour, when hobgoblins have
power,

In thy chamber I'll appear;"—
"With that he was gone, and your wife left alone,
And I came running here."—

Then changed I trow, was the barber's brow,
From the chalk to the beet-root red,
Now tell me the mien of the butcher thou'st seen,
By Mambrino I'll smite off his head.

"On the point of his nose which was like a red rose,
Was a wart of enormous size;
And he made a great vaporing with a blue and white
apron,
And red stockings roll'd up to his thighs.

"Thou liest, thou liest, young Johnny Strap,
It is all a fib you tell,
For the butcher was taken, as dead as beacon,
From the bottom of Garisbrook-well.

"My master attend, and I'll be your friend,
I dont value madam a button;
But I heard Mistress say, dont leave, I pray,
Sweet Timothy Slaughter-mutton.

He opened the shop door, the counter he jump'd o'er,
And overturned Strap

Then bolted up the stair, where he found his lady fair,
With the Kitten on her lap.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright,—
Now hail thou barber trim,
What news from Canterbury fight,
What news from bloody Jem.

"Canterbury is red with gore,
For many a barber fell;
And the Mayor has charg'd us for evermore,
To watch the butcher's well."—

Mrs. Gossip blush'd, and her cheek was flush'd,
But the barber shook his head;
And having observ'd that the night was cold,
He tumbled into bed.

Mrs. Gossip lay and mourn'd, and Dicky toss'd and
turn'd;
And he mutter'd while half-a-sleep,
The stone is large and round, and the halter tight and
sound,
And the well thirty fathom deep.

The gloomy dome of St. Paul's struck three,
The morning began to blink,
And Gossip slept, as if his wife
Had put laudanum in his drink.

Mrs. Gossip drew wide the curtains aside,
The candle had burn'd to the socket,
And lo! Timothy stood, all cover'd with blood,
With his right hand in his pocket.

"Dear Slaughter-mutton, away," she cried,
"I pray thee do not stop"—
"Mrs. Gossip, I know, who sleeps by thy side,
But he sleeps as sound as a top.

"Near Carisbrook well I lately fell
Beneath a barber's knife;
The coroner's inquest was held on me—
But it did not restore me to life."

"By thy husband's hand, was I foully slain,
He threw me into the well,

* It seems to us an unconscionable expectation of the butcher,
that the inquest of the coroner was to restore the "vis vitæ."

And my sprite in the shop, in Cleaver-lane,
For a season is doom'd to dwell."

Love master'd fear—what brings thee here?

The Love-sick matron said,—
"Is thy fair carcase gone to pot"?—
The goblin shook his head.

"I slaughter'd sheep, and slaughter'd was,
And for breaking the marriage band,
My flesh and bones go to David Jones—
But let us first shake hands.

He laid his left fist, on an oaken chest,
And, as she cried—"don't burn us";
With the other he grasp'd her by the nose,
And scorch'd her like a furnace.

There is a felon in Newgate jail,
Who dreads the next assize;
A woman doth dwell, in Bedlam cell,
With a patch between her eyes.

The woman who dwells in Bedlam cell,
Whose reason is not worth a button,
Is the wife of the barber in Newgate jail,
Who slaughter'd Slaughter-mutton.

TRIALS OF A POET.

I had passed the afternoon with a very amiable cousin, who was to embark for Europe the next morning. Just as I was leaving the house she handed me a beautiful little scrap book, containing, among memoranda of laces and new novels, and many an extract on love and beauty, some few original pieces by her most intimate friends.

'Come, coz,' said the affectionate girl, as she gave it me, 'you must favor me with a keepsake from your lady of Helicon. Don't say no, for I'll not be denied. I'll carry it

with me as an amulet, and who knows but it may shield me from sea-sickness.'

There's no gallantry in arguing with a pretty woman; nor is there any use, for she always begins with what logicians call 'begging the question,' and ends with a positive command. I took the book, and scarcely had gained the street before I unluckily met the most quizzical friend that ever played the deuce with one's equanimity.

'Ah, Hal, he exclaimed, 'how d'ye do? Are you for the Park to-night? Cinderella, you know.'

'Not to-night,' I returned, showing him the canto.

'Ha, ha! in for it, eh? A sonnet to my dulcinea's fan? Well, bon soir, and success to your lucubrations. I sincerely hope they may not be disturbed.'

I thought I spied 'a lurking devil in his eye,' as he uttered the last words.

It was too early for tea, accordingly I strolled to the Battery. It was just such an evening as would lead a man of romantic feelings to wish for the power once displayed by Israel's chieftain 'in the valley of Ajalon,' that he might arrest the moon in her starry course, and luxuriate at will amid the softened beauty and effulgence of night. So perfect was the fascination of the scene, that I lingered on the promenade till the evening was considerably advanced before I retired to my lodgings; indeed by the time I was

fairly seated for my task it was nine. 'Lines to ——.' A long pause succeeded, during which in struggling for a rhyme I nearly annihilated my left eyebrow. The fates, or rather the muses, seemed unpropitious. The fact is, I loved my fair cousin too sincerely to attempt flattery, yet of course, nothing else but the sentimental would do on the occasion. I rose, threw up the window and looked towards the moon imploringly. I re-seated myself, whistled *Di Tanti* with a striking expression, and commenced :

There are tears for every passion,
In its weakness or its power,
But none so dear as those that mark
Affection's parting hour ;
And such, sweet one, to-morrow
Shall weeping friendship shed,
When the lingering clasp is loosened,
And the faltering farewell said.

Yet peaceful be thy sleep to-night,
And bright its passing dreams,
As the blended radiance of the skies,
That round thy casement beams ;
For thy father's heart is near thee,
And thy mother's sleepless eye,
And many a prayer for thee ascends
On many a midnight sigh.

At this crisis of my inspiration I was interrupted by a loud careless knock at my chamber door.

'Whom have we here?' said I to myself, with a scowl. 'It can't be —— ; no, that's not a gentleman's summons.'

By the way, you can always tell a well-bred gentleman by his rap ; there is an air of ease and delicacy about it, which a coarse

mind and rude hand can never imitate. It is altogether above the philosophy of a plebeian. I should like to hear Brummel touch a knocker. But this is irrelevant.

'Busy,' cried I, in a tone of the most decided impatience, 'very busy!'

'Whoever it be,' thought I, 'I'll cut him for this once.' At that instant the door opened, and in stalked a tall, sun-burnt, hard featured being, apparently about twenty-five, dressed in home-spun blue, with steel buttons, a white bell-crowned hat, and round-toed shoes. He came forward and bade me good evening with a most provoking assurance, and presenting me a billet, threw himself familiarly into a chair, as he said,

'May be you wouldn't like to read that, if I may be so bold?'

I took it and read as follows :

'To all whom it may concern : this is to certify that the bearer, Elihu Tuttle, is the son of Deacon Elnathan Tuttle, of Bethlehem ; and that he is a stirring, intelligent, and trust-worthy young man.

N. B. He has taught school in our town several winters !

'Deacon JOHN BABCOCK,

'ELIPHALET MUDGE,

Selectmen of B—.

'And pray what does this concern me?' said I, returning him his commendatory credentials.

'Why, pretty considerable,' he replied,

with a significant twitch of the left eye, 'if you know a thing or two.'

'Well, sir, will you please to let me know to what I am indebted for the favor of this visit—and that briefly, for I am very much hurried this evening.'

'He that is hurried is worried,' observed he, dryly; 'now, as for number one, I'm never in a hurry.'

'Most unquestionably, or your business had been made known before this.'

'The world was not made in a minute, you know,' and hereupon the fellow gave a prodigious yawn.

"Now, repeated I, 'I should like to know why you are here?'

'To seek my fortune, to be sure. I came from up Sound, hearin' there was fine chances for business hands in York; but 'twas all talk and no cider, as they say. I have been hither and yon—looking about all over, and though I'm real bunkum at figures, and all kinds of dickering, not a single storekeeper will hire me. But to night as I was speiring round as usual, I met a spruce clever-looking fellow, and says I, don't you want a clark? He didn't answer right away, but looked pretty deuced queer at me. At last says he, 'I can tell you who does,' and he sent me here; and, says he, 'stick to him (meaning you,) for he has advertised for a salesman. Don't be discouraged if he tells you he don't want you, for he does; so stick to him;—and I mean to.'

He then threw one leg over the table and began jerking his foot up and down, as though his very life depended on the movement.

'Advertised—salesman—looked queer—' and I mused. 'Ah, I have it—that foolish quiz, that vexatious friend of mine, has despatched this interrogation to me from sheer mischief, because he knew that I wished to be particularly *alone* this evening,' and I could not but laugh at the joke, though my patience was well nigh exhausted. While this thought was passing through my mind, the perpetual motion kept drumming on the table to the half-whistled, half-hissed tune of yankee doodle, accompanied on the floor by his other foot.

'You don't want to employ such a chap as I then?'

'And what the d—l should I employ you about,' interrupted I, with a terrible hitch in my chair, and a forlorn glance at my writing desk.

'Perhaps you don't want a salesman, since you've advertised for one—likely!'

'Really, sir, I am not a merchant, and do not stand in need of your services.'

I turned away, and endeavored to proceed with my writing, but it was an impossibility, for that everlasting whistling kept ringing in my ears, nor was there any cessation to the bobbing of that abominable foot; so I dashed down my pen, and strode to the window. Hereupon Mr. Tuttle quietly bent forward

across the table, and taking up the manuscript, with a crony-like familiarity, and a 'You write varses I guess,' he commenced reading. My lip quivered, and I felt a decided contractile disposition among the members of my right hand. But measuring my slight figure with his sinewy frame, I concluded safest not to proceed to extremities; and as for calling the watch and raising a mob, it was out of the question, so I paced the room in a very impatient mood.

'Will this fellow never leave me,' muttered I, as I paused for the fiftieth time, and scowled at the barbarian, who at that moment was leisurely examining my watch, which he had taken up, and opened to its inmost recesses. He partly overheard me, and looked up. Our eyes met, and for once he stopped drumming. If ever I longed for the power of the basilisk, it was then. I am positive I should have looked him into annihilation.

'If I am in your way I ask pardon: but you may as well tell me you want me first as last, Mister, Mis-t-e-r-what might I call your name, if I may be so bold?'

'Bored—my name is Bored, just now,' said I through my clenched teeth.

'Queer name that. Aint you akin to the Bordes of Quinepang?'

My tongue was a dead letter; I could not speak for my life; passion was absolutely choking me.

'Well, as I was saying,' continued the hor

rifier, a little struck by the folorn expression of my countenance, 'if I'm in your way I ask pardon, I'll move round a little. Dickens take me though, if the queer-looking fellow didn't tell me you'd be glad to see me, and that I should suit you to a T. If he's sent me on a fool's errand, by the Lord Harry, if I don't darken his peepers if ever I set eye on him again.'

After this explosion Mr. Tuttle fell into a brown study, and taking a pen he began writing his name, and making sundry flourishes on the very sheet—the rose-colored sheet—immortalized by the unfinished lines to my cousin. This was too outrageous, but what could I do? I tore off my stock for fear of suffocation. At this moment the ogre looked as though a new idea had occurred to him.

"May be, Mister, you're playing a carle-cue to get me cheaper, by falling into the sulks, and pretending you don't want me; but you're mistaken in your chap, I tell you. I won't take a four-pens-appany less than a hundred dollars a year and my victuals. Just think of my experience—two years was I in Deacon Babcock's store, and three years I've peddled here and there from Dan to Barsheba, just as it happened, besides teaching school, and being in the supercargo line pretty considerably. You would'nt like to hear how I got to windward of an old fellow up in 'Sopus one time! I was going along, you know, full chisel, I tell ye with my

trunk full of curiosities, when I meets a brother peddler coming out of a rich old Dutchman's lane. 'Well, Li,' says he, 'it's no use to go in there, the old man is as cross as Belzebub, and the gals are most 'mazen shy too. There's no speculation in there, Li.' 'Not as you knows on,' says I, and in I goes. There sat the old boy smoking; 'Good morning, neighbor,' says I, and a d——I a word did he answer.

But I was not to be cowed in a giffin, so says I, 'any trade to-day, friend?' 'No, not wid a tarnation Yankee.'

'Well,' says I, 's'pose you've no objection to my resting a minute, while I show the gals a thing or two that's pretty slick?' No answer. Down I sets, and all the Dutchesses looked wild, I tell you, to see what a square of curiosities I had. By and by, I contrives to drop a real cute tobacco box close side the old man. I was busy showing the curiosities, and did not seem to mind the box. By and by he picks it up, looks at it, opens and shuts it, and the like. Thinks I you're hooked, jist as slick as grease, though I did'nt seem to mind him. Last says he, 'What may you ax for dis ting?' 'Four pens-appany,' says I, 'and it's pretty cheap too, I should guess, considering.' 'It ish mine den,' says he, and he laughed in his sleeve, but I said nothing. Thinks I, you're hooked, mister. Pretty soon I sold him a jack-knife exactly after the four-pens-appany order. There

was no more play-offs about the old Dutchman; he was wide awake to trade, and so was the gals and the old woman. I knew what was what, so I sold moderate for a while, then raised little by little, gradually, and when I left the house, I was nine dollars and a pistareen better off than when I went in, with a buss from a rosy cheek, and my breakfast into the bargain! I call that trading, Mr. Bored. Now you needn't think to get me for less than I told you; I've been too long in the trading line to be out-Charleyed.'

"Mr. Tuttle, I've not the remotest wish to employ you!" said I, as soon as I recovered the use of my tongue. "So far from it, Sir, I assure you (and threw the door open as I said it) that nothing could afford me greater relief than the prospect of never seeing you again. I do desire we may be better strangers, and that speedily."

At this crisis a fulminating cigar of enormous size, given him, doubtless, by my quizzical friend, and which he had lighted while recounting his bargaining with the honest Dutchman, exploded like a pistol, just as he had poised himself on the hinder legs of his chair, with both feet mounted on the table. Over he went, and over went the table, with all its paraphernalia of books, portfolio, candles, &c. &c. A solitary lamp, burning on the mantel, escaped the general inversion, and shed a sort of twilight over the disastrous scene. One glance at the rising visage of

the revolutionist told me he was shockingly frightened, and a happy thought struck me.

"Villain!" shouted I, "do you mean to shoot and rob me in my own chamber?—Murder! watch!"

Before he had fairly recovered his feet, I snatched up a half charged fowling-piece, which stood near, and bringing it to an angle of forty-five, discharged it into the ceiling.—But I might have spared my ears the shock of the reverberation, for a heavy sound at the foot of the stairs informed me that the intruder was "stirring" in that neighborhood; and stepping to the window I caught a moon-light glimpse of a man with a white bell-crowned hat, as he shot like a ghost round an opposite corner of the street, with a brace of watchmen at his heels. I breathed freer, I revived, and, re-collecting my scattered thoughts as well as I could, I succeeded in fulfilling my cousin's request before morning.

I have met with many vexations in life—tight shoes, tight gaiters, and bad watches—have been disappointed in love, in friendship, and in my tailor—have been duped, dunned, cross-questioned by a quibbling lawyer—have been jilted in assignations, ridiculed by a flirt; eyed through a quizzing-glass by a cross-eyed dandy, and publicly collared by Hays! ('twas by mistake, gentle reader)—in a word, I have been bored with a long sermon, by a dull preacher; bored with yesterday's news and last year's anecdotes; bored in the city and

the country, by day and night; bored by friends, by strangers, and bored by my own good company—but never in my life before, have my feelings been so outraged as they were by Mr. Elihu Tuttle, of Bethlehem!

THE GREY GHOST OF THE MAELSTROM.

'Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for one acre of barren ground;'

'What have we here?' a man or a fish?

Tempest.

I sat on the poop of our honest ship
A watching the chrystal deep;
The whales and the dolphins were looking on
At the little fish playing bo-peep,
And the sea was so calm and the weather so warm
That I well nigh fell asleep.

In this abstract mood, like a merry fool
That has fuddled his wits in a bowl,
Things look'd all askant, and crooked and odd,
And the world seem'd a-losing her soul;
Fish stood on their heads, and the ship, poor jade,
Crowded sail for Captain Symmes's hole.

The breezes blew smoke, like a Dutchman's pipe,
The sea-mews and gulls flew about
And dash'd to the surface for carrion there
As tho' they would knock their brains out,
And the sea thicken'd up all greasy and red
Like a publican's dish o' crout.

My head grew up and my legs grew down
'Till they troubled the dreams of the eels
That snoozed on the bottom among the grass,
And they nibbled away at my heels;
But I kick'd the rogues such a hearty kick
That they willingly gave up their meals.

Alas,—thought I, as I looked abroad
And across the chaotic waste,—
'Tis a horrible thing for an honest man
In such strange plight to be placed;

I'd as lief be hung on a gibbet-bough
For night-owls and vultures to taste.

But a little black speck in the distant North,
Like some craft on the troubled sea—
Seem'd tugging away to mount a huge wave
That threaten'd to heave it a-lee.

Full a twelve knot course that figure run,—
Or so it appear'd to me.

'Twas a human form—the little black speck—
That had caught the cant of mine eye,
And it travell'd away at such a round rate,
That I fear'd it would hurry by ;
So I beckon'd and hail'd with a stentor voice—
"Come hither, come hither!" quoth I.

A grey old man came thumping along
On stumps of legs like staves,
And he wheel'd a barrow full of skulls
As if he'd been robbing of graves ;
It's a curious trade," said I, "old man,
To be following 'midst the waves."

The old man set his wheel-barrow down
And held out his grizzly claw,
He wanted to give me a friendly gripe
But I liked not the looks of his paw,
For his fingers they dripped with salt sea brine,
Like icicles caught in a thaw.

"Take pity, take pity," the grey man said
"For I'm weary and wet and old,
And I'm doom'd to wander the ocean about
Ten years ten thousand times told ;
I've barter'd my soul to Satan away
For a paltry glut of gold.

"Alas and alack, 't is a weary doom
To travel by night and by day,
Through hot and cold,—from South to North,
Scarce ever to halt by the way ;—
But dearly I purchased my dastard life
And dearly I've got to pay."

The grey man leaped from the top of his wave
And sat on my windward side,

For fear of losing his timber hold,
 He clapp'd his old shanks astride;—
 O,—he smell'd so strong of brimstone fire
 That I gave him a berth full wide.

Like a spaniel just out of the surf
 The old man shook his locks,
 And the carbuncles rattled about his ears
 Like dice in a gamester's box;
 He heaved a sigh so dismal and deep
 'Twould have melted the heart of rocks.

You may dare to face a howitzer's mouth,
 You may brave a wild beast's rage,
 And you'll know less dread with the first or last
 Than this old sea-elf—I'll wage;
 Yet he seem'd such a downright sociable ghost
 That I flinched not from his gage.

'Shipmate' quoth I, 'If you've aught to say,
 Just drop all palaver and stuff
 And come to the point, like a hearty old boy,
 And tell 'till you've told enough;
 You shall have sea-room, 'till you've spun your
 yarn,
 And then have leave to luff.'

The grey man peer'd with his rat-like eye,
 And tuck'd a fresh quid in his cheek;
 You'd fear to look on that devilish face
 As he open'd his chops to speak;—
 But the ship just then gave a playful lurch
 And threw the old chrone a-peek.

"Sailor," quo' he, as he righted himself,
 "Have courage and listen to me;
 I'll tell you a tale of daring and dread,—
 A tale of the broad salt sea;
 And when I have done you shall wonder, sir tar,
 How I scaped from the gallows-tree.

"Look off to the West, young mariner,
 And you'll find my handy work,
 "Look away to the East, and there again
 I have cheated both Jew and Turk,
 In the furthestmost seas of North and South
 Full oft would my cunning lurk.

" But America's coast was the fruitful field
 Where my genius was wont to drift,
 And the honest craft that roam'd abroad
 In search of their scanty thrift,
 Have witness'd the daring of this hard hand
 And sped from many a lift.

" A thousand of leagues from that barren shore
 Is a little brown isle in the sea
 Whose monarch was king of America then
 But a sorry old king was he;
 The chieftain had gold,—but he lack'd of wit
 When he sent a bold ship for me.

" They call'd me hard names—those British
 clowns,
 And they swore I should make 'em a roast.—
We must pocket, quo' they--this thousand of crowns,
 So they drove me about the coast
 Like a poor sea-fowl—to seize me alive;
 But the rascals had nothing to boast.

" I shew 'em a trial of skill and of speed
 As oft as they wanted such fun,
 But at last they gave up their chase, poor fools,
 And I gave 'em a parting gun.—
He's leagued with the devil, said George's men,
 To the devil then let him run.

Belay, belay, grey man, cried I,
 For day-break is hurrying on.
 " Aye, aye, young man," quo' the old sea-knave,
 " I'll finish my splice and begone;—
 This barrow of skulls is a riddle to thee,
 But I'll make it plain anon.

" For the pelf that I shared on earth's broad face
 I gave my eternal soul,
 To the devil, my master, and I bargain'd too,—
 When I signed that horrible scroll,
 That my person or fortune for four-score years
 No mortal should ever control.

" Those fourscore years had come and gone,
 I was yet of the living and free,
 But my days and my hours were cheerless now,

And earth had no charms for me ;
 So I brail'd up my duds for the last—last time,
 And I hail'd for Norway's sea.

" On that frozen coast is a fearful chasm,
 Some dozen leagues in girth,
 Whose vortex hath swallowed many a tar
 Asleep in his midnight berth ;
 'Twas there that I met a seaman's grave,
 And bade a farewell to earth.

" Yon Maelstrom's whirl, young mariner,
 Is the door to old Pluto's hall ;—
 Sneer not,—for you'll rue the luckless hour
 That you give him so sudden a call.
 So you pass that way—behave yourself,
 Or he'll grapple you—cargo and all.

" So ho, sir knave, of the upper seas,
 You have dropp'd down stream at last.
 Said the devil to me as I tumbled in,—
But whither away so fast ?
 I have come, said I, at your worship's will,
 To serve you for favours past.

" I am wanting of fuel, the devil said,
 For my oven is getting amiss ;—
 If your will is to serve me for favours past,
 You'll find no lack labour in this,—
*There's a barrow,—go search for human skulls
 In the ocean's vast abyss.*

" If you're weary of work you may lie you down
 On the sea's broad bottom to rest,—
 Upon fishes' bones and pebbles and shells,
 'Tis a rough but a quiet some nest ;—
 I'll wage you a soul, in a cent'ry or so
 You'll swear it is none but the best.

" Ten millions and one of these loads I've wheel'd,
 Yet scarce is my labour begun.
 A bonny brisk fire they make, these skulls,—
 But avast,—there's the coming sun."
 The old chrone plung'd in the dark blue waves,
 As I roused at the morning gun.

" What cheer on the poop ?" cried my shipmates all.
 Faith, they munch'd up my dream like a quid ;

And o' nights they hug up their greasy bunks
 Like the splice of a rope round a fidd,
 For I made 'em believe that this old sea-elf,
 Was the ghost of the pirate Kidd.

THE GHOST OF KILSHEELAN.

* * * *

'Then you have not, I perceive,' said I,
 'any great respect for an informer.'

'Respect!' cried the coachman, 'not the devil a respect—but as this is a long stage, I will tell you a story about what we call an informer, and which I know to be a real truth in a manner.

'It's something more than forty, or five-and-forty years ago, that there lived in Kilsheelan, in this very county of Tipperary, a real old gentleman—he was one Major Blennerhasset—one of the real old Protestants. None o' your upstarts that come in with Cromwell or Ludlow, or any o' the black-guard biblemen o' them days—for the only difference of a bibleman now, sir, and the biblemen o' former times, was just this, that Cromwell's biblemen used to burn us out of house an' home, while the biblemen now only tell us that we are goin' to blazes—so, your honor, you see they were determined to fire us one way or another. Well, as I was telling you, Major Blennerhasset was a real old Protestant, and though he'd curse, an' swear, an' d—n the Papists when he'd be in a passion, the devil a one of him would be ever af-

ter' turnin' us out of our little holdings, supposin' we were two, or three, or may be five gales in arrear.

"Now you may be sure that all the boys were distracted one morning, to hear that the Major was found with his throat cut from ear to ear, in a most unhandsome manner. There wasn't a Papist in the parish but knew that he hadn't a hand in it—for the Major was as dead as a door-nail, or Queen Elizabeth. There wasn't a neighbor's child in the entire barony that wasn't up at the Major's big house in no time, to hear "how the poor master's throat was cut," and when they saw him, it was plain to be seen that the Major didn't do it himself—for there was the poor right hand cut in two nearly, and such a gash as he had in his throat, they all said, couldn't be given by himself because the Major, it was well known, wasn't *kithogued* (left handed.) Besides that, there was an old gold watch gone, an' his bonds, an' what money he had in the house, along with a £500 note.

"To be sure, the magistrates had an inquest, an' pretty work they made about it—an' may be the newspapers didn't make fine talk about it—they never stopped for three months sayin' 'all the Protestants in Tipperary were murdered by the Papists,' and so on, till this peaceable county was under the Insurrection Act, an' then to be sure they never stopped transportin' us—an' all this was by raison of a decent gentleman's throat being

cut by some blackguard or another. At all events there was no makin' head nor tail o' the Major's murder till comin' on the assizes, when two young innocents—one Jack Carey, and one Bill Dorney, were taken up for it. My father knew the two chaps well, and except that they didn't care what they did to come round a girl, he often told me, that milder, nor innocenter, nor modester, nor partier behaved boys he had never seen. The people, in fact, were sure they would be acquitted till they heard that Lord Norbury was comin' the circuit, and then they gave it up as a bad job.

“At last the day o' trial came, an' to the surprise an' wonderment of every body, who should get up on the table, an' take the book in his hand, to swear away the lives of poor Jack Carey and Bill Dorney but one Kit Cooney! Now, Kit, you must know, was the only creature that lived with the Major—for the Major was an ould bachelor—and Cooney fled the country after the Major was murdered, an', in troth, every one thought that it was he who did the Major's *business*—for he wasn't the best of character at any time, an' every one was wondering why the Major let him live with him, at all, at all. Up Kit got on the table, as bould as a lion, an' he swore hard an' fast as a trooper, that Dorney and Carey murdered the Major in his bed, and that he himself, Kit Cooney, the vagabond, agreed to join them in doin' so,

but that he repinted of it, and wouldn't lay a hand on the ould man; but ran away to Dublin, when it was all over, and tould the *Polis* there all about it. He was, you see, sir, a king's evidence, an informer, and, in short, he hung the two men.

"The truth was, Cooney had the Dublin *Polis* magistrates to back him out, an' the two poor boys wouldn't prove an *alibi* at all—but this indeed I often heard their friends say, that if the two gassoons liked it they could have proved *alibis* for them in twenty different places, all at the same time, and each o' them forty miles away from the murder; besides that the two boys themselves could shew, as clear as day light, where they really were the night the Major was murdered. The fact was, it was said, that Carey and Dorney were doing something that night they didn't want the priest to know any thing about. At all events, they might have let such evidence alone, for they'd have been hung on Kit Cooney's *affidav*y at any rate. They, to be sure, said they were innocent, and the people believed them—the judge said they were guilty, and the jury believed *him*, and the two young men were hung accordingly. This, Sir, I was tellin' you, happened five an' forty year ago, and just like the present times, Cooney knew the country too well to stop in it—at best, he was but an *in'ormer*, an' Tipperary is a spot that was alw^{ays} counted too hot for them kind of rapscallions. It wasn't

for many years afther, that he was heard of, an' the way that mention was made of him was just thus.

"It was, you see, about six and twenty years next Holy-Eve night, that my aunt Bid-dy—an' it's from her own son I have the story, which is next to knowin' it myself; it was on that very night (an' it's a night that's mighty remarkable entirely for quare stories of the good people)—that she was standin' at the door of poor ould Major Blennerhasset's house that was, and lookin' out to see what in the world was keepin' Paddy (that was her husband's name) so long at the Market of Golden—for it was market day in Golden,) when she seen a well-dressed, farmer-like man, with clothes on him that looked as if they were made in Dublin—you see, they hadn't the Tipperary cut upon them, at all. And there was this decentish ould man standin' right opposite her on the road, an' lookin' terrible narrow at the house. Well, she thought nothin' at all o' that; for it's few people could pass the road without stoppin' to look at the Major's house, it was such an out o' the way big one to be so near the high road. 'God save you, ma'am,' says he. 'God save you kindly, sir,' says she. 'It's a could night,' says he. 'Tis,' says she, 'will you come in an' take an air of the fire?' 'I will,' says he. So she brought him down to the kitchen, an' the first thing she remarked was, that she forgot to tell him of an ug-

ly step, that lay in his way, an' that every body tripped over, if they weren't tould of it, or didn't know it well before.

"And yet, without a trip or a jostle, but smooth, and smack clean like herself, the stranger walked down stairs before her. 'By my sowkins,' said she to herself, 'you were here before my good man, whoever you are, an' I must keep my eye upon you'—and then she talks out to him, 'are you dry or hungry?' says she. 'No, but I'd like a drink o' buttermilk,' says he. 'Why then, I'll get that same for you,' says she; 'what countryman are you?' 'Then, to tell you the truth,' says he, 'I'm a Connaughtman.' 'Why then you have'nt a bit o' the brogue,' says she, 'but talk English almost entirely as well as myself.' 'Oh!' says he, 'I was in Dublin polishing off the brogue.' 'That accounts,' says she, 'for the fine accents you have—were you ever in these parts before?' 'Never,' says he. 'That's a lie,' says she to herself, 'but I'll go and fetch you a noggin o' the buttermilk.' 'Thank'ee,' says he. You see she left him sitting in the kitchen, and while she went for the buttermilk, which was to a pantry like, off the kitchen, an' while she was there, she saw the stranger put his hand to the second brick, in the hob, take out some little parcel and run it into his breeches pocket. While he was doin' this, she saw his little black ferret-eyes, that were not longer in appearance nor a hawk's, but

were bright and glistenin' and dazzlin' like them, wheelin' all round the kitchen, to see if any one was watching him. In a minute she knew the gallows-look of him—it was Kit Cooney, that had hung her own flesh an' blood, till they were high an' dry as a side o' bacon. To be sure, the poor woman was frightened enough, but she was very stout, an' didn't let on, an' accordingly, she came out with the noggin, an' when he drank it off, she sat down opposite him, an' asked him would he stop the night, as her husband would be home in a few minutes, an' would be glad to see any one that could tell him about the castle, an' the parliament house, an' the bridges, an' the lord-mayor, an' all the fine sights of Dublin.' 'No, thank'ee,' says he, 'I must be in Golden to night—I've got all I wanted from you.' 'Faith you have,' says she to herself again, 'but whatever it is, it's more nor a drink o' buttermilk.'

"Well, Sir, the man left her, an' she sat down waitin' for her husband, quite melancholy like, an' wonderin' what in the world it was that Cooney had taken from behind the hob; she sarched it mighty cutely, but if she was looking from that day to this, not a ha'p'orth she could find, but an empty hole, an' nothing in it.

"Ten o'clock struck—eleven o'clock struck, and no Paddy was yet come home—so to comfort herself, she sat down to make a cup of tay, an' to make it strong she deter-

mined to put a *stick* (a glass of whiskey) in it. She had the bread and the butter, an' the whiskey bottle, an' the tay-pot laid comfortably on the settle-bed, an' there she was sittin' on a *creepeen* (little stool) beside it, when the clock struck 12—the very instant it did, she heard the drawing-room door open—an'—tramp—tramp—tramp, she heard two feet comin' down stairs—an' whack—whack—whack, went a stick against the bannisters, as if somebody, who was lame, was hobbling down to her, as well as his two legs on a stick would carry him. To be sure, the poor woman was frightened enough—she knew it could not be Paddy; for if he had a stick in his fist, he would be more likely to knock against a man's head than an ould wooden bannister. 'The Lord save us!' says she to herself, 'is this Kit Cooney comin' back to massacre me.' 'Ha! Ha!' She then called out, 'You vagabone, whoever you are, don't be afraid to shew your face to an honest woman than ever your mother was.' Devil an answer she got. 'Oh,' says she, 'may be it's nobody at all—I'll take another cup of tea at any rate.' She had just filled it out, an' put the second stick in it, an' was mixin' it with a spoon, when she turned up her eyes, an' who in the world should she see leaning over the settle-bed, an' looking quite cantankerous, an' doleful at the same time at her, but the Major himself!!! There he was in the very same dress that she had seen

on him the very last day he was out with the Tipperary militia.

He had on him a cocked hat, that was, at least three feet broad, an' two gold bands on it, that were glistening as grandly as if they had only that minute come out o' the shop, an' had never got a drop of rain on them—then he had a large black leather stock on his neck, an' a grand red officer's coat, that between the green that it was turned up with an' the gold that was shinin' all over it, you could hardly tell what color it was—his shirt was as fine as silk, an' fringed with beautiful tuckers—an' then, the leather breeches on his thin ould legs were as white as the driven snow, an' his boots that came up to his knee were as black an' polished as a crow's neck. The Major, in fact, was dressed out in the very shute that he went up to Dublin to get made for himself, an' that he never wore, barrin' it was on the king's birth day, or the like. To be sure, poor Biddy, who knew that the Major was buried many a long year ago, an' knowin' too right well that she got drunk—with grief—at his wake, was *spifficated*, an' in fact, Sir, completely *nonplushed* with admiration, when she saw him standing before her in his best clothes. She hadn't time to say, 'God save you kindly,' to him, when he said to her,

" 'So, Biddy, a man cant walk down his own stairs, that was, without your abusin' him like a pick pocket, an' callin' him names.

Little thought I, I'd ever hear your mother's daughter call poor ould Major Blannerhasset, that was a friend to you an' yours, a vagabone. It's 'asy knowin' it's in my grave I am, an' not here, or you'd cut the tongue out o' your ugly head, before you'd dare to say such a word to me, you drunken blackguard.'

" 'Oh then, Major, says Biddy, 'sure enough if I knew that it was you, that was in it, I'd be the biggest o' vagabones to call you names, but how in the world was I to think, that you'd be walkin' like a *white boy* at this unseasonable hour o' the night?'

" 'O then, Biddy, if you knew how glad I am to get a walk, you would'nt wonder at my walkin' whenever I'd be let—may be you'd be glad to stretch your limbs yourself, if they were after being cramped twenty-five years in a cold grave; but how is Paddy?'

" 'He is mighty well, thank'ee, Major.'

" 'How many children have you, betwixt you?'

" 'Only ten, Major.'

" 'What's become of them?'

" 'Why then, its good o' you to ask after them, Major. Then to tell you the truth, my four girls are married, and have three children each—two o' my boys were hanged in the *risin'* in 98—three more were transported because their brothers were hung for that same—an' my younger son is in the hospital from an accident he met with at the last fair o' Golden, when one of the Kinneal-

Ties broke his leg with a blow o' a stone, because he was fighten' as well as his shillelah would let him, for the Hogans, who you know yourself are our cousin germans or his own. But, Major, I'm sorry to see you look so delicate; is there any thing the matter with you?"

" 'Any thing the matter with me! why then Biddy, you're enough to drive a man mad. It's no wonder Paddy often gives you a *moloo roguing* (beating); any thing the matter with me? Bluran-ounty-fish, am'nt I been dead and buried? What worse could be the matter with a man nor that? Besides I'm cruel dry; my mouth is filled with saw dust that was put in my coffin, an' I did not taste a drop o' wine, malt, or spirits this many a day.'

" 'Why then, Major,' said she, 'may be you'd take a cup o' tay with me—I've some green in the house.'

" 'Oh! hold your tongue, Biddy, or you'll drive me ragin' mad entirely, and then I might disremember what brought me here. You couldn't take much tay yourself, if you met with such an accident as that in your gullet. Look at me,' says the major, taking off his leather stock, am'nt I just like an ould turkey cock on Friday, that you were goin' to dress for my dinner a Sunday. Wouldn't this be a purty throat to go to a tay party?' And as he sa'd this, the major loosed his stock, and then sure enough, upon the sight of that, Biddy didn't wonder that he held his

head steady with one of his hands, for fear it might fall off his shoulders entirely.

"'Oh Major,' says she, 'its plain to be seen that they were takin' the head off you—bad luck to their hands that did the same for you !'

"'Amen !' says the Major, 'an' high hangin' on a windy day to them too—but the dirty rascal, you see Biddy, that did that is still walkin' the face o' the earth—he hung your innocent nephews for it too—but I won't have my walk for nothin', Biddy, if you remember what I'm goin' to say to you. Do you know who was here to-night ? It was Kit Cooney. Now mind my words. You seen him take somethin' out o' the hob to-night—that was a purse o' mine as full o' guineas as the Cat'lic church is full o' saints ; and it was Cooney put it there, after killing me, an' my blood is on the purse still—and you recollect he swore on my trial that he got none o' my money. Now, the living scoundrel, at this very minute he has my gold watch in his fob, with my own name on it and that five hunder pound note, that my cousin was more sorry for the loss of than he was o' myself—that is this very minute in the inside o' my gold watch, and my name's on it ; the villain was afraid by reason o' that to change the note ever since. Let you and Paddy follow him now to Golden—you will find him in a *shebeen* house there—charge him with this murder, an' tell what I say to him ;

an' let him take my word for it that I'll never stop walkin' till I see him walk to the gal-lows—an' Biddy, now that you mayn't be thinkin' this is a drame you have, here's a guinea that I saved out of the fire an' I'll make you a present of it.'

" 'Thank'ee, Major,' says she, 'you were always very good to me.' So she held out her hand to him for the golden guinea he was goin' to give her—her heart leaped up to her mouth when she saw it, for it was as shinin' and yellow as a buttercup in a green field on a May morning.

" 'There it's for you,' says he 'hold it fast an' don't forget I was with you.' With that she shut her hand on the guinea; an' the minute she closed her fingers on it she thought the hand was burnt off her.

" 'Oh Major,' says she, 'you've murdered me entirely.'

" 'Ah! what major are you talkin' of?' called out Paddy, who who was that moment come home and found Biddy jumpin' and skippen' round the kitchen like a mad dog, or a young kitten.

" 'What, Major,' answered Biddy, 'why the ould Major, that was here this minute.' 'It's drunk you are or a drammin'?' said Paddy. 'Why then, if I am,' said Biddy, 'look in the tay cup, an' you'll find the Major's guinea, that I threw there to cool it—by the powers, it has burnt the finger an' thumb off me.'

"With that, Paddy went to the cup, an' instead of a guinea, he found nothin' but a smokin' cinder. If Biddy took her oath of it, nothing would persuade Paddy but that she was drammin' till she told him o' Kit Cooney bein' there, an' all the Major said to her.

"Well, the upshot of it was, that Paddy and Biddy went to the priest and tould him all that happened, an' the priest went to a magistrate—Mr. Fitzgibbon, that he knew had a spite to the father o' the magistrate, that took Kit Cooney's swearing against Carey an' Dorney.

"But as I'm near the end o' my stage, I must be short with my story; Cooney was arrested by Mr. Fitzgibbon, an' the watch, an' the five hundred pound note were found exactly as the ghost tould Biddy; and Mr. Fitzgibbon an' the priest never let Cooney alone till he owned the murder, and that the two poor boys, who by this time should be the father of fourteen, or fifteen children a piece, were completely innocent. Cooney was accordingly hung at the next assizes, an' there wasn't a Carey nor a Dorney in Tipperary, that wasn't at the hangin' in Clonmel. As to that, we have avenged ourselves well on them Cooneys; for at the last fair of Thurles, the Careys gave three Cooneys such a thrashin', that it will be a mighty quare thing entirely, if one o' the three live to see next Christmas day. Take my word for it, that

the worst kind o' cattle in Ireland are the informers, but this your honour, is the town of Callen. I don't go any farther—I hope you won't forget myself, that's both guard and driver."

ELLENORE.

At break of day from frightful dreams,
Upstart Ellenore;
My William, art thou slain she sayde,
Or dost thou love no more?

He went abroad with Richard's host
The paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writ,
An he were sick or well.

With Blow of Trump and thump of drum
His fellow soldyers come,
Their helms badeckt with oaken boughs,
They seek their long'd-for home.

Thank God, their wives and children sayde,
Welcome the Brides did saye,
But greet or kiss gave Ellenore,
To none upon that daye.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the grounde,
In furious despair.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arm,
"My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!"

"O mother, mother! William's gone,
What's all besyde to me?
There is no mercie, sure above!
All, all, were spared but he.

Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
In endless darkness die;

Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorn the skie."

And so despair did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins,
Against the Providence of God
She hurld her impious strains.

She beat her breast, and wrung her hands,
And rolde her tearless eye,
From rise of morn, till the pale stars
Again orespred the skye.

When harke! abroade she herde the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed steed
She herde a knight with clank alights
And climbe the stair in speed.

And soon she herde a tinkling hand,
That twirled at the pin;
And thro her door that opened not
These words were breathed in.

"What ho! what ho! thy door undo;
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember me,
And dost thou laugh or weepe?"

"Ah! William here so late at night!
Oh! I have wachte and wak'd:
Whense art thou come? For thy return
My heart has sorely ak'd."

"At midnight only may we ride;
I come ore land and see:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse and come with mee."

"O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace;
The blasts across the hawthorn hiss;
Awayte a little space."

"The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss
I may not harbor here;
My spurs are sett, my courser pawes,
My hour of flight is nara.

" All as thou lyest upon thy couch
 Aryse and mount behinde;
 To-night we'll ride a thousand miles,
 The bridal bed to finde."

" How, ride to night a thousand miles?
 Thy love thou dost bemock:
 Eleven is the stroke that still
 Rings on within the clock."

" Looke up; the moon is bright, and we
 Outstride the earthly men;
 I'll take thee to the bridal bed;
 And night shall end but then "

*" And where is then thy house, and home,
 And bridal bed so meet?"

" 'Tis narrow, silent, chilly, low,
 Six planks, one shrouding sheet."

" And is there any room for me,
 Wherein that I may creep?"

" There's room enough for thee and me,
 Wherein that we may sleepe."

" All as thou lyest upon thy couch
 Aryse, no longer stop;
 The wedding-guests thy coming wayte,
 The chamber door is ope."

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
 Upon his horse she sprung;
 And with her lily hands so pale
 About her William clung.

And hurry-scurry off they go
 Unheeding wet or dry;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
 Aright, aleft, are gone
 The bridges thunder as they pass
 But earthly sounes is none.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
 Splash, splash, across the see;

"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with me?"

The moon is bright, and blue the night;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder mayd, to seeke the dead?"
"No, no, but what of them?"

How glumly sounes yon dirgy song!
Night ravens flappe the wing.
What knell doth slowly toll ding dong?
The psalms of death who sing?

Forth creepes a swarthy funeral train;
A corse is on the biere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chaunting meete the eere.

"Go beare her corse when midnight's past
With song, and tear bewail;
I've got my wife, I take her home,
My hour of wedlock hail!

Lead forth O clarke the chaunting quire,
To swelle our spousal song;
Come, preest, and reade the blessing soone
For our dark bed we long."

The bier is gone, the dirges hush;
His bidding all obeye,
And headlong rush thro' briar and bush,
Beside his speedy waye.—

Halloo! halloo! how swift they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and riders smort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly,

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
Aright, aleft are gone!
By hedge and tree, by thoras and tower,
They gallop, gallop on.

Tramp, tramp across the land they speede;
Splash, splash across the see;
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?"

Look up, look up an airy crew
 In rounded daunces reele ;
 The moone is bright, and blue the night,
 May'st dimly see them wheele.

Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew
 Come to, and follow me,
 And daunce for us the wedding daunce
 When we in bed shall be."

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew
 Came wheeling on their heads,
 And rustling like the withered leaves
 That wide the whirlwind spteads.

Halloo ! halloo ! away they go,
 Unheeding wet or dry ;
 And horse and rider snort and blow,
 And sparkling pebbles fly.

And all that in the moonsyhe lay,
 Behind them fled afar ;
 And backward scudded over head
 The skie and every star.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede ;
 Splash, splash across the see ;
 " Hurrah ! the dead can ride apace ;
 Dost feare to ride with mee ?

I weene the cocke prepares to crowe ;
 The sand will soene be run ;
 I snuffe the early morning air ;
 Downe, downe, our work is done.

The dead, the dead can ride apace :
 Our wed bed here is fit :
 Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
 Our endless union knit."

And lo ! an yron grated gate
 Soon biggens to their view ;
 He crackde his whyppe ; the locks, the bolts,
 Cling, clang, asunder flew.

They passe, and t'was on graves they trodde :
 " 'Tis hither we are bound ;"

And many a tombstone ghaatly white
Lay in the moonshyne round.

And when he from his steed alytte,
His armure, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.—

His head became a naked scull:
Nor hair nor eye had he:
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blithe of ble.

And at his dry and honey heel
No spur was left to bee;
And in his wither'd hand you might,
The scythe and hour-glass see.

And lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
And charnel-fires outbreathe
And pal'd, and bleachde, then vanishde quite
The mayde from underneathe.

And hollow howlings hung in air,
And shriekes from vaults arose:
Then knew the mayd she might no more—
Her living eyes uncloze.

But onward to the judgment-seat
Thro mist and moonlight dreare
The ghostly crew their flight persewe
And hollowe in her eare.

“Be patient, tho thyne herte should breke
Arrayne not heaven's decree;
Thou nowe art of thy bedie rest
Thy soul forgiven bee!”

AN AWFU' LEEING-LIKE STORY.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

‘Gude forgi’e us, Mr. Sholto, is this you?
Sic a fright as I got! What for are ye gaein

staumrin' amang the dead fo'ke's graves, at this time o' night?"

'Hark ye, Andrew, you are an honest man.'

'Thank ye, sir.'

'I think I can trust you with a hint; for if I cannot trust you, I know of no other on whom I can depend. I was thinking of opening a grave to-morrow night.'

'If I war you, I wadna do that, Mr. Sholto. Ay, ay! an' has your desperate fortune driven you to be a doctor, an' ye're gaun to study the mussels?"

'What is your opinion, Andrew, about my uncle's will—do you believe that he executed one in my favor.'

'Eh? what has that to do wi' howking up the dead? I ken he made a will in your favor an' carried it very muckle in his pouch—the warst place that it could be deposited in; for you were wild, an' he was auld an cross—an' I fear he has brunt it, an' ye'll never be a plack the better o' a' his riches. Your cousin, Lord Archibald, has got it, and he'll keep it. But L——sauf us? What are ye gaun to howk up the dead for?"

"Why, Andrew, you may perhaps account it a foolish fancy; but a desperate man is often driven to desperate expedients. What would you think if my uncle had taken that will to the grave wi' him?"

"I wadna wonder a bit. But then there's this to consider. How was he to get it to the grave wi' him? The coffin was na made

till after he was dead; an' wad it no' rather pinch him to get haud o' the will after that?"

"I have very powerful reasons for suspecting that my uncle's will has been deposited in his coffin by some interested person, or bribed person; else, what has become of it? It could scarcely have been burnt at this season, because there were no fires in the house, save that in the kitchen, where there would have been too many witnesses. But if his will was in his pocket, and his clothes in the room, it was an easy matter, to slip the deed into the coffin. Now, Andrew, will you assist me in making the search?"

"The deila bit, sir. I daurna; an' troth, I think your powerful reasons no reasons at a'."

"I have other reasons than these, Andrew, which I'm not at liberty to tell."

"Then, if ye wanna tell them, ye shall haw the dead out o' his grave yoursell, for me. The truth is, that I hae a particular aversion at dead fo'k; but I wad venture gay-en far for a secret like that."

"What was your opinion of my father, Andrew?"

"He was a very honest, good-natured, simple man; but he had a fault—an' an unco bad ane, toe."

"A fault? What do you mean, Andrew—what was it?"

"O, it was an ill fault, sir. He was useless. He never had the power to do a good turn either to himsell, or any other body."

"Do you think my father will be in Heaven, Andrew?"

"Eh!—Hem! I cou'dna sir. It is rather a kittle question, Mr. Sholto. I hope he is, however; but wadna say ower far. Good night, sir. I wadna open the grave, an I war you. It will may be bring the law down on your head."

'Stop, stop, Andrew. I cannot do without your assistance, so I must tell you every thing. You know my father was an honest and a truthful man while on earth, and would not have told a lie, with his knowledge.—Now, my father has appeared to me, and told me in plain and direct terms, that my rights are lying in that grave.'

'Mr. Sholto, I'm feared that your misfortunes have disarranged your mind—that's putten you a wee daft, as it war; or else you're telling me a fib, to induce me to assist you in an unlawful deed. Ye surely dinna pretend to say that your father really appeared to you in his bodily shape, and gae you this piece of intelligence?'

'Again and again in his bodily shape has he appeared to me, and told me this. I saw him as plainly as I see you, and heard his words as distinctly as I hear yours.'

'Alas, I fear the mind has been wandering. But even suppose it has, I can hardly blame you for making the attempt, for even an ideal hint frae a parent beyond the grave has an impression wi't. But they said your uncle was buried in an iron chest.'

‘ So he was, but I have the key of it ; for though not the lineal heir, I was the nearest of kin, and the burial place is mine. So now, good Andrew, pray assist me ; and if I succeed in procuring the rights to my uncle’s property and riches, which you know should all have been mine, your reward shall be liberal.’

‘ We’ll do it in open day, then, an’ I will assist you. The burial ground is your ain, an’ I dinna see how any body can hinder you to delve in it as muckle as you like ; but as to assisting you in the howe o’ the night, I fear my conscience wadna stand it.’

‘ We will not be suffered to do it by day. The church officers would have us taken up for violating the sepulchres of the dead. And, moreover, I want to have it done most secretly, for fear of disappointment, for I have no doubt but that Lord Archibald knows very well whers the deed is deposited. And now I have all the mattocks prepared, so dear Andrew, let us proceed.’

After much hesitation, and bargaining for an yearly salary, Andrew consented, and the two fell to work about nine o’clock on an October night. There was a tall iron railing round the cemetery, with pike on the top as sharp as needles, and of this Sholto had the key, which likewise opened the iron chest in which the coffin was deposited ; for Sholto’s mother was sister to the deceased, and retained her right in that, without being able to realize any thing beside. The two adven-

turers, therefore, weened themselves quite safe from any surprise; and Andrew, being well accustomed to work with pick and spade, wrought away strenuously and successfully, while Sholto could make him but little help. But during all the time, Andrew stipulated that Sholto himself was to search the coffin, for he said, that into contact with a dead man, at the howe o' the night, for the saul o' him he durst not come.

It was a laborious task, for the grave was deep, and until once the whole of the earth was cleared away, the lid of the iron chest could not be raised so straight up so as to let the coffin out. They at last effected it: the lock was opened, and the lid set straight up, leaning against the side of the grave; and just while both their heads were down, as they were striving to unscrew the coffin-lid, the corpse within gave three or four sharp angry raps at the head of the coffin, right above the face.

'L—— sauf us!' What was that?' cried Andrew.

'Was it not you?' returned the other.

'Na. It wasna me,' rejoined the frightened menial, his whole frame and tongue becoming rigid with terror.

'Why, you ridiculous old bumpkin, do you mean to fright me away from the prize, now that it is so nearly attained; do not I know that it was you, and that it could be no one else?'

'As I live and breathe, and look up to Heaven, it was not me,' said Andrew.

'Come, come, no more fooling. Begin and work—we shall be at our wit's end in a few seconds.'

'I wish I were sure that I warna at mine, already. Come away—come away out o' this place, for the sake o' Heaven!'

'Why, fool, how is it possible my uncle can be alive in that chest till now, with all that iron and earth above him? But, say that he were, would we not be the most hard hearted and inexcusable sinners, were we to go away and not let him out.'

'Let him out! d'ye say? L——, an he war to rise out there even now, I wad dee i' this spot. Maister Sholto—Maister Sholto! As I live an' breathe, (an' it's a' ane can ken) I thought I heard him laugh!'

'Laughing?'

'Ay—smirkin' a kind o' suppressed laugh at me.'

'I cannot comprehend this. On my soul, I believe I heard some living sounds. Fall on and work, I beseech you.'

But Andrew had dropped his mattocks into the grave, and working was over with him for that night. He, however, began to stoop and grope for his screw-driver, while Sholto fell to the coffin again with eager but unpractised hands. At this juncture, while Andrew's head was down, and Sholto fumbling about the lid, the raps on the coffin-lid were

repeated, accompanied by these words, in an angry tone—

‘Who’s there? What do you want?’

Andrew roared out in bellowings so short, loud, and energetic, that they were enough to awaken the dead, and breasting up from the deep against the loose mould, it gave way with him, and he fell back flat into the grave. ‘Rattle,’ quoted the coffin, and that instant Andrew felt the weight of a giant above him, while a dead cold hand seized him by the throat, and a voice of terror uttered these ominous words close to his ear :

‘You —— villian, I have caught you!’

Andrew offered no resistance. He cried out as long as he had any voice, and when that failed him, he was passive, every joint of his body becoming as supple as a wet clout, and from thenceforward he was deprived of all sense or feeling, and knew not what the dead man was doing with him, whether he was dragging him into the coffin beside himself, or away to that dreadful place appointed for the habitation of wicked men; but, certes, he had a sort of half feeling that he was being dragged away to some place or other.

Andrew’s next appearance must be taken from the description of others. It was in a sort of prison, or watch-house, in which there was a dim light, and a number of hideous figures stalking to and fro, but to none of them would Andrew utter a word. It was in vain that they asked questions of him, for

his mind was not there; and he only stared about him with looks so wild, that he made the motly community bray out in laughter. The first words that he said, and that was long after his admission, were, 'Where is he himself;' meaning the devil, as some supposed, but perhaps with more probability the baron whom he had awakened from the dead, for he had supposed all that while that he was in h—l.

Sholto was first examined, who stubbornly declined all explanation of his motives, and appeared in the deepest distress imaginable. But when Andrew was brought in before the judge, a most novel and ludicrous scene was enacted. Andrew was still deranged in his mind, and so completely deprived of judgment, that he seemed to entertain no idea in what place he was, or who he was among. He fixed long and terrific looks on his conductors alternately, and then towards other parts of the chamber, and at last, when he was addressed by the judge's clerk, his looks turned in that direction; but there was no speculation in his eye—they were unstable and glaring; and, though looking with terrible eagerness, they beheld nothing distinctly, while to every question his answer was, 'Eh? Aye. Where is he himself?'

When they asked who he wanted, he said he wanted nobody—he only wished to learn what was become of him. This, after long winding about, turned out to be the late bar-

on whom he was enquiring after; Andrew being impressed with the firm belief, that the old rascal had banged from the coffin in a great rage, and seized him by the throat. When at last they brought Andrew to answer, his narration was certainly the most strange and incoherent ever delivered in a court. It appears there had been no impression left on his mind, but the late scene of the grave, and the wonderful fact of the old baron having been still alive. I shall insert a few of the questions and answers here, *verbatim*, for the amusement of the curious in legal proceedings.

‘What were your motives for violating the sanctuary of the dead?’

‘I had nae motives for’t, sir—nane at a’. I gaed because Mr. Sholto ordered me to gang, an’ sair, sair against my will.’

‘Then, of course, he would reveal to you what his motives were?’

‘Aye; but let him speak for himsell. He certainly had motives of nae ordinary kind, now when I think on’t.’

‘Then, as an honest man, declare what these were.’

‘There, sir, ye hae touched me i’ the quick, for an honest man I will be. Why then, sir, an’ your father’s ghost had come back frae the dead, an’ tauld you in plain terms that they had buried your brother alive, what would you have done.’

‘Misbelieved the ghost, certainly, and left the dead to their repose. Or if I had opened

the tombs, I would have done it at noonday, before witnesses.'

'There you would have been right, sir.— It's the very thing I advised.'

'But this is a most untangible inference of yours, Andrew; I have nothing from it. Do you pretend to say and affirm, that Mr. Sholto's father appeared to him, and told him that the baron was buried alive?'

'That he did! An' tauld him nae mair than the truth either, whilk I fand to my experience.'

'Consider what you are saying, sir, and where you are saying it. You are raving, or beside yourself. You do not pretend to say, that you found the old gentleman alive below the earth till now?'

'That I do! Wa fand him alive wi' a vengeance, an as mad as a March hare at being disturbit.'

'Here the court burst into laughter, and the judge said, 'I can make nothing of this fellow, who seems quite beside himself. What hold can be laid on such asseverations as these? But as little can I divine for what purpose the tomb was violated.'

'D'ye no believe what I say, sir,' cried Andrew, fiercely; 'd'ye no believe that we fand the old gentleman leevin'? If ye dinna believe't, I'll sweart't. We fand him leevin' an' life-like; an' though he was aye cross an' ill-natured a' his life, I never saw him as mad as he was yestreen. O, a perfect dra-

gon! Rap, rap, on the inside o' the coffin lid! 'Wha's there? What d'ye want wi' me, ye d—d rascals? O, a perfect viper! He was an angry man afore, but death has put him clean mad. When he heard that I was trying to make my escape, he dang the coffin lid a' in flinters, bang'd up, an' got haud o' my fit, an' back he gart me come like a clout into the howe o' the grave. Then on aboon me he gets, swearin' like a trooper, an' wi' a hand as cauld as death he grippit me by the thrapple, an' soon took the hale power out o' my body. Then he took me on his back ae while, an' draggit me by the neck anither, for a hunder miles, till he brought me here; an' if ye dinna believe me, he is here some gate to answer for himsell."

At the incoherence of this story all the people stared at one another, convinced that Andrew was raving; till Lord Archibald requested the Clerk to ask Andrew if he heard nothing about a lost will, that was the cause of the grave having been opened.

'A will!' said Andrew, like one awakening out of a sleep. 'What's your will, sir? What was I saying? I rather doubt my wits are gane a grazing the night, an' I wish ye wadna speir ony mair at me, for fear I be nae correct.'

The judge acquiesced in the reasonableness of the demand, and dismissed him. He and Sholto were remanded to prison, and being confined together, they were miserable

comforters to each other. Mr. Sholto was in utter despair at the loss of the will, when, as he said, he was assured it was within his grasp; and as the grave gate and iron chest were all left wide open, and Lord Archibald manifestly knowing the circumstances of the case, his chance was for ever lost and he was left a beggar for life.

'O, dear Mr. Sholto, ye maunna lay it sae sair to heart,' said Andrew, 'It was may be a' delusion thegither. A ghaist's word's nae muckle to trust, for naebody kens whether, he has had the information frae a good spirit or an evil ane, an' a' depends on that. Where was it you met the old gentleman?'

'I thought it was on the green at St. Andrew's and his look was so fraught with'

'Ye *thought* it was on the green at St. Andrew's? And was it no there, then?'

'It was in a night vision that I saw and spoke with him, old fool.'

'A night vision? Whew! I wadna gie a doit for't man. Oh, if I had kend it had been naething but a dreem, you should hae cuttit out my twa lugs ere I had engaged in it. If I war to tell you sic dreams as I hae had! A mere delusion and a whim of an eeritated mind. An' then, for aught I ken, we'll baith be hanged for it.'

'Hung for it! We have committed no delinquency whatever, and they cannot touch a hair of our heads, or a penny of our purses.'

The whole is Lord Archibald's doing, watchers and all, which might well convince you of the truth of my information.'

'The hale o' it is beyond my comprehension; but, maist o' a', how the auld rascal should still hae been leevin'! What think you o' that, Mr. Sholto? He m^{an} surely hae been a deevil, for nae earthly creature could hae subsistit five minutes in sic circumstance.

'I cannot yet fathom the noises from the grave, but am convinced they could have been nothing supernatural. I was seized by three strong men outside the iron gate.'

'Aye, but I was seized by the old baron himself. He split the coffin lid' up through the middle, an' banged up in sic a rage, that I was nae mair in his hands than a rabbit atween the jaws of a fox.'

This being a new piece of intelligence to Sholto, he listened with admiration, but at the same time laughed till the tears ran over his cheeks at the ludicrous conviction and seriousness of Andrew; so we shall leave them to reason out this important matter, and proceed to the other incidents of this eventful night.

'Our Shepherd has often lee'd terribly to us, but nothing to this.' It is, nevertheless, beloved reader, literally true, and happened on this wise.

"Lord Archibald knew that the late baron had made a will in favor of his sister's

profligate son ; but he knew also that that will was not registered, and there was nothing but the bare deed itself that stood between him and the whole of the baron's disposable property. He had, therefore, studied every means to get possession of that deed; and had brought things to a train by which he hoped to succeed, when all at once the baron was cut off suddenly by one of those paralytic shocks so common of late years, and died in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Lord Archibald had then no other resource than to send a female dependent of his, a Miss Aymers, on whose knavish acuteness he had full reliance—having experienced it to his cost—with a grand recommendation as a fit person for laying out and decorating the dead. Her services were readily accepted, and the baron having died in his elbow chair, and Miss Aymers gotten her cue, she instantly got hold of the will, and concealed it in her bosom. But Mr. Sholto's mother arriving with an official person, they locked the door, put seal on the bureau and drawers, and read a warrant for searching every person present before one of them left the room. Thus circumstanced, Miss Aymers had no other shift than to slip the deed into the coffin, among the wood shavings, with which it was filled. She hardly hoped to succeed, but so quick was her motion, and so natural and simple her demeanor, that no eye beheld her. The old lady being particularly jealous

of her, as suspecting whence she came, stripped her naked, and searched her with her own hands, but found nothing.

Miss Aymers returned to her protector with the news of her success, but he lay on a bed of nettles till the funeral was over; and even then, though no will was found, and he fell heir to all the heritable property, he felt ill at ease, and set a private watch over the burial-place night and day, on pretence of some fears that his old relative's body might be exhumed.

A considerable time elapsed, and there having been no appearance of any person meddling with the tomb, Lord Archibald had given his watcher orders to discontinue his attendance on such a day; but before that day came, he was astounded at hearing that Sholto had been seen prying narrowly about the tomb, opening the iron door, surveying the grave, and then looking all about as if to discover some place of concealment; and, finally, that he had conveyed mattocks by night and concealed them artfully within the iron railing.

Lord Archibald was then sure that all was not as it should be, and took his mistress severely to task for betraying his secret. She denied it, first with tears, and afterwards with rage, and they parted in the worst of terms; for he naturally supposed that no other could have divulged the secret but herself, and her infidelity cut him to the heart, and in partic-

ular her having betrayed his guilt to such a low blackguard as he accounted his cousin Sholto to be.

The night following the discovery of the mattocks, Lord Archibald placed a watch of four men, all at equal distances around the tomb, with long speaking trumpets, with which they could whisper to one another; and the men had orders, if any attempt was made to exhume the body, that they were to suffer them to proceed until they came to the inner bier, or wooden coffin, but by no means to suffer the aggressors to open that, but to seize them and convey them to prison. The men executed their orders to a tittle; but not being able to see from behind the railing, the precise moment that they came to the inner coffin, one of them crept in at the door, and round behind the heap of mould, where setting by his head, quite unperceived, he watched all their motions, and heard every word that passed. Then when they began to unscrew the coffin lid, from some waggish impulse he gave a sharp rap with his trumpet on the coffin; and afterwards as they were again beginning to proceed, he thrust the mouth of his trumpet as deep down into the grave at the head of the coffin as he could, and speaking from amongst the mould, he demanded, 'Who's there? What do you want?'

This was too much even for the bold and determined heart of Sholto to stand, he

sprang from the grave, and was instantly seized by three strong men, pinioned and conveyed to prison. Honest Andrew was seized lying in the depths of the grave as described, and knew nothing about Mr. Sholto's seizure, nor indeed about any thing save that he had been seized by the dead man, his old master, who had with a supernatural strength dragged him away to prison.

No sooner were the aggressors fairly lodged in the jail, than Lord Archibald despatched two watchers to keep nigh to the open grave till day, but neither to touch aught themselves, or suffer the least intrusion.—The men went well armed ; but strange to say, at their very first entrance within the church-yard, they perceived something approaching them. The morning was excessively dark, but straight from the open grave there ascended a tall, pale, ghost-like figure, covered with pale light, and from which issued a smell of brimstone perfectly suffocating. The men's senses were totally benumbed. In language quite inarticulate, they challenged it, charging it to stop and speak, but it came gliding on towards them. They fired a pistol at it, but it came gliding on.—They could stand it no longer, but turning, they fled with precipitation—the ghost pursuing them till they took refuge in a tavern. After fortifying their hearts well with spirits, and loading their pistols anew, they sallied forth once more before the break of day, but

saw nothing ; and before the sun rising, great numbers of the citizens had arrived, the word having spread overnight from the council-chamber, or rather the watch house. But the two guards suffered no person to come within the iron railing, until the arrival of Lord Archibald, with the church-officers, and other official people ; when, to the utter consternation of all who had heard, Andrew's extraordinary narrative before the judge of the night, it was found that the lid of the coffin was splintered in two, lying loose above, and the corpse up and away, grave clothes and altogether. There was nothing left but the wood shavings, and a part of them were lying in the line from the grave to the gate, which the dead man had shaken from him in his struggle with Andrew. So the multitude said, and so they thought, for what else could they think, as the watchman who deceived Andrew, and seized him in the grave, thought proper to keep his experiment a secret, in order to frighten and astonish the people the more. Indeed, there was none that made a greater stir about it than himself. In consequence of all this, the bruit got abroad that Mr. Sholto Douglas and his humble friend, Andrew Cranston, had gone forth by night to take the body of the late baron from the tomb, in order to ask him some questions about a will, they having had intimation that he was buried alive ; but that, on their opening his snug iron chest, he got into such a

rage that he cursed and swore at them ; and when they would not desist, he split the coffin with his fist, sprung out and seized Andrew by the throat, groffling him in the grave. That he then took him away, and pushed him into the watch-house, where he left him to justice, and ran off and hid himself, for fear that they might bury him alive again.

Andrew made oath to the truth of this, so it could not be contradicted. Philosophers winked and shook the head ; tradesmen, at first hearing it, scratched their elbows, hitched and laughed ; but, by degrees, as the facts came out, one by one, the pupils of their eyes were enlarged, and they generally exclaimed that the like of it never was heard of in any land. Such was the story that got abroad, and has continued as a traditionary story to this day ; and it is so good a story, and so perfectly ridiculous, that it is a pity either to add to or diminish it. But we story-tellers, in our eagerness to trace the real course of natural events, often spoil the story, both to ourselves and others. And as I know more about it, I am obliged to tell the truth.

In the meantime, Lord Archibald was chagrined, beyond measure, at the loss of the will, not doubting that it was fallen into the hands of his opponent ; for though it was manifest that he and Andrew had not got it, yet who else could have removed it, as well as the body, save some one in his interest ? He soon began to suspect Miss Ay-

mers, the only person alive possessed of the secret ; and grievously did he repent his accusation of her, and the parting with her on such bad terms, knowing that the revenge of an insulted mistress was beyond calculation. The first thing, therefore, that he did, was to go and implore her forgiveness, and a renewal of their former confidence ; but she spurned him from her in the highest disdain, refusing all intercourse with him for ever.

This being the last blow to Lord Archibald's hopes of retaining either the estate or his reputation, he waited on Mr. Sholto, and astonished him by a proposal to halve his uncle's estate with him, stating, that his conscience had checked him for keeping possession of the whole, being convinced that his late uncle had intended leaving him a part. Sholto expressed the utmost gratitude for his relation's generous resolve, saying he never thought to be so much beholden to man.— But Sholto was still more astonished when he insisted on the transfer being made immediately, and the residue being secured to himself, by the signature of Sholto, the nearest blood relation of the deceased.

Sholto could not understand this, but made no objections to the arrangement. However, men of business could not be had on the instant, and the transaction was postponed to a future day. The estate was parted by arbiters, and every thing was arranged for the final transaction to the satisfaction of all par-

ties; when one morning, just as Sholto was setting out for the ratification of the treaty, a modest sly-looking young man called, and requested to speak with Mr. Sholto before he went away. 'Well, what is it, sir? A message from Mr. Marginer I suppose?'

'No, sir it is a message from a very different personage. Pray, do you know what has become of your uncle the baron?'

'What do you mean by such a question? Why, I know that he died and was buried, and that his body was ~~notoriously~~ and most unaccountably taken from the tomb.'

'Are you sure of that, sir?'

'As sure as ocular demonstration and reason can make me.'

'Well, sir, I have only to tell you, that you are mistaken. Is it not possible, think you, that the dead can live again?'

'Yes, at the Resurrection, but not till then. I know that the souls of the dead live in unknown and unexplored regions, but the body of my uncle saw corruption, and cannot live again till the last day.'

'Well, sir, I understand there is something that you should have had of him, and of which you have been deprived, not through any intention of his. What will you give me, and I will instantly bring you to the speech of him.'

'Stranger, you are either mocking me, or you are mad. I would not go to the speech of him to be king of the realm. Would you

make another Saul of me, and take me to speak to demons in human shape?

'I am quite serious, Mr. Sholto; for a proper remuneration I will take you to the speech of him; and, moreover, I will ensure to you the document from his own hand, that will ensure your right and title to the whole of his estate, heritable and personal.'

'No, no, I will have nothing to do with either you or him, I will venture upon no experiment so revolting. Bring me the document yourself, and your reward shall be liberal. Then I shall believe you, but at present your proposal is to me incomprehensible.'

'I again assure you, that I am perfectly serious. And as no man alive can procure you that document save myself, give me a bond on his estate for five thousand pounds, and the will shall be yours. Only you are to come or send, and receive it from his own hand, and see him once more face to face. Some word may accompany it, which is unmeet for me to hear. I pray you go. It is requisite you should. Only I must first have a bond of you for five thousand pounds, and the property is yours.'

'Why that I would not grudge, for I have this day to sign away five times that sum to secure the rest. Take my man with you. Bring me the will, and your request shall be granted.' He rang the bell, and Andrew entered. 'Andrew, this gentleman knows, it

appears, where my dead uncle is lying concealed. He wants to send the will, and some particular word to me. Will you be so good as to go with the man and fetch both?"

'Gang yoursell, Mr. Sholto; for me, I wadna gang for the hale warld. The moment that he clappit his een on me, he wad flee at my thrapple, an' doun wi' me, an' then take me by the neck ower his shoulder, an' aff to the watch house prison wi' me: I kend aye he was up an' leevin. But his maun surely be an unearthly unnatural kind of life. Where is the auld villien?"

'Where God will. Go with me, and you shall see him, and receive the deed signed and sealed from his own hand. It is a pity to throw away such a fortune through mere cowardice.'

'It is that. Shall I meet him in fair daylight, and in company?"

'I shall go with you, if you desire it; no other may.'

'Aye, ye maun hae another ane, for he has mair nor the strength o' twa men sin' he dee'd. Let me hae twa stout fallows wi' me, an' I'll venture for my master's sake an' my ain. I never was frightit in open daylight yet.'

Away went Andrew on his perilous expedition, while Sholto kept out of the way, and did not go to ratify the grievous bargain with Lord Archibald, until he saw what would be the issue of this mad adventure. One mes-

senger arrived after another for him, and he was no where to be found. And although he suspected the stranger's message to be all a trick, in order to play off some foolery upon him, for which reason he kept aloof, yet at times there was a seriousness in the young man's manner, that left an impression of his sincerity.

¶ In the course of two hours Andrew returned, so changed in every feature, that no person could have known him. His eyes were open, and would not wink, and his mouth wide open, while the power to shut it remained not with him. But he held the will firm grasped in his hand, signed and sealed, and all correct. He was supported by the stranger, who also appeared greatly agitated. Sholto signed the bond cheerfully, which was in due time honored—took possession of the baron's whole property without opposition, and Lord Archibald retired to Switzerland.

But now for the unparelled recovery of this famous document; and though there never was a more lying-like story than the one told by Andrew Cranston, he yet brought substantial proofs with him of its correctness. And it is believed that, barring a little exaggeration of his prowess, it is mostly conformable to truth. We must have the relation in Andrew's own words.

'We had nae sooner left our house; than the chap turn'd thoughtfu' an' gae ower speaking, an' I jealousyed he was turnin'

fright an' that some awfu' an' tremendous encounter lay afore us. Still it was daylight, an' I thought it couldna be waur that time than it had been afore in the grave; so on I ventured. We ca'd at a doctor o' physic's shop for an assistant. The lad was sweet sweer to gang, an' made many objections that I couldna hear; but I thought I heard them speak about 'blinding his een,' sae I laid my lugs i' my neck an' said naething. Weel, on, on, on, we gangs, till we came fornent the head o' the Kirk Wynd when the chap turns to me wi' a pale face an' a quiverin' lip, an' he says to me,—'Andrew Cranston,' says he, 'ye maun allow us to tie up your een' here, (eyes I believe he ca'd them, but that's a' ane) 'What for that, an' it be your will, sir,' says I. 'Why, the poor old baron has got such a fright at being buried alive,' said he, 'that no other impression haunts his spirit but that of being buried alive again. And if you were to find out the place of his concealment, it would put him so mad, that all attempts to recover the will would prove ineffectual.'

'He's a queer chap,' said I, 'for a madder man I never saw than he was when wakened out o' the grave, an' wha wad think he wad be sae terrified to gang into it again?—Gude-ness guide us, is he just like other leevin' mortal men, after lying sae lang i' the grave?'

" 'Why, he is both a living man and a dead man, Andrew; or, rather, he is neither

a living man nor a dead one, but something between them. You have a strange sight to see—a dead body inhabited by a living spirit."

"I dinna care: suppose ye do tie up my een', says I, 'an' be sure ye dinna take the bandage off again: till we come back to this bit, or else I *will* find out the place where he is.' Accordingly, they tied up my een' that I couldna see a stime, an' we turns hereaway, and thereaway, I kendna where, till at length ae lock gangs wi' a great jangle, an' then another lock gangs wi' a great jangle, an' then I began to find a damp-dead smell, waur than a grave. Mercy on us! where are we gaun now, thinks I to myself, and I began rather to draw back. I'll not gang ane other step,' says I, 'till I see where I am.'

'It was an unlucky saying, for that moment the rascal slipped the bandage off my een, an' where I was I never will ken till the day of judgment. There were dead skeletons standing a' around me, wi' no ae pickin' o' flesh on their banes. Their een were a' out, an' naethin but holes where their noses an' mouths should hae been. My flesh turned cauld, and my blood fruze in my heart, an' I hadna power to advance a step. 'Come on, come on, Andrew,' says the chap, for there was nane but ane wi' me then. Come on. See, he's up here.'

'I lookit as weel as I was able, an' in truth I saw the Baron at the upper end of that frightsome place, standing a fearsome sight.

indeed. He had a white winding sheet about him, and his face was as white as the sheet. Een, lips, an' cheeks, were a' o' the same dead wan color. He was still nothing but a corpse—a cauld, lifeless corpse—but yet he held up the will in his right hand, and began speaking to me in a dead man's voice. My heart could stand nae' mair. The chap pushed me forret—and I shot backward—till seeing that I was comin in contac wi' the miraculous leevin' corpse—I faintit—faintit clean away; but I heard aye his awsome voice soundin' i' the lugs o' my soul, though my body was nae better nor that of a dead man.

'Weel I can tell you nae mair; for when I came to myself, I was lying in another house an' some doctors standin' round me wi' their lances an' knives in their hands, glowrin' like chaps caught in an ill-turn; an' I'm aye convinced to this day, that they were either gaun to mak' a skeleton o' me or a leevin' corpse. However, I brought hame the will safe in my noive, that has made my master a man. I bought it dear first and last, but I hae nae reason to rue what I did.'

Now this story is true, but again needs explanation. But is it not a pity to explain away so good and so ridiculous a story, which was solemnly believed by the principal actor? All that I choose to tell you is this: the young man who received the £5000 was a surgeon and apothecary; the betrothed sweet-heart, and shortly afterwards the husband of

Miss Sally Aymers; who, it will be remembered, was an offended girl; of great shrewdness and activity. This is the main cue to the story; and after this, if any gentleman in Britain or her colonies (I except Ireland) will explain to me perfectly, how every circumstance was effected, I shall be in his debt for the best bowl of whiskey-toddy ever was drunk. And if any lady do it, I shall be in hers for a song.

HADDAD-BEN-AHAB; OR, THE TRAVELLER.

A TALE OF STAMBOUL.—By John Galt.

"Gramercy, Sir Traveller! it marvels me how you can carry between one pair of shoulders the weight of your heavy wisdom. Alack, now!—would you but discourse me of the wonders you saw about the antipodes!"

"Peace, ignoranimous!—'tis too good for thy ass's ears to listen to. The world shall get it canonized in great book.—*The Traveller and the Simpleton.*"

Haddad-Ben-Ahab was a very wise man, and he had several friends men of discernment and partakers of the wisdom of ages; but they were not all so wise as Haddad-Ben-Ahab. His sentences were short, but his knowledge was long, and what he predicted generally came to pass, for he did not pretend to the gift of prophecy. The utmost he ever said in that way was, that he expected the sun to rise to-morrow, and that old age was the shadow of youth.

Besides being of a grave temperament,

Haddad-Ben-Ahab was inclined to obesity ; he was kindly and good-natured to the whole human race, he even carried his benevolence to the inferior creation, and often patted his dogs on the head and gave them bones ; but cats he could not abide. Had he been a rat he could not have regarded them with more antipathy ; and yet Haddad-Ben-Ahab was an excellent man who smoked his chibouque with occasional cups of coffee and sherbet, interspersed with profound aphorisms on the condition of man, and conjectures on the delights of paradise.

With his friends he passed many sunbright hours ; and if much talk was not heard among them on these occasions, be it remembered that silence is often wisdom. The scene of their social resort was a little kiosk in front of one of the coffee-houses on the bank of the Tigris. No place in all Bagdad is so pleasantly situated. There the mighty river rolls in all the affluence of his waters, pure as the unclouded sky, and speckled with innumerable boats, while the rippling waves, tickled, as it were, by the summer breezes, gambol and sparkle around.

The kiosk was raised two steps from the ground ; the interior was painted with all the most splendid colors. The roof was covered with tiles that glittered like the skin of the Arabian serpent, and was surmounted with a green dragon, which was painted of that imperial hue, because Haddad-Ben-Ahab was

descended from the sacred progeny of Fatima, of whom green is the everlasting badge, as it is of nature. Time cannot change it, nor can it be impaired by the decrees of tyranny or of justice.

One beautiful day, Hadad-Ben-Ahab and his friends had met in the kiosk of dreams, and were socially enjoying the fragrant smoke of their pipes, and listening to the refreshing undulations of the river, as the boats softly glided along—for the waters lay in glossy stillness—the winds were asleep—even the sunbeams seemed to rest in a slumber on all things. The smoke stood on the chimney-tops as if a tall visionary tree grew out of each; and the many-colored cloths in the yard of Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, hung unmolested by a breath. Orooblis himself was the only thing, in that soft and bright noon, which appeared on the land to be animated with any purpose.

Orooblis was preparing a boat to descend the Tigris, and his servants were loading it with bales of apparel and baskets of provisions, while he himself was in a great bustle, going often between his dwelling house and the boat, talking loud and giving orders, and ever and anon wiping his forehead, for he was a man that delighted in having an ado.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab seeing Orooblis so active looked at him for some time; and it so happened that all the friends at the same moment took their pipes from their lips, and said—

"Where can Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, be going?"

Such a simultaneous interjection naturally surprised them all, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab added—

"I should like to go with him and see strange things, for I have never been out of the city of Bagdad, save once to pluck pomegranates in the garden of Beys-Addy-Book." And he then rose and went to the boat which Orooblis was loading, and spoke to him; and when it was ready, they seated themselves on board, and sailed down the Tigris, having much pleasant discourse concerning distant lands and hills whose tops pierced the clouds, and were supposed to be the pillars that upheld the chrystal dome of the heavens.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab rejoiced greatly as they sailed along, and at last they came to a little town, where Orooblis, having business in dye-stuffs to transact, went on shore, leaving his friend. But in what corner of the earth this little town stood, Haddad-Ben-Ahab knew not; for, like other travellers, he was not provided with much geographical knowledge.

But soon after the departure of Orooblis he thought he would also land and inquire. Accordingly, taking his pipe in his hand, he stepped out of the boat and went about the town, looking at many things, till he came to a wharf where a large ship was taking merchandise on board; and her sailors were men

of a different complexion from that of the watermen who plied on the Tigris at Bagdad.

Haddad-Ben-Ahab looked at them, and as he was standing near to where they were at work, he thought that this ship afforded a better opportunity than he had enjoyed with Orooblis to see foreign countries. He accordingly went up to the captain and held out a handful of money, and indicated that he was desirous to sail away with the ship.

When the captain saw the gold, he was mightily civil, and spoke to Haddad-Ben-Ahab with a loud voice, perhaps thinking to make him hear was the way to make him understand. But Haddad-Ben-Ahab only held up the fore-finger of his right hand and shook it to and fro. In the end, however, he was taken on board the ship, and no sooner was he there than he sat down on a sofa, and drawing his legs up under him, kindled his pipe and began to smoke, much at his ease, making observations with his eyes as he did so.

The first observation Haddad-Ben-Ahab made was, that the sofa on which he had taken his place was not at all like the sofas of Bagdad, and therefore when he returned he would show that he had not travelled without profit by having one made exactly similar for his best chamber, with hens and ducks under it, pleasantly feeding, and joyously cackling and quacking. And he also observed a remarkable sagacity in the ducks, for when they saw he was a stranger, they turned up

the sides of their heads and eyed him in a most curious and inquisitive manner—very different, indeed, to the ducks of Bagdad.

When the ship had taken on board her cargo, she spread her sails, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab felt himself in a new situation; for presently she began to lie over, and to plunge and revel among the waves like a glad creature. But Haddad-Ben-Ahab became very sick, and the captain showed him the way down into the inside of the vessel, where he went into a dark bed, and was charitably tended by one of the sailors for many days.

After a season, there was much shouting on the deck of the ship, and Haddad-Ben-Ahab crawled out of his bed and went to the sofa, and saw that the ship was near the end of her voyage.

When she had come to a bank where those on board could step out, Haddad-Ben-Ahab did so; and, after he had seen all the strange things which were in the town where he thus landed, he went to a baker's shop—for they ate bread in that town as they do in Bagdad—and bought a loaf, which having eaten, he quenched his thirst at a fountain hard by, in his ordinary manner of drinking, at which he wondered exceedingly.

When he had solaced himself with all the wonders of that foreign city, he went to a faiker, who was holding two horses ready saddled; beautiful they were, and, as the faiker signified by signs, their hoofs were so

fleet that they left the wind behind them. Haddad-Ben-Ahab then showed the faiker his gold, and mounted one of the horses, pointing with the shaft of his pipe to the faiker to mount the other; and then they both rode away into the country, and they found that the wind blew in their faces.

At last they came to a caravansary, where the faiker bought a cooked hen and two onions, of which they both partook, and stretching themselves before the fire which they had lighted in their chamber, they fell asleep, and slept until the dawn of day, when they resumed their journey into remoter parts, and nearer to the wall of the world, which Haddad-Ben-Ahab, conjectured they must soon reach. They had not, however, journeyed many days in the usual manner when they came to the banks of a large river, and the faiker would go no farther with his swift horses. Haddad-Ben-Ahab was in consequence constrained to pay and part from him, and to embark in a ferry-boat to convey him over the stream, where he found a strange vehicle with four horses standing ready to carry him on towards the wall of the world, which surely," said he to himself, "ought not to be now far off."

Haddad-Ben-Ahab showed his gold again, and was permitted to take a seat in the vehicle, which soon after drove away; and he remarked in a most sagacious manner, that nothing in that country was like the things

in his own ; for the houses and trees, and all things ran away as the vehicle came up to them ; and when it gave a jostle, they gave a jump ; which he noted as one of the most extraordinary things he had seen since he left Bagdad.

At last, Haddad-Ben-Ahab came to the foot of a lofty green mountain, with groves and jocund villages, which studded it, as it were with gems and shining ornaments, and he said, " This must be the wall of the world, for surely nothing can exist on the other side of these hills ! but I will ascend them and look over, for I should like to tell my friends in Bagdad what is to be seen on the outside of the earth." Accordingly, he ascended the green mountain, and he came to a thick forest of stubby trees : " This is surprising," said Haddad-Ben-Ahab, " but higher I will yet go." And he passed through the forest of trees, and came to a steep moorland part of the hill, where no living thing could be seen, but a solitude without a limit, and the living world all glittering at the foot of the mountain.

" This is a high place," said Haddad-Ben-Ahab, " but I will go higher," and began to climb with his hands. After an upward journey of great toil, he came to a frozen region, and the top of the wall of the world was still far above him. He was, however, none daunted by the distance, but boldly held on in the ascent, and at last he reached

the top of the wall. But when he got there, instead of a region of fog and chaos, he only beheld another world, much like our own, and he was greatly amazed, and exclaimed with a loud voice—"Will my friends in Bagdad believe this?—but it is true, and I will so tell them." So he hastened down the mountain, and went with all the speed he could back to Bagdad ; saying " Bagdad ; " and giving gold to every man he met, until he reached the kiosk of dreams, where his friends were smoking and looking at the gambols of the Tigris.

When the friends of Haddad-Ben-Ahab saw him approach, they respectively took their pipes from their mouths and held them in their left hands, while they pressed their bosoms with their right, and received him with a solemen salaam, for he had long been absent, and all they in the mean time had heard concerning him was only what Orooblis, the Armenian dyer, on his return, told them : namely, that he was gone to the wall of the world, which limits the travels of man. No wonder, then, that they rejoiced with an exceeding gladness to see him return and take his place in the kiosk among them, as if he had never been a day's journey away from Bagdad.

They then questioned him about his adventures, and he faithfully related to them all the wonders which have been set forth in our account of the journey ; upon which

they declared he had made himself one of the sages of the earth.

After they each made a feast, to which they invited all the philosophers in Bagdad, Haddad-Ben-Ahab was placed in the seat of honor, and being courteously solicited, told them of his travels, and every one cried aloud, "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

When they had in this manner banquetted, Haddad-Ben-Ahab fell sick, and there was a great talk concerning the same. Some said he was very ill; others shook their heads and spoke not; but the world is full of envy, and hard-heartedness, and those who were spiteful because of the renown which Haddad-Ben-Ahab as a traveller who had visited the top of the wall of the world with so much courage, had acquired, jeered at his malady, saying he had only feasted overmuch. Nevertheless, Haddad-Ben-Ahab died; and never was such a funeral seen in Bagdad, save that one of caliph Mahoud, commonly called the Magnificent. Such was the admiration in which the memory of the traveller was held, the poets made dirges on the occasion, and mournful songs were heard in the twilight from the windows of every harem. Nor did the generation of the time content itself with the ceremonies of lamentation; they caused a fountain to be erected, which they named the Fountain of Haddad-Ben-Ahab, the traveller; and when the slaves go to fetch water, they speak of

the wonderful things he did, and how he was on the top of the wall of the world, and saw the outside of the earth ; so that his memory lives forever among them, as one of the greatest, the wisest, and the bravest of men.

THE VENDEEAN'S STORY.

The royalists had retired from the siege of Nantes, a city which was held by the representatives of the French convention. Although the people of this devoted city had remained quiet during the siege, although they had taken no part in the horrible war of the Vendee—yet it was decreed that it should suffer the tortures of a revolutionary tribunal,—that its wealthy and quiet citizens should be massacred by hundreds, because, in the significant language of the day, they were ‘rich and aristocratic.’ Carrier, a man whose name should be associated with those of Marat and Robespierre, was commissioned by the legislators of Republican France to pour out upon the devoted cities of the Vendee the full vials of republican wrath. Nantes suffered most severely. Its very streets ran with blood—and the tranquil bosom of the Loire bore witness of ‘many a foul and midnight murder.’

We had lain long in prison. The world seemed to have forgotten us. It was only when our surly keepers bestowed upon us their curses, with the miserable sustenance

which we were compelled to partake of, that the horrible monotony of our confinement was broken. We indeed knew nothing of all that was going on around, and our fears could never have equalled the frightful reality. Separated from our families—alike ignorant of their fate and our own destiny, hope at length deserted us, and we were silent in despair.

We were, at last, roused by the entrance of a republican officer—one of the Guards of Carrier. I had noticed him before my confinement, and marked him as I would some dangerous serpent. The impress of the demon was upon his countenance. I had seen him once, when a group of pleasant farm-houses were bursting into flames, and the work of destruction going on, writhing his scarred visage into a smile. I had never seen such a smile before. It told of dark and hateful passions—of exultation like that which an infernal spirit might be supposed to feel when some new victim is consigned to the unquenchable fire of torment.

He told us, he had orders to conduct us from the prison. Eager questions were made as to the design of this command. He made no reply, but commanded the door of our dungeon to be thrown open. We passed out—many, with a joyful hope of speedy release, and the enjoyment of their home. A band of soldiers received us and conducted us into the open air.

It was a beautiful night of moonshine. The soft light rested on the hills around us, silvering the pointed roofs and old spires that stood up among them. The broad sheet of the Loire lay before us, like a vein of silver upon a ground of emerald. Nantes—the [once rich and beautiful metropolis of the Vendee, was silent as a sepulchre. Black smoke curled up at intervals into the moonlight, from the smouldering ashes of fallen dwellings. The hand of the spoiler had been there, the tide of revolutionary madness had gone over the fair city in a mingled wave of fire and blood.

We reached the water's edge. A low, dark hulled vessel lay ready to receive us. 'On board, traitors!' said the officer who had guarded us thither. 'You are destined for Bellisle.' I marked his features as he spoke. The same infernal smile was playing upon them—but more fiendish—more revolting than ever. Bellisle lay at the mouth of the Loire. The outline of its fortress was just visible, grim and ragged, towering to the sky. The revolutionary banner was flapping above it, like a bird of evil, hovering over its destined prey.

We were hurried on board the vessel, which to our astonishment, was already crowded with prisoners like ourselves. The young and beautiful and high-born of both sexes were there. There were many, very many familiar faces in that group, seen dimly

in the lamplight—proud men and lovely women, whom I had known in happier hours—but there was no look of recognition given or received; every one felt the pressure of some unshared and peculiar anguish, and our meeting was in silence broken only by the thick sob and passionate, burst of tears.

A light hand fell upon my shoulder, and a voice, to whose tones my spirit would have responded from the very threshold of eternity, announced my name. I started at the sound. The next instant I was clasping to my bosom the fairest maid of Nantes—the last and brightest link in the broken chain of my affections. High souled and noble-hearted girl! I see thee now through the dark medium of years, with a perception as clear as if thou wert a being of yesterday. That clear expanse of brow, so touched with intellectual paleness, and that eye so proud, and yet so full of tenderness, are living before me. The pencil of memory is an unerring one, when its powers are called forth by an affection, which but gathers a deeper intensity from despair.

There are moments in life, when the affectation of indifference, and the constrained coldness of ceremony are forgotten, and the deep and holier feelings of the heart itself, are poured out in all their freshness and original purity. Such moments cannot exist in the sun lit places of worldly prosperity. They are found in the shadowy path of ad-

versity—or never. When the great and busy world around us has proved but a vain and gorgeous deception—a mockery, rendered more terrible by its promise of beauty,—then it is that the fountains of deep sympathy are broken up, and hearts are mingled together in a love which belongs not to earth.

It was so at this moment. Agnes and myself had both tasted bitterness from the same fountain. The crimes—I should rather say the virtues of our parents—had been visited upon us, in vengeance. We were thrown together at a moment when every whim and caprice of our enemies became unquestioned authority for deeds of abhorrent cruelty. We knew that we were in the hands of those who would exult in our destruction—fiends, who feasted upon human suffering, and trampled down the altar, and extinguished the household fire with a zeal surpassed only by the enormity of their crimes. We knew all this, —and yet that moment was the happiest one of our lives.

A shout rang from the deck above us, and a quick dashing of oars succeeded. Then, there was a crush, as if the planks beneath us were rent away by a strong hand. The horrible truth burst upon us. The vessel had been fitted up with a *sous pape*, or false bottom—the fatal bar had been withdrawn—we were in the middle of the Loire, and the up-rushing of its waters was already felt.

Never shall I forget the awful shriek that

went up at this moment. I had been on the red battle field, and heard in the pauses of the fight, the groans of intolerable anguish arise from a thousand writhing victims—but never, no never, had my ears been tortured by a cry like this. It was an unearthly embodying of terror, which can be compared to nothing but the shrieks of the doomed multitude, when the last curse shall have smitten them from the presence of the just made perfect. It rose wild and horrible for a moment—then followed the dreadful sounds of strangulation, blended with the groanings of the vessel, as the water forced its way upwards.

I remember a suffocating sensation—a struggle—a sinking down—a convulsive shudder!

* * *

I rose again to the surface. The bosom of the river was ruffled and black. Boats were hurrying across it, filled with demons in human form. Wherever a victim struggled above the waves, a corse floated, or a garment caught the moonshine, pistol shots and sabre blows were directed. I had passed many boats unnoticed, and hope began to invigorate my limbs, when suddenly a drowning person caught hold of me. My motion was retarded. I shook off and spurned away the wretched sufferer. The body sunk before me—I saw the death like countenance, and, Oh God! it was that of Agnes! I saw one imploring extension of the arms, one look

of agonizing supplication,—and she went down—down to her cold sepulchre, and almost within my reach.

One moment of unutterable anguish followed, and my reason forsook me. How I escaped from the river I know not, but my returning consciousness found me in the dwelling of a peasant, who, I afterwards learned, had discovered me, insensible, upon the margin of the river. The horrid recollection of the past came over me, and I fled from my deliverer as if to escape the dreadful thought, which has, from that moment to the present, never ceased to haunt me. The images which it conjures up are distinct and living—fearful blendings of tenderness and terror. At one moment I behold my lost Agnes, mild and beautiful as an angel, with the words of her affection melting upon a voice of music.

Then the scene changes,—the shriek—the ingulfing waters, and all the horrors of that night of agony, are present in my mind. I feel the death-clasp upon my arm, and a strong shudder goes over me, as if I were again shaking the dying from my support. Then the outstretched arms—the pale and supplicating countenance—the mute appeal for succour, and the vain attempt to afford it, darken the cloud of memory which settles upon my soul.

My story is told. Those who have marvelled at dejection, who have mocked at grief which they could not fathom, may here learn

the secret, which for years has lain upon my soul like the malison of a parent.

I have been a wanderer and an outcast in the land of my fathers. I have seen its populous places made desolate, and its orange groves sprinkled with the blood of those who had nursed them. I have seen the multitude shake off the chains of priestcraft, drag the cowed head in the dust, extinguish the sacred flame of the altar, and trample on the crucifix. They had set up a new idol—a new divinity which they knelt to under the sacred name of Liberty. It was that liberty which opens the floodgates of crime, and casts off from the arm of the assassin, the fetters of the law.

Yet a change came. I have seen one horde of assassins swept away by another. The wretch who conducted the fatal Noyade, himself perished by the hand of his fellows. I saw him on the stained scaffold, awaiting his inevitable doom, with a grim and terrible composure. He bent himself to the block, and died with a curse upon his lips!

I am a broken down and grey haired man—yet it is not with the weight of years, or the silvering of time. Sorrow has more than done its work; and I go out among the smiling faces of mankind, and the glorious creations of the Divinity, with a spirit which takes no hue of gladness from the beauty and harmony around me. One thought from which there is no escape, rests like an

evil shadow upon me, and lends to the glory and loveliness of earth, its own sombre coloring. But the light of my earthly existence is rapidly waning, and I look forward with a blessed hope to the moment, when, casting off the sorrows of humanity, the tired and weary spirit shall rejoice in that destiny which awaits the afflicted and truly penitent of earth.

PRISON SCENES.

The heavy portals closed on me. I heard the rattling of chains and the step of the turnkey retreating. The dampness and gloom of the dismal walls curdled my very soul. I was a prisoner, thrust in among thieves, pirates, murderers, and brutal wretches of every description. The tenderness of a woman stole into my heart, and I sat down on a broken bench in a shadowy nook, and covering my face with my hands, suffered the large hot tears to swell up and gush out freely. As the night advanced, the keeper came to me. He was a huge man, with the look of a brute. Every vile bad passion seemed to have added an expression to his scoundrel face. His eyes were small and of a greenish gray, a pointed hooked nose, enormous whiskers, and bilious sallow complexion, were set off with a frown, which the constant bullying among the wretches under his charge had deepened into a permanent

scowl of cruelty and hatred. He had the most disagreeable voice I ever heard. It resembled the discordant cry of a savage bird of prey, and always made me shudder. His salutation was suited to his appearance.

"Here, clear out from there," he said with a shove. "It's bed time."

The blood mounted into my temples, with a passion that was painful. I raised my arm to strike, when he cut me on the head with a whalebone whip, and screamed out for a guard, who grasped me with an iron hand by the shoulder, and almost lifted me from my feet. Loading me with every epithet of insult, the keeper struck me again with his stick, while the soldier held me with the strength of a giant, and the next moment I found myself lying at full-length on the stone floor of a narrow cell, in which I perceived I was locked for the night. A faint light shone in through a grated window, and discovered two straw beds, the only furniture, on one of which sat another figure. He was motionless as a statue, and in the confusion of the moment I scarcely knew whether it was an apparition conjured up by my excited fancy, or a figure hewn out of granite, or a human being and wretched prisoner like myself. I looked at him with a fearful interest. He was of a colossal size. An expression of fixed and stern despair was in his rough and savage face; and seated on the pavement his cheek and temple rested on the

outspread palm of his brawny hand. He did not even look at me, although the manner in which I was hurled into the apartment was sufficiently abrupt to have at least excited the notice of an ordinary person. There was a dead silence for a minute, during which he sat gazing steadily at the narrow piece of sky visible through the small barred window. There was something in his attitude and aspect that made my blood cold, and sent it back from the swollen veins of my forehead, and deadened the fury which had burned in my heart.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed, in a whisper so low that I scarcely knew whether it was more than my own thought, but it sounded distinctly through the deep hush of the dungeon, and he slowly turned his large fierce eyes upon mine. As he moved, too, there was a rattling of chains; and I perceived that he was heavily fettered by manacles, which were fastened by massive iron rings close to his ankles and wrists.

"I am Lopez, senior," says he, with foreign accent, and in a voice full of melody.

I actually started, and lay with my head drawn back as far as possible against the rough stone wall, and a feeling of horror vibrated through every nerve of my body.—He was a pirate, of noted ferocity, who had committed more monstrous murders than men could enumerate. He was a by-word around the winter fire of thousands of families, and

his name used to check the smile of the sailor's wife, and make the merry faces of his children turn white with awe. I remembered to have heard that this terrible ruffian had been captured, and was waiting the punishment of death in the prison of N—; but in the hurry and anguish of my own sudden calamity I had forgotten it. I was not likely to forget it again.

I began soon to distinguish his features more accurately as my eye graduated itself to the dim light, and I perceived a smile slowly break out upon the shadows of his face, betraying a line of white teeth, contrasting finely with the sable curl on his lip, and his deeply expressive eyes light up for a moment. He really looked beautiful. A picture of him, with that proud deliberate smile, the black soft hair curled closely upon his broad clear forehead, and the collar falling back from his athletic throat and chest, might have passed for the hero of many a romance, which steals the white eyes of the enamoured girl from her midnight slumber.

"Boy," he said, in a rich Spanish accent, and in the same mellow tone, which touched me like a rebuke for its gentleness, "what are you, too, afraid? I will not hurt you. I will never hurt any one again. Let us be friends. Here is my hand."

I reached out mine, and he shook it with feeling.

"And how long have you been here, Lo-

pez?" I asked, in some measure recovering my natural mood.

"Two months."

"And how long—" I stopped.

"You are a stranger here—no?" he inquired.

"Yes," I answered; "I never was here before."

"Then I know what you want," said he, "You want to know when I shall die?"

I shuddered, and nodded my head.

"To-morrow morning," said he, with an indescribable expression, and a kind of ashy paleness setting over his features, yet in a voice remarkably firm. "I must be dragged out to-morrow like a beast before my fellow beings, and to-morrow night you will be sitting here alone—and where shall I be? Oh God! Oh God!"

The barrier of his feelings seemed to have been no longer strong enough to contain them, but to break away on a sudden, and he shook with an agitation so tremendous, that I thought his existence would end at once. Presently he recovered. It was wonderful to see him force himself back into an air of resolute calmness, and dash away the tears from his lashes.

I had always experienced a feverish curiosity respecting the effect upon the mind of a brave villain of immediate death, and began in conversation with this wretched individual to realize a fearful pleasure. He was

strangely hardened upon the subject of his crimes, which he confessed freely, and in that respect only differed from other people. We have a false idea, many of us, that a murderer or professed pirate is an intrinsic monster; but I found this unfortunate being only a man—gifted with many of man's best attributes, compassion, courage, perseverance, generosity, and even delicacy of sentiment. He was only a man, who had committed monstrous deeds, with the same qualities as ourselves, but led away into dark places by sophistry and passion. I name this distinction that the innocent and high-minded, in perusing the history of such a creature, may not look upon it as something with which they themselves can have no relation, but rather as a career into which they may be plunged unless ever watchful to shun the most trifling deviations from principle, and avoid cruelty or impetuosity in ordinary affairs.

As the weary hours of the night rolled on, I spoke these sentiments to the condemned pirate, and won so on his confidence that he told me I was the only being who had ever treated him with kindness since his boyhood.

"Had you possessed parents," said I, "to train you up in the proper course"—

"It was my father's cruelty," interrupted he, "that made me what I am. When once guilty, I despaired of forgiveness from man or heaven, and went on desperately shedding blood; but my father drove me from my home

by a blow. A *blow*," he repeated with a fierce glance, as if he even yet writhed beneath it, "and I was a villain from that moment. I shall think of that to-morrow, when strangling before the thousands. I will tell you," he said, "how I was blasted when I was a boy. I was not tame and crouching, like other boys, but nature had filled me with unmanageable feelings. When any one made me angry, I lost my self-command; when they were kind to me, I never forgot it. I could not sleep for gratitude. My father was a cruel man; he never loved me, and I should have left him before, but for a girl. I was only a boy and we loved each other. One night I had been sitting with her, we had mutually promised to be faithful, and I left her with such a full happiness that I scarcely heard the stern question of my father.—'Where have you been so late, senor?' Instead of repeating it, he struck me. I dashed away like a wild deer. It happened that the very day before, I had been strongly persuaded to embark as sailor on board a ship bound for the West Indies. I flew to the friend who had made me the offer, and accepted it. We were to sail the next day but one. My heart failed me afterwards, and I went back to my dwelling in the night. It was a cloudy and blustering evening. I looked in at the window, and saw my mother and sisters: they were weeping—weeping for me—and Rosa was there too; and sever-

al times she turned her large clear blue tearful eyes full upon the window where I stood. My soul relented, and I was about to rush in when the door opened, and my father entered with his erect form, and cold, stern, cruel look. The sight of him brought back all the tumult of my bosom. I stamped my foot and clenched my fist, then cast one last look upon my aged mother, my affectionate sisters, and dear Rosa. I never saw them more. They are ignorant of my fate. Perhaps to-morrow, when I am struggling in the last agonies, they will be smiling. They have forgotten me. Oh that to-morrow were past !”

I asked him if he did not repent of his crimes since committed.

“No,” he answered, with the look of a demon—“No: I glory in them. Man has hunted me, and fortune too. I have never known friendship nor kindness; and now they have taken me as others would a monster, and will put me to death. I have no regret for any crime except one, and that, I confess, haunts me; and always has haunted me. When I was in the Caribbean sea, I commanded a piratical brig, and we boarded and took a merchantman well loaded with specie. We murdered all the crew, cut them to pieces, or shot them down just where they happened to be. The deck was slippery with blood. They were all massacred.”

"Monster!" exclaimed I,—“Execrable monster!"

"Nay," he continued, with a hoarse horrid laugh, "*that* was nothing. It is no more to me at this moment than if they had been so many adders, and I had crushed their venomous heads with my heel.—But—"

He paused, dropped the lids over his eyes, and drew his breath in between his half-closed lips, as if recalling to memory some horror which stung him acutely to the nerve. I was almost frightened to be thus alone, at midnight, in a dungeon, with a being capable of such atrocious deeds. I thought his desperation might next induce him to grasp my throat with those giant hands, and from the very wantonness of the madness that seemed creeping over him, add one more victim to the bloody catalogue.

"Do not go on," I exclaimed, shrinking from him as far as I could. He seized my arm with startling energy. The chains upon his limbs rattled and clashed.

"But I will go on." His voice had now altered to a scream—shrill and piercing.—

"I must go on, boy. You must hear it. It has been locked up in the core of my heart for years, burning and burning and burning, and if I do not reveal it to you, I shall never reveal it, for to-morrow, you know, I am to take the leap—ha, ha, ha—short time for story telling, my friend; but I will tell you; and I would tell you," he added with an oath

that made my head swim, as his dilated eyes glared with terrible ferocity—"I *would* tell you, though I knew it would bring these accursed walls tumbling down about our ears. What! are you frightened, my poor fellow. Well, come," he said relaxing his grasp and patting me on the shoulder affectionately, "why should I injure you? Why should I rush into the presence of an already offended God, with my hands reeking and smoking with the blood of the only one who ever looked on me with pity, or said a gentle word to me, since I turned away from those blue eyes of Rosa's, for ever and ever. Rosa," he repeated musingly—"Rosa—why may not this be all a dream? Why may I not, wake presently and find that same sweet face bending over me, and feel the soft kind hand on my hot forehead, and hear that beloved voice, instead of the clank of chains, and open my eyes to the graceful drapery of curtains, and gaze on the soft June sky through the window, and feel these hideous dungeon walls melting away from around me as the fumes of slumber pass off."

He resumed the attitude in which he sat when I entered, and remained long without speaking. I even began to feel sleepy.—For several nights I had been a watcher; and so I stretched myself down upon the thin straw, and wished, like my companion, that this might be all a dream. He soon followed my example, and by his silence I thought him

"As fast locked up in sleep, as guiltless labor,
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones."

After some time he started up and paced the narrow room with a desperate impatience, sometimes uttering such a groan that my eyes were filled with tears of compassion. He saw them as our eyes met, and I perceived that he himself was again weeping; he came to me softly, and taking my hand, kissed it, and said—

"If you wish God to bless you in your last extremity, hear me speak this secret. I will be gentle, I wish to unload my conscience. It is the only act of my life that I never could remember without trembling. I told you of the merchantman—the murder of the crew. Mother and child, husband and wife, were struck that day in each other's arms, and went down into the still sea. The bubbling water, stained with gore, told that the flood was finishing what the axe, the bullet, and the knife, had half performed. But of all these, there was one—a young girl of such a remarkable loveliness, that her perfect face touched me—even me whose red fingers were but just unlocked from the blood wet hair of her father. The old gentleman was game; I half liked him; for he showed fight to the end and fired at me with a pistol for putting my hand under his girl's chin. Ha, ha, ha—he'd have got over that squeamishness, if he'd lived a little longer; but that could not be. The girl prayed so hard for life on any terms,

that I could not resist, and we spared her. I could not but think how many throned kings, how many dukes and lords would have given their eyes almost, to have had those lips to touch—and to sit still, and make those delicious blue eyes look up into their face for protection on any terms, as they did in mine. I saved her for several weeks; but we found it necessary to put into shore, and the crew began to grumble—and I thought myself that we stood a chance of a rope, should any one fall afoul of us with this tender thing on board. So one morning——” (his face grew deadly pale) “the creature was standing with me near the gangway. She seemed to have clung to me through the whole of it, and called me her preserver—and I stood with her here talking, as I might have done to Rosa herself, had I grown up in virtue and honor, and been a happy and proud husband of so much love and beauty. She had not the slightest suspicion of my purpose, and when I drew out the cutlass, she took the glittering blade in her fingers, played with the jewels on the handle, and even with a kind sportiveness fitted it to my thigh, and said “I looked the soldier well.” I should have spared her at all risks, but I knew my men, and they were exchanging signs together, and the mate, who was a devil-incarnate, came twice up to me with a gruff shout, “we’re nearly ashore, captain!” I never shuddered at any thing before. My heart sickened, my eyes were

wet, and my hand trembled. She inquired, in a voice of tenderness that could not have been assumed, if I was unwell? I put my lips to hers, and kissed her with an agony, and then the flashing cutlass descended on her curled head, and I was covered with her blood. She screamed!" Here his voice faltered—his face grew paler, resembling the palid countenance of a corse—"she clung to the shrouds; I seized her sweet form in my arms, and threw her over. Still she clung with a convulsive tenacity, and—"

I covered my ears to shut out the conclusion, but could not.

"She gave me one look as I cut off her hands, one of which lay bleeding on the deck. The body fell with a heavy splash into the smooth clear water. Her lovely head, with its beauteous tresses, lingered a moment on the surface—then the ripples died away quietly in extending circles. I heard her voice never again, except when the scream startles me from my midnight slumber. I have told my secret. To-morrow, at sunrise—"

He started up wildly and gazed from the window. The stars were paling their beams and a faint light beamed from the horizon, growing every instant broader and clearer. Then the fiery streaks shot up and glanced far along the reddening arch. My companion shook his head, and calmed his manner; then he stooped, and laid his ear to the floor; a minute after the door opened, officers of

justice and clergymen entered. A man gave him a white dress, which he put on in silence. His face was absolutely yellow, and a streak of white upon his upper lip betrayed his agitation ; but he was firm and proud in his demeanor. He shook me once by the hand, closed his eyes a moment, and then motioned them to lead the way. There was a bustle in the prison. I sat watching the fantastic clouds burning in the east, till the dazzling rim of the sun peered above the line, as it slowly lifted its vast circumference into full view. A kind stranger in an hour brought me a riband, which he said Lopez had desired, should be handed me, after all was over, with his last farewell. I cannot express the strange thoughts with which I looked on this token of friendship.

AN OTAHEITEAN.

The mate of a ship, lately arrived from the Pacific, gives us the following bit of a yarn. Being in want of hands, they had shipped a couple of natives of Otaheite. One of these was called Manno. He was an eccentric fellow ; had more than once eaten human flesh, which he spoke of as delicious, and moreover was very fond of raw fish. He would watch his opportunity, whenever any of the finny tribe were caught, and snatch and devour them alive and kicking, with the greatest avidity. He was particularly careful to seize upon

the flying fish, as they chanced to fall upon deck, which, if any body saw him, he would endeavour to hide until he had an opportunity of devouring them unseen.

One night when Manno and the mate were above, the latter heard a flying fish drop upon deck, near the savage; and going to look for it, he found it was missing.

'Manno,' said he, 'what have you done with that fish?'

'No seen 'im—no seen 'im'—said the Otaheitean.

'Didn't you pick up a flying fish just now?'

'No—me no seen a flewin fish.'

'You no seen him! Don't lie, Manno.'

'No—me no lies—sarty, me no seen im.'

'What's that kicking in your bosom?'

'Nossin—nossin at all,' persisted the savage, at the same time holding fast upon his shirt bosom to keep the fish still.

The mate thrust his hand into the fellow's bosom and pulled out the fish. Finding himself caught in a lie, Manno began to tremble in expectation of a flogging. But the mate presently relieved his apprehensions, by merely insisting that he should sit down upon the hen-coop and devour the fish in his sight. Manno obeyed, and set to-work with an appetite. He smacked his lips at intervals, and seemed to enjoy his meal with remarkable relish. In a very short time he had eaten up the whole fish, the bones excepted. He was particularly fond of the head, and accounted

the eyes a delicate morsel—saying they tasted sweet, ‘jus like *laccady*’—molasses.

‘There now,’ said the mate, after he had finished his savage meal, and licked his chops—‘how do you like it?’

‘Good! good!’ said Manno.

At another time he eat four pounds of raw dolphin, and made himself excessively sick in consequence. But fond as he was of raw fish, he acknowledged that human flesh was still better; and that nothing he had ever eaten, equalled a bit of a nice plump young person.

MR. P'S. VISIT TO LONDON.

Mr. Editor, I contend we are not a jot better than our forefathers. It is true, we do not wear wigs, unless from necessity—lawyers and divines excepted; and we have, thanks to the great Mr. Pitt, left off hair powder; yet I am convinced our national taste has been retrograding for the last thirty years. In my younger days, though in many respects we were ridiculous and uncouth, there were few of those violations of sentiment, so prevalent at the present time, in transformations of every article of furniture and dress into its contrary, and thus creating unpleasant, if not painful associations. Nothing can be more unpardonable, more barbarous, and woe unto the artists, if they possess merit, who can live among such people.

I foresee that nothing great can be done in England. This utter disregard of taste is proof palpable of our uncivilization. Those monstrous metamorphoses, towards which I always felt the most feverish antipathy, stare me in the face at every turn. What! I find you still make your tables for backgammon, that noisy game for idlers, in the shape of two quiet looking studious folios. Do you not blush at such an everlasting enormity? And you have not yet foresworn that old sin, a pine-apple cheese; how, in the name of hot beds and dairies, can you reconcile so juicy a fruit to that thirsty accompaniment to ale and porter! No, never will I forgive such perverse crimes. I knew a lady, inestimable in other respects, who on a sultry summer's day, began, in my presence, to ventilate herself with a fan, whereon was painted an eruption of Mount Vesuvius—what a sudorific! Before my honey-moon was half over, I nearly quarrelled with my wife about her pin-cushion; it was in the shape of a heart, and it made my blood-run cold to see her stick pins and needles in it, and that too with unconcerned countenance. But these are trifles to what I endured yesterday, and as I once made a vow in the event of my travelling on the continent, never to visit Madrid, on account of its gridiron palace, so I now solemnly promise never to return to London and its wilful discrepancies.

Within half an hour after the coach had

set me down, I sallied forth in my new coat, and a clean cravat, to my cousin in Queen Square. Now, though he had called on me in Wales, and staid with me nearly three days, yet as that took place nearly nine years ago, I could not drive from my mind a suspicion that I might not be well received. In the midst of these doubts, I arrived at his door—when lo ! a head of a maniac grinned at me from the knockèr, as if placed there to scare away both friends and relations. This shocked me not a little. I am aware it is the office of a gentleman always to give a loud, flourishing rap ; nevertheless, under the circumstances, I preferred ringing the bell, and entered the house with a gloom on my face extremely unsuitable to the occasion. However, I experienced a more cordial welcome than generally is bestowed by a rich man on his poor relation, though I instantly perceived there was a snake in his bosom, which he wore as a broach. After a round of inquiries and compliments, I was asked to sit near the fire, when my attention was directed towards the figure of a negro in the middle of the mantel-piece, bearing on his back a basket, on the side of which appeared a time-piece. I ventured to give an opinion that old father time, with his scythe and hour glass, would be more appropriate ; when my cousin laughed at my antique notions, and called this new idea a very pretty one, and uncommonly droll.

To this I returned no answer, but got up for the purpose of examining some more 'pretty ideas' to the right and left of the negro. There I found castles with hyacinths growing out of the turrets, an inkstand like a cottage, with pens thrust into the chimney tops, two cupids with candle sockets jammed into their brains, and ships for card racks, where a Mrs. Thompson was hanging from the yard-arm, and a Rev. Mr. Somebody lying upside down in the stern. I was astounded, and looking round the room, saw death doing spears, and Egyptian mummies about the window curtains, the pattern of a comfortable carpet in imitation of cold marble, and a tiger on the hearth rug. You may imagine my sufferings, and will give me credit for forbearance, for hitherto I said nothing, but bit my lips and fumed inwardly.

As a temporary relief, I began to play with the eldest boy, and this familiarity induced him to show me papa's present, a knife in the shape of a greyhound. It struck me it was an emblematic reward for his skill in running hand, but still I thought it a silly conceit; worse and worse! the boy was not out of round hand. My notice of the greyhound was the occasion of his younger brother's pulling out his knife, which was offered to my admiration in the shape of a fish. I quitted the urchins in disgust, and sat down by the side of their sister, who was busy at needle work. The beauty of this girl banished all

disagreeable reflections, until I discovered that the little cat upon the table was her pin cushion. Just at that moment the father invited me to take a pinch of snuff, and turning round suddenly, I was horror-struck to see a double barrel pistol presented at my body.

Soon afterwards he produced his pocket handkerchief, and sneezed upon the battle of Waterloo. The more to exasperate me, I was compelled to listen to his account of the Elgin marbles, telling me I should be enraptured, and lauding them to the skies with a mawkish pretence at enthusiasm. When dinner was served up, the soup tureen was a goose, the butter boats a pair of ducks, the salt cellars foot tubs, with handles, staves and hoops, all cut in glass, and I observed among other animals on my blue and white plate, a pig feeding out of a trough. After the cloth was removed, I began to expostulate, at some length, with my cousin upon his bad taste, enumerating the many deplorable evidences of it, and intreating him in the mildest manner in the world, to throw them behind the fire. To my astonishment, he let me know they were the fashion every where, and expressed much displeasure at my comments, which I could not but treat with contempt, so that our conversation was fast fretting itself into a quarrel. We were interrupted by the lady of the house, who swayed by an awkward feeling of politeness, made a show of taking my side of the question. I knew

her to be insincere, because she wore as earrings, a couple of puppies, curiously carved in cornelian ; but her interference so angered her husband, that I got a reprieve from his tongue, at her expense. A dead silence ensued, and collecting my philosophy, I determined not to provoke him further ; seeing it was of no avail, and remained quiet till tea time. Heavens ! what a display ! The milk pot was a cow, and the tea pot a dragon, from whose horrible mouth the ‘smoking tide’ was to gush forth ; the urn was exactly like one of those which used to contain the ashes of the dead ; a lachrymal served them for a coffee pot ; and there was a painting on the tea board, which represented the funeral of the princess Charlotte. I rose indignantly from my chair, and insisted upon leaving the house. The lady declared she was confounded at my refusal to take a bed, that the sheets were ‘bed sheets !’ I exclaimed, (for how could I control myself?) ‘a bier and winding sheets, you mean—they can be nothing else. But, cousin, let me give you a little advice at parting. Each man ought to be consistent, even in his inconsistencies. There is one piece of furniture, the piano forte, quite out of keeping with the rest. Agreeably to your pretty ideas, let it be moulded into the form of a coffin, plentifully studded with black nails, and adorned with death’s heads and cross bones at the corners ; and buy also a pall, in lieu of the leathern

cover to keep it clean ; you can get one at the undertaker's ! With these words I hurried out of the house, without bidding adieu to my host or his dog's eared wife, and tumbled against a boy at the door, who was bringing in a sarcophagus for a winecooler.

THE FORGERS.

"That house, from whose chimneys no smoke has ascended for ten long years, once showed its windows bright with cheerful fires ; and that old and wo-begone woman I remember brought home a youthful bride, in all the beauty of her joy and innocence. Twenty years beheld her a wife and a mother, with all their most perfect happiness, and with some, too, of their inevitable griefs. Death passed not by her door without his victims, and of five children, all but one died, in infancy, childhood, or blooming youth. But they died in nature's common decay,—peaceful prayers were said around the bed of peace ; and when the flowers grew upon their graves, the mother's eyes could bear to look on them, as she passed on with an unaching heart into the house of God. All but one died,—and better had it been if that one had never been born.

"Father, mother, and son, now come to man's estate, survived, and in the house there was peace. But suddenly poverty fell upon them. The dishonesty of a kinsman, of

which I need not state the particulars, robbed them of their few hereditary fields, which now passed into the possession of a stranger. They, however, remained as tenants in the house which had been their own ; and for a while, father and son bore the change of fortune seemingly undismayed, and toiled as common labourers on the soil still dearly beloved. At the dawn of light they went out together, and at twilight they returned. But it seemed as if their industry was in vain. Year after year the old man's face became more deeply furrowed, and more seldom was he seen to smile ; and his son's countenance, once bold and open, was now darkened with anger and dissatisfaction. They did not attend public worship so regularly as they used to do ; when I met them in the fields, or visited them in their dwelling, they looked on me coldly, and with altered eyes ; and I grieved to think how soon they both seemed to have forgotten the blessings Providence had so long permitted them to enjoy, and how sullenly they now struggled with its decrees. But something worse than poverty was now disturbing both their hearts.

“The unhappy old man had a brother who at this time died, leaving an only son, who had for many years abandoned his father's house, and of whom all tidings had long been lost. It was thought by many that he had died beyond seas ; and none doubted, that, living or dead, he had been disinherited by

his stern and unrelenting parent. On the day after the funeral, the old man produced his brother's will, by which he became heir to all his property, except an annuity to be paid to the natural heir, should he ever return. Some pitied the prodigal son who had been disinherited—some blamed the father—some envied the good fortune of those who had so ill borne adversity. But in a short time, the death, the will, and the disinherited were all forgotten, and the lost lands being redeemed, peace, comfort, and happiness were supposed again to be restored to the dwelling from which they had so long been banished.

“But it was not so. If the furrows on the old man's face were deep before, when he had to toil from morning to night, they seemed to have sunk into more ghastly trenches, now that the goodness of Providence had restored a gentle shelter to his declining years. When seen wandering through his fields at eventide, he looked not like the patriarch musing tranquilly on the works and ways of God; and when my eyes met his during Divine service, which he now again attended with scrupulous regularity, I sometimes thought they were suddenly averted in conscious guilt; or closed in hypocritical devotion. I scarcely know if I had any suspicions against him in my mind or not; but his high bald head, thin silver hair, and countenance with its fine features so intelligent,

had no longer the same solemn expression which they once possessed, and something dark and hidden seemed now to belong to them, which withstood his forced and unnatural smile. The son, who in the days of their former prosperity, had been stained by no vice, and who, during their harder lot had kept himself aloof from all his former companions, now became dissolute and profligate, nor did he meet with reproof from a father whose heart would once have burst asunder at one act of wickedness in his beloved child.

"About three years after the death of his father, the disinherited son returned to his native parish. He had been a sailor on board various ships on foreign stations: but hearing by chance of his father's death, he came to claim his inheritance. Having heard on his arrival that his uncle had succeeded to the property, he came to me and told me, that the night before he left his home, his father stood by his bedside, kissed him, and said, that never more would he own such an undutiful son—but that he forgave him all his sins—at death would not defraud him of the pleasant fields that had so long belonged to his humble ancestors—and hoped to meet reconciled in heaven. 'My uncle is a villain,' said he, fiercely, 'but I will cast anchor on the green bank where I played when a boy, even if I must first bring his grey head to the scaffold.'

"I accompanied him to the house of his uncle. It was a dreadful visit. The family had just sat down to their frugal mid-day meal; and the old man, though for some years he could have had little heart to pray, had just lifted up his hand to ask a blessing. Our shadows, as we entered the door, fell upon the table; and turning his eyes, he beheld before him on the floor the man whom he fearfully hoped had been buried in the sea. His face was indeed, at that moment, most unlike that of prayer, but he still held up his lean, shrivelled, trembling hand. 'Accursed hypocrite,' cried the fierce mariner, 'dost thou call down the blessing of God on a meal won basely from the orphan? But, lo! God, whom thou hast blasphemed, has sent me from the distant isles of the ocean to bring thy white head to the hangman's hands!'

"For a moment all was silent—then a loud stifled gasping was heard, and she whom you saw a little while ago, rose shrieking from her seat, and fell down on her knees at the sailor's feet. The terror of that unforgiven crime, now first revealed to her knowledge, struck her down to the floor. She fixed her bloodless face on his before whom she knelt—but she spoke not a single word. There was a sound in her convulsed throat like the death-rattle. 'I forged the will,' said the son, advancing towards his cousin with a firm step; 'my father could not—I alone am guilty—I alone must die.' The wife soon

recovered the power of speech, but it was so unlike her usual voice, that I scarcely thought, at first, the sound proceeded from her white quivering lips. 'As you hope for mercy at the great judgment day, let the old man make his escape—hush, hush, hush—till in a few days he has sailed away in the hold of some ship to America. You surely will not hang an old gray-headed man of threescore and ten years!'

'The sailor stood silent and frowning. There seemed neither pity nor cruelty in his face; he felt himself injured; and looked resolved to right himself, happen what would. 'I say he has forged my father's will. As to escaping, let him escape if he can. I do not wish to hang him; though I have seen better men run up to the fore-yard arm before now, for only asking their own. But no more kneeling, woman.—Holla! where is the old man gone?'

'We all looked hastily around, and the wretched wife and mother, springing to her feet, rushed out of the house. We followed, one and all. The door of the stable was open, and the mother and son entering, loud shrieks were heard. The miserable old man had slunk out of the room unobserved during the passion that had struck all our souls, and had endeavored to commit suicide. His own son cut him down, as he hung suspended from a rafter in that squalid place, and, carrying him in his arms, laid him down upon

the green bank in front of the house. There he lay with his livid face, and bloodshot protruded eyes, till, in a few minutes, he raised himself up, and fixed them upon his wife, who, soon recovering from a fainting fit, came shrieking from the mire in which she had fallen down. 'Poor people!' said the sailor, with a gasping voice, 'you have suffered enough for your crime. Fear nothing; the worst is now past: and rather would I sail the seas twenty years longer than add another pang to that old man's heart. Let us be kind to the old man.'

"But it seemed as if a raven had croaked the dreadful secret all over the remotest places among the hills; for, in an hour, people came flocking in from all quarters, and it was seen, that concealment or escape was no longer possible, and that father and son were destined to die together a felon's death."

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

In the deep wilderness, unseen, she pray'd,
The daughter of Jerusalem;—alone.
With all the still, small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone! She lifted up
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head,
The dark leaves thrilled with pray'r—the tearful pray'r
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

"Father of spirits hear!
Look on the inmost soul, to Thee reveal'd;

Suggested by the picture of a kneeling Magda-

Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before Thy sight in solitude unseal'd !

" Hear, Father ! hear and aid !
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid ;

" If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry,
Thou, that art Love ! oh, pity and forgive !

" Chasted'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fixed on Thee, from that vain worship turns !
—What have I said ?—the deep dream is not past.

" Yet hear !—if *still* I love—
Oh ! still too fondly—if, forever seen,
An earthly image comes, my soul between
And Thy calm glory, Father ! throned above ;

" If still a voice is near,
(Even while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul,
With its deep music, too intensely dear.

" O, Father ! draw to Thee
My lost affections back !—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies,
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free !

" I must love on, oh God !
This bosom *must* love on !—but let Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows no death,
Bearing it up to Heaven, Love's own abode !"

Ages and ages past, the Wilderness,
With its dark cedars ; and the thrilling Night,
With her pale stars, and the mysterious winds,
Fraught with all sound, were conscious of those
prayers.

—How many such hath woman's bursting heart,
Since then, in silence and in darkness breath'd,
Like a dim night-flower's odor, up to God !

NAUTICAL GHOST STORY.

We detained a Greek ship upon some suspicions or other, which did not transpire in the midshipmen's berth, although of course, we found out enough in our own minds, quite enough to condemn half a score of ships, could we have caught them. The prize was placed under charge of a lieutenant and some ten or twelve men, and proceeded with us to Malta ; but as the admiral was off Toulon, we repaired to the blockade squadron, and the detained ship entered the harbor. There is hardly a man in the navy, I mean a foremast man, who has not either seen, or heard, or been convinced, that such things as ghosts really do exist, and that he has been too near them to be pleasant, therefore I shall spare myself the trouble of relating "accredited ghost stories" from my naval memorandum book. One will suffice to show how superstitious fears may operate upon minds brave and gallant when real dangers are at hand, and weak and cowardly when phantoms haunt the brain ; hence the saying of a true tar, accused of being afraid to go down in the hold of a vessel the day a man had died aboard the ship ; who, on being rebuked for his cowardice, screwed up his mouth, hitched up his trowsers, and replied, "Aye, aye, sir, you know I would fight a devil by daylight, but a ghost in the dark, is a different thing." It appears that our Greek vessel

was not subjected to quarantine, and, consequently, entered Valetta harbor. In the evening the lieutenant thought he had quite enough of the vessel at sea, and that he could dine as well on shore; consequently, having no captain's leave to ask, on shore he went, and contrived to amuse himself much to his satisfaction until about eleven o'clock at night; he then repaired to his ship in a Maltese boat. On mounting the side of the vessel he was astonished to find the whole crew on deck, walking about in considerable agitation, and breaking through all discipline by herding upon the quarter deck. "Hol-loa!" said the lieutenant, "what the devil is the matter now? How is it, Mr. W.," continued he, addressing himself to the midshipman, "that the men are not in their hammocks?" The whole crew answered at once. "That they would rather sleep on the crosstrees than to go below again, for they had seen a ghost." "Seen a what?" roared the lieutenant, "A ghost!" they answered, "a ghost roared the lieutenant, "what is he like?—here, you lumping, cowardly cur," said he seizing hold of the stoutest man of the crew, who was shaking like a leaf, "tell me, I say, what the devil is the ghost like? Is he a Greek, a Turk or a Christian? what did he say? D—n you, speak directly, or I'll find a way to make you." It was all in vain, not a word could he get from one of the crew but—"that they had seen a ghost."

One declared the unceremonious phantom got under his hammock; and capsizing him, threw him on the deck; another swore to his having been cuffed by the shadow, and all admitted that they had received some injury. "Quarter-master, give me a light and let me see if I can find the ghost," said the lieutenant; and down he went by the main hatchway to hunt up the spirit—the midshipman, who was young, and who had caught the sympathetic fright, remaining on deck. Below was glorious confusion,—every thing indicated, that by some means or another the crew had jumped on deck without waiting to dress themselves, and the half naked appearance of the men confirmed that idea. In vain the lieutenant called for one of the men to come down to lift the forehatch; not a soul obeyed the order, and after a fruitless search he repaired on deck again. "Come here, my men," said he you see I have been below, and hunted fore and aft for your ghost and cannot find him! How can you be such cursed asses as to believe that a dead man, which a ghost must be, could turn you all out of your hammocks,—pinch one, cuff another, and slap a third! Will any man step forward, and tell me that he saw the ghost?—Here, you lubberly fellow, you Jackson, you have seen dead men by dozens,—now tell me, did you see it?" This was a home question; and Jackson after due consideration, and looking round, during which it was

quite amusing to see how studiously every man wished to avoid being the outside man, replied, "that he certainly had not seen the ghost himself, and," added he, "I begins to think as how I've been imposed upon." Fatal speech ! Never did man since the creation make more innocent words to cause his death. "Then set the example to those old women, and go down to your hammock." "Aye, aye, sir," said Jackson, who, turning round, added, "come along lads," but the devil a lad followed. His hammock was in the fore-peak of the vessel, consequently, the very farthest point from the quarter, from which no power could make the sailors budge an inch. He had not much clothing of which to divest himself, and, turning into his hammock, endeavored to court sleep, the only power not gained by courting. Half an hour had elapsed, and some of the crew began to think a snug hammock was just as good as walking half naked in the night air, when a scream was heard, and up the hatchway flew Jackson in his shirt, his hair standing on end, and his face the very picture of terror and dismay. The crew caught the fear, and the sudden noise roused the lieutenant, who was instantly on deck. 'Well said he, 'have you caught the ghost?' The pale and affrighted face of Jackson struck the lieutenant with indignation and disgust, for the lieutenant believed in no ghost but one that used to drink the boatswain's grog. It often

happens in Malta, that a swell sets into the harbor, and boats which are fast to the stern, wash against the counter of the ship giving the boat a very unwholesome shake, and producing a noise by no means conducive to sleep : this was the case on that night. 'Here you Jackson,' said the lieutenant, 'd—n your white face, you're not fit to be a sailor, go down and keep that boat clear of the counter.' To this order the sailor willingly acceded, as it placed him out of the reach of his spiritual tormentor ; but such was his fright, that he missed his hold in descending by the boat's painter—fell overboard and sunk like a stone ; it was but the splash and life was gone. The crew now became more alarmed, but the lieutenant retired to rest. Daylight dawned before the crew followed so good an example. The next morning the seaman's body was found perfectly black, and was interred on shore with due honors. A generation of priests properly garbed, were paid for walking round the decks with crucifixes and lighted wax candles, although it was broad daylight ; a certain quantity of holy water was sprinkled on the decks ; prayers were said in Latin, of which certainly neither ghost nor crew understood one single word : and strange as it may appear, the men were perfectly satisfied, that the ghost was imprisoned in one of Pharaoh's chariots in the Red Sea ; they slept in their hammocks as usual and from that hour neither ghost nor goblin was seen, felt or heard.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER.

It was on the twentieth of December last that I received an invitation from my friend, Mr. Phiggins, to dine with him in Mark-lane, on Christmas day. I had several reasons for declining this proposition. The first was, that Mr. P. makes it a rule, at all these festivals, to empty the entire contents of his counting-house into his little dining parlour; and you consequently sit down to dinner with six white-waistcoated clerks, let loose upon a turkey. The second was, that I am not sufficiently well read in cotton and sugar, to enter with any spirit into the subject of conversation. And the third was, and is, that I never drink Cape wine. But by far the most prevailing reason remains to be told. I had been anticipating for some days, and was hourly in the hope of receiving, an invitation to spend my Christmas day in a most irresistible quarter. I was expecting, indeed, the felicity of eating plum-pudding with an angel; and, on the strength of my imaginary engagement, I returned a polite note to Mr. P., reducing him to the necessity of advertising for another candidate for cape and turkey.

The twenty-first came. Another invitation—to dine with a regiment of roast-beer eaters at Clapham. I declined this also, for the above reason, and for one other, viz. that, on dining there ten Christmas days ago,

it was discovered, on sitting down, that one little accompaniment of the roast beef had been entirely overlooked. Would it be believed?—but I will not stay to mistify—I merely mention the fact. They had forgotten the horse-radish!

The next day arrived, and with it a neat epistle, sealed with violet-coloured wax, from Upper Brook-street. “Dine with the ladies—at home on Christmas-day.” Very tempting, it is true; but not exactly the letter I was longing for. I began, however, to debate within myself upon the policy of securing this bird in hand, instead of waiting for the two that were still hopping about the bush, when the consultation was suddenly brought to a close, by a prophetic view of the portfolio of drawings fresh from boarding-school—moths and roses on embossed paper;—to say nothing of the album, in which I stood engaged to write an elegy on a Java sparrow, that had been a favourite in the family for three days. I rung for gilt-edged, pleaded a world of polite regret, and again declined.

The twenty-third dawned; time was getting on rather rapidly; but no card came. I began to despair of any more invitations, and to repent of my refusals. Breakfast was hardly over, however, when the servant brought up—not a letter—but an aunt and a brace of cousins from Bayswater. They would listen to no excuse; consanguinity re-

quired me, and Christmas was not my own. Now my cousins kept no albums; they are really as pretty as cousins can be; and when violent hands, with white kid gloves, are laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my darling hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in fifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I showed them the Court Guide, with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had *not* asked me to mince-meat and mistle-toe; and I ultimately gained my cause by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ancle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a "happy" Christmas. As I approached, a porter brought a large hamper to the door. "A present from the country," thought I; "yes, they *do* dine at home; they must ask me; they know that I am in town." Immediately afterwards a servant issued with a letter: he took the nearest way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sat down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment

than I had experienced for some days ; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired despatch had come : it seemed written on the leaf of a lily with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it—and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock-broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes it with the fourth bottle—and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snap-dragon. In Mackadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation. I wrote a most irritable apology, and despatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty-fourth.—I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack ! no letter came :—yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honor, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *litterati* to be then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations, cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to in-

crease my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most tempting dessert, composed of forbidden fruit. I took down "Childe Harold," and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sate "nursing my wrath" till it scorched me; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sickened as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated —, but no matter; it was not *the* letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my admiration condescend, not to *eat* a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tart fabricated by her own ethereal fingers; with such possibilities before me, how could I think of joining a "friendly party"—where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been, when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilks, or my Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of "Junius," but had forgotten his name—and who once asked me "whether Mr. Munden's monument was in Westminster Abbey or St. Pauls?"—I seized a pen, and presented my compliments. I hesitated—for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my

mind ; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I at length succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat ; dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face ; nothing was to be seen but raisins and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all ! I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and every body seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man ! To-morrow appeared to have already commenced its career ; mankind had anticipated the future ; “and coming mince-pies cast their shadows before.”

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No : my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September, payable three months after date. With these

feelings I gave an agitated knock—they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded! A girl at length made her appearance, and, with a mouthful of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas-eve in Portland-place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first impulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words I went to bed.

I dozed and dreamed away the hours till daybreak. Sometimes I fancied myself seated in a roaring circle, roasting chesnuts at a blazing log; at others, that I had fallen into the Serpentine while skating, and that the Humane Society were piling upon me a Pelion, or rather a Vesuvius of blankets. I awoke a little refreshed. Alas! it was the twenty-fifth of the month—if was Christmas-day! Let the reader, if he possess the imagination of Milton, conceive my sensations.

I swallowed an atom of dry toast—nothing could calm the fever of my soul. I stirred the fire and read Zimmerman alternately. Even reason—the last remedy one has recourse to in such cases—came at length to my relief: I argued myself into a philosophic fit. But, unluckily, just as the Lethean tide within me was at its height, my landlady broke in upon my lethargy, and chased away

by a single word all the little sprites and pleasures that were acting as my physicians, and prescribing balm for my wounds. She paid me the usual compliments, and then—"Do you dine at home to-day, Sir?" abruptly inquired she. Here was a question. No Spanish inquisitor ever inflicted such complete dismay in so short a sentence. Had she given me a Sphinx to expound, a Gordian tangle to untwist; had she set me a lesson in algebra, or asked me the way to Brobdignag; had she desired me to show her the North Pole, or the meaning of a melodrama;—any or all of these I might have accomplished. But to request me to define my dinner—to inquire into its latitude—to compel me to fathom that sea of appetite which I now felt rushing through my frame—to ask me to dive into futurity, and become the prophet of pies and preserves!—My heart died within me at the impossibility of a reply.

She had repeated the question before I could collect my senses around me. Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that, in the event of my having no engagement abroad, my landlady meant to invite me! "There will at least be the two daughters," I whispered to myself; "and after all, Lucy Matthews is a charming girl and touches the harp divinely. She has a very small, pretty hand, I recollect; only her fingers are so punctured by the needle—and I rather think

she bites her nails No, I will not even now give up my hope. It was yesterday but a straw—to-day it is but the thistledown; but I will cling to it to the last moment. There are still four hours left; they will not dine till six. One desperate struggle, and the peril is past; let me not be seduced by this last golden apple, and I may yet win my race." The struggle was made—"I should not dine at home." This was the only phrase left me; for I could not say that "I should dine out." Alas! that an event should be at the same time so doubtful and so desirable. I only begged that if any letter arrived, it might be brought to me immediately.

The last plank, the last splinter, had now given way beneath me. I was floating about with no hope but the chance of something almost impossible. They had "left me alone," not with my glory, but with an appetite that resembled an avalanche seeking whom it might devour. I had passed one dinnerless day, and half of another; yet the promised land was as far from sight as ever. I recounted the chances I had missed. The dinners I might have enjoyed, passed in a di-
 oramic view before my eyes. Mr. Phiggins and his six clerks—the Clapham beef-eaters—the charms of Upper Brook-street—my pretty cousins, and the pantomime writer—the stock-broker, whose stories one forgets, and the elderly lady who forgets her stories—they all marched by me, a procession of ap-

partitions. Even my landlady's invitation, though unborn, was not forgotten in summing up my sacrifices. And for what?

Four o'clock. Hope was perfectly ridiculous. I had been walking upon the hair-bridge over a gulf, and could not get into Elysium after all. I had been catching moonbeams, and running after notes of music. Despair was my only convenient refuge; no chance remained unless something should drop from the clouds. In this last particular I was not disappointed; for on looking up I perceived a heavy shower of snow. Yet I was obliged to venture forth; for being supposed to dine out, I could not of course remain at home. Where to go I knew not: I was like my first father—"the world was all before me." I flung my cloak round me, and hurried forth with the feelings of a bandit longing for a stiletto. At the foot of the stairs, I staggered against two or three smiling rascals, priding themselves upon their punctuality. They had just arrived—to make the tour of Turkey. How I hated them!—As I rushed by the parlour, a single glance disclosed to me a blazing fire, with Lucy and several lovely creatures in a semi-circle. Fancy, too, gave me a glimpse of a sprig of mistletoe—I vanished from the house, like a spectre at day-break.

How long I wandered about is doubtful. At last I happened to look through a kitchen window, with an area in front, and saw a vil-

lain with a fork in his hand, throwing himself back in his chair choked with ecstasy. Another was feasting with a graver air; he seemed to be swallowing a bit of Paradise, and criticising its flavour. This was too much for mortality—my appetite fastened upon me like an alligator. I darted from the spot; and only a few yards farther discerned a house, with rather an elegant exterior, and with some ham in the window that looked perfectly sublime. There was no time for consideration—to hesitate was to perish. I entered; it was indeed “a banquet-hall deserted.” The very waiters had gone home to their friends. There, however, I found a fire; and there—to sum up all my folly and felicity in a single word—I DINED.

**O'DONOUGHUE AND HIS WHITE HORSE;
AND THE HURLERS OF LOCH LANE.**

There is not, perhaps, in the known world, a country so fertile in legendary lore as *ould* Ireland. The wildness and extravagance of its traditions far exceed those of any other country. Who can read those, so felicitously narrated by Mr. Croker in his “*Legends of the Lakes*,” without receiving gratification, mingled with a feeling nearly approaching to veneration, for this region of romance?

“It was as beautiful a moonlight night as ever came out of the heavens, that I happened to be sitting on a rock by the lake side, watching Jack Looney’s cattle; for,

some *ramskallianly* thieves were playing the dunners [mischief] in the country.— Well, as I was saying, it was a beautiful night, and I was sitting on a rock, looking at the cattle that were grazing about; and when I got tired of that, I turned about to the lake, that was as still as any thing, with the moon and stars shining on it, just for all the world as if there was another sky in the bottom of it. But it was'nt long until I began to get quite lonesome like; for there was the big black mountains, with the white mist circling about them, and looked like so many ghosts; besides, the dark islands and grey rocks in the lake were the dismalist things in life, and their shadows that were dancing a *moreen* [a jig] on the water, brought O'Donoughue and his hurlers into my head, so that I began to think what I should do if O'Donoughue was to come up to me; for though they say its lucky to see him, I did not much like the thoughts of it then. But that was little good for me; for before long, I *see* something white waving on the lake at a great distance, but I thought I saw O'Donoughue riding like mad, on a big white horse. Up he comes to me, and without "by your lave," "Tim Shea," says he, "you must go of a message for me; you must carry this letter to the county of Waterford." "To Waterford! my lord, sir," says I, "and what to do at Waterford? yarra, then, good Mr. O'Donoughue don't be after sending a poor

gomel [a fool] like me, such a journey this blessed night." "You thief, you," says he, "dout you know I'm O'Donoughue? I'll *tache* you better manners than to be mistering me; so, for that very word, you must be off in a minute, or may be it would be worse with you. Won't I mind the cattle till you come back? and won't I lend you my own horse? so that you'll be better mounted than e'er a gentleman in the kingdom." And that was true enough for him; for he was a beautiful horse as you'd meet in a month of Sundays, and had silver shoes upon him, and gold stirrups, and little gold and silver bells upon his bridle, that jingled with every stir of him. So with that, down he jumps off his horse, and makes no more to do, but heaves me up on his back. "Tim Shea, put this letter in your *sprain* [purse or pouch] and when the horse stops in front of a big castle, give it to the first that'll open the door, and bring me back an answer," said he. "I will your honor," says I. "*Hauld* tight and be off; hurroo, *coppul bawn*," [white horse,] says he; and away we flew like the wind. Indeed, then, it gave me enough to do to stick on his back, though I held tight by the neck; for my head was bothered by the jingling of the bells, and he went so fast that he almost knocked the breath out of me. Well, sir, away we went, and we went, till we came to the county of Waterford; when, what should my thief of a horse do, but make for a big

cliff that hanged over the sea ; so, when I see where he was going, I thought it was all over with me. " Ah, then, my beautiful *baste*," says I, " wouldn't you be after turning some other way ?" But the unnatural creature took no more notice of me than if I was a Jew or a heathen just ; but when he comes to the edge of the cliff, he turns up his snout and gave a great snort ; down he leapt with me all at once, clean into the middle of the wide ocean. Splash—splash, went the water, and down we went to the bottom ; when, where would I find myself, but in the middle of a fine city. So up we went through the street, and all the people staring, until we came in front of a big castle, and there we stopt at last, and my *coppul bawn* began to jingle his bells, like a May boy, till the door was opened, and out walked an elegant lady. " What's your business, Tim Shea ?" says she, for they all seemed to know me as well as if I was bred and born among them. " Wisha, then, nothing at all, my lady," says I, " only a bit of a note from O'Donoughue." " Give it here," says she, " and I'll bring you an answer in a minute." So with that, in she went, and it wasn't long till she came out again with the answer ; and as soon as I had it safe, away went my *coppul bawn* as fast as ever. Well, sir, it wasn't long till he brought me back again to the big rock by the lake-side, and sure it was I that was glad to see it ; and as soon as he

came up to O'Donoghue, he gives himself a shake, and makes no more of tossing me off than if I was a straw. "Where's the answer, Tim?" says O'Donoghue. "Here, your honor," says I, as soon as I could get breath to spake. "Well Tim," says he when he read it, "you'll see some fun soon, for the boys from Waterford are coming, and and there'll be as fine a hurling match as ever you see; but which ever way it goes, don't let a word out of your two lips, if you have not a mind to sup sorrow."

"So with that, up he gets on his white horse, and away he gallops into the lake.— "Joy be with you," says I, "I'm fairly rid of you at last." But the words were hardly out of my mouth, when the lake was covered over with O'Donoghue's people; and it was not long till the boys from Waterford rushed by in a whirlwind, and so to it they went.

"It would do your heart good to see the beautiful balls and hurlies they had, and to hear the shouts of them, as they pucked it about from one end of the lake to the other, till at last the Waterford boys began to get the better of the Kerry men. "*Blug-a-bairns!* what are you about, O'Donoghue?" says I, quite forgetting that I wasn't to spake, but if I did, so well I paid for it, for up jumped a big ugly looking fellow, and hits me a rap over the head with his hurley. Down I dropt as dead as a herring, and when I came

to myself, there was nothing to be seen but the grey mist of the morning, creeping calmly along the lake, and the cattle, that were quietly grazing around me. But you see, sir, I keep a civil distance from the lake after nightfall any how, for sure it was, I was bothered the whole night with O'Donoughue, and his hurlers, and his white horse, and messages, and cities in the sea; but it will be many a long day till they catch me agen.—That's Tim Shea's story, sir."

ALLEEN ATORE'S EPITAPH.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

Here in a little cave,
The prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,
All amid lillies pale,
That turn
Their heads into my little vault, and mourn,—
Stranger, I have made my grave.

I am not all forgot :
A small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,
And o'er me a green willow
Doth weep,
Still questioning the air, "Why doth she sleep
The girl, in this cold spot?"

Even the very winds
Come to my cave and sigh; they often bring
Rose leaves upon their wing
To strew
O'er my earth, and leaves of violet blue;
In sooth, leaves of all kinds.

Fresh in my mossy bed;
The frequent pity of the rock falls here,
A sweet, cold, silent tear;
I've heard,
Sometime, a wild and melancholy bird
Warble at my grave head.

Read this small tablet o'er
 That holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of pearl ;
 " Here lies a simple girl,
 Who died
 Like a pale flower, nipt in its sweet spring-tide,
 E'er it had bloomed : " — no more.

THE VISIONARY SEAMAN.

Standing in the counting-room of our office, a few days since, we saw enter two young men in sailor's habits ; one of them inquired for the editor—whom he must see and converse with alone. Taking him into our room, we prepared for the recital of shipwreck, or the discovery of some now volcanic island. The young man was about twenty-five years of age ; he was dressed in canvass trowsers, a blue jacket and vest over a red flannel shirt, and a tarpaulin hat. Notwithstanding his sun-burnt visage he was rather good looking, his dark eye was restless and inflamed, and his frequent changes of position showed his mind ill at ease. He had, he said, a revelation to make which he thought worthy of being known. We requested him to give us some notes from which we could make out a statement ; but he said he could neither read nor write, and must therefore deal with us *viva voce*.

Having satisfied himself that there was none but ourselves and a small boy within hearing, he prepared for his recital.

'I was on the passage,' said he, from Cape Francois to Boston in the ship ———, a few

months since, and one night, while standing alone at the helm, I heard a female voice calling to me from the main chains—I started with some apprehensions—when it again hailed evidently nearer than before ! I demanded its wishes—it promised to make me some important revelations at another period. A few nights afterwards, the same voice addressed me again—more familiar now with its tones; I listened with less apprehension of personal danger. It fulfilled, in part its promise, and opened up to me secrets, which if I might use them, would give me wealth and honor. After that time the voice did not wait for night, it came to my ear at all hours ; it warned me of impending evils from long trusted friends—and pointed to means of avoiding the secretly spread snare. I have lain down in my berth for rest and the busy voice has whispered in my ear the secrets of nature, that the Philosopher has studied for in vain—I have lain out upon the yard at night, when the wildest winds have shattered our canvass like a cobweb, and while the dark spray dashed high over our heads, and midst the screaming of the blast, and the loud bellying of the thunder, that voice has been with me and poured into my ear the secrets of the causes of these wonders.

I have asked for knowledge, and the same voice hath answered with more than satisfaction. I have learned the deep mysteries that men have carried hushed up in their bosoms

without utterance—and only revealed their possession thereof to others who had drawn from the same dark fountains by occult signs, and strangely uttered words. The secrets of the grave have been told to me in language as simple as the legends of infancy. Sated with knowledge of what was to come, I asked for the past—not of this year, nor of this century—but of ages gone—when as yet this world upon which we move had other forms and other uses—and the knowledge came to me in that all instructive voice. I heard that all planets grew by attraction, and would perish by motion, and that we should pass from each to the other, ascending in our nature in each remove—while the globe we left should perish in its usefulness. I asked for proof—and the voice spoke of the asteroids that hang between Mars and Jupiter, and which diminish in every cycle—it bade me remember those forms in the southern heavens, which men denominate the Magellanic clouds. These vapory bodies were once solid globes like this earth, but the probation of their inhabitants passed long since—and they are fading away without a name. “I remember now,” continued the sailor, as his tall form dilated, and he raised his arm in the warmth of narration—“I remember the scenes of these same worlds that we now call Magellanic clouds, and I could reveal to you the great causes by which they have lost their consistency. I could waken up in you like

the recalled dreams of infancy, the remembrance of these long passed ages, when *you* were a habitant of that fading world ; there, as here, men were all wicked—there, as here, they chased me with poison—there I was wise without profit, and was endowed with knowledge that only brought derision !—But hear the revelation that must alter the destiny of this nation, if not of this age ; write it down now, that I may not again fail in its promulgation—for I cannot at all times give it utterance.”

He drew near me, leaning his head near mine, and with a suppressed tone proceeded —“ Within six months from this time there will be bought ——— did you hear that voice ?”

“ It comes again,” said he, “ and I cannot proceed.” His face had become pale, and his eyes wandered with painful rapidity. “ I will come again when I am permitted—but it is ever thus—I must go and hear the whole—the fearful but certain doomings of all that is great and good around me—but I cannot utter a word to break the spell. I shall live in the full course of knowledge—seeing the approach of evil without power to avoid it, and without permission to warn others of its coming.” He left the room with a hurried step.—

“ Father,” said the small boy, “ was not that man crazy.”——It is certain that *he* did not suspect himself of being deranged.

DRESSING CHICKENS.

The following easy and economical mode of dressing chickens for invalids, comes from no less an authority than that noted "Cook and wholesome Condiment Preparer," Mr. C. W. Lopresti, who utters his oracular gastronomics at his "Epicurean Depot, 22 Mount street, Berkeley Square."

"Select a fine young chicken, truss it for boiling, put it into a stew-pan, just large enough to hold it, with half a pint of cold water, and take care that the cover fit very close, to prevent evaporation; set it on the fire until it boils, then keep it gently simmering for five-and-twenty minutes or half an hour, dish up the fowl, and after removing with a spoon any little fat that swims on the surface of the broth, strain it through a fine lawn sieve over the chicken; a little salt may be added, and sippets of bread, if approved. As a sauce, when one is required, the following will be found far more agreeable and wholesome for weak stomachs than melted butter:—gravy thickened with flour and butter, greasy broth, batter, &c. Beat up the yolks of two raw eggs with two table spoonsful of water, strained through a small hair sieve, then put to it, first taking off any fat that may be seen on the top, the real juice or broth in which the chicken was boiled; stir it over the fire without permitting it to boil, as that would cause it to curdle, until

of a proper thickness, then pour it over the fowl and serve it up. This sauce may be rendered still more palatable by the addition of salt, white pepper, blanched parsley, &c.

Rice can be prepared with a chicken in a similar manner to the above by making use of a pint of water, or the same quantity of veal broth, and Carolina rice, which has been previously boiled in water for a few minutes, and when ready may be seasoned with salt, a little grated nutmeg, and a very small quantity of fresh butter added just before it is served up. Italian macaroni boiled in water until tender is a good substitute for rice, and can be put into a tureen with the chicken; some palates admit of a little Parmesan cheese being added to the macaroni.

The frequent and common practice, that of putting a delicate small chicken into a large saucepan full of water to boil, is extremely erroneous, as the meat is deprived of the juice and nutritious parts, and by being thus rendered insipid and dry is less easy of digestion."

A DRUNKARD'S CHANCE OF GETTING TO HEAVEN.

An eccentric preacher, in his address to his congregation, lately observed that "there is as much chance for a drunken man to inherit the kingdom of heaven, as there is for a pig to climb up an apple tree and sing like a nightingale.

DRUNKENNESS—INSANITY.

In the valuable work of Dr. Combe on *Mental Derangement*, the author, after enumerating various exciting causes of the disease, goes on to say :—

“ Another cause of a similar nature may be adverted to, and for the same reason, its action on the brain is not denied or doubted—I allude to the abuse of intoxicating liquors. That wine and spirits in unusual quantity derange the mental manifestations, I need hardly stop to state ; and this being the case, it is easy to perceive that habitual excess may at last induce a permanent irregularity of action in the brain, amounting to disease ; and, accordingly, nervous tremors, head-aches, fits of excitement, often amounting to mental alienation, and delirium tremens, are observed to be common consequences of over-indulgence.

“ The remarkable increase of insanity among the lower orders of Great Britain, particularly in the manufacturing districts, has been pretty accurately traced, partly to the miseries, want and anxiety, inseparable from the fluctuations to which they are exposed, and partly to the prevalence of dram-drinking, as the only means of relief within their reach.—That it is not the mental distress alone which is the cause, is proved by finding the large majority of the patients to be among those who have been the most intemperate.

Occasionally, however, it must be admitted, the excessive drinking is only the first symptom, and not the cause of the disease.

“That intoxication acts upon and disorders the brain, more directly than any other organ, is further evident from observing the effects of an excess upon persons of different habits and constitutions. Thus an excess may so excite the brain of a strong healthy man as to throw him into a brain-fever, as it used to be called, or into a state of delirium, or temporary madness ; and the same excess in a person constitutionally liable to insanity, will probably excite the brain in that peculiar way which constitutes mania ; thus establishing in another way the strong connecting link between all forms of cerebral disease and all varieties of mental disturbance. From the permanence of the irritation kept up in the brain by systematic intemperance, the habitual drunkard will be more liable to attacks of insanity, and the occasional debauchee to attacks of cerebral disease in one or other of its acuter forms.”

The experience of every physician, who has had opportunities of observation, coincides with that of Dr. Combe. The evil is admitted indeed by all. But are the means of prevention understood and enforced?—Excess is reprobated, but fruition is allowed by the school of moderate tipplers, who would think it very hard that a man should be prevented from injuring his health a little every

day, by drinking a little ardent spirit every day; even though abstinence should prevent his being ultimately seized with some violent and often fatal disease, such as inflammations of the brain, or of the liver, or stomach, or often all conjoined. And what would be the effects of entire abstinence? Present comfort, and better health; and exemption, at a later period, from racking pains, and many mortal diseases.

WILL OF WILLIAM HICKINGTON.

**This is my last will, I insist on it still;
So sneer on and welcome, and e'en laugh your fill:**

1, William Hickington,
Barber of Pocksington.

Do give and bequeath, as free as I breath,
To thee, Mary Jaram, the Queen of my harem,

My cash and my cattle with every chattle,

To have and to hold, come' heat or come cold.

Sans hindrance or strife, (though thou art not my
wife:)

As witness my hand, just here as I stand,

This twelfth of July, in the year seventeen seventy.

W. Hickington.

A WORD TO SNUFF TAKERS.

A lady asked her physician, whether snuff was injurious to the brain? "No," said he "for nobody who has any *brains* ever takes snuff."

"for nobody who has any *brains* ever takes

snuff."

EPITAH ON MR. JOHN SULLEN.

Here lies John Sullen, and it is God's Will,

He that was Sullen, shall be *sullen* still;

He still is *sullen* :—if the truth ye seek,

Knock until Doomsday, Sullen will not speak.

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